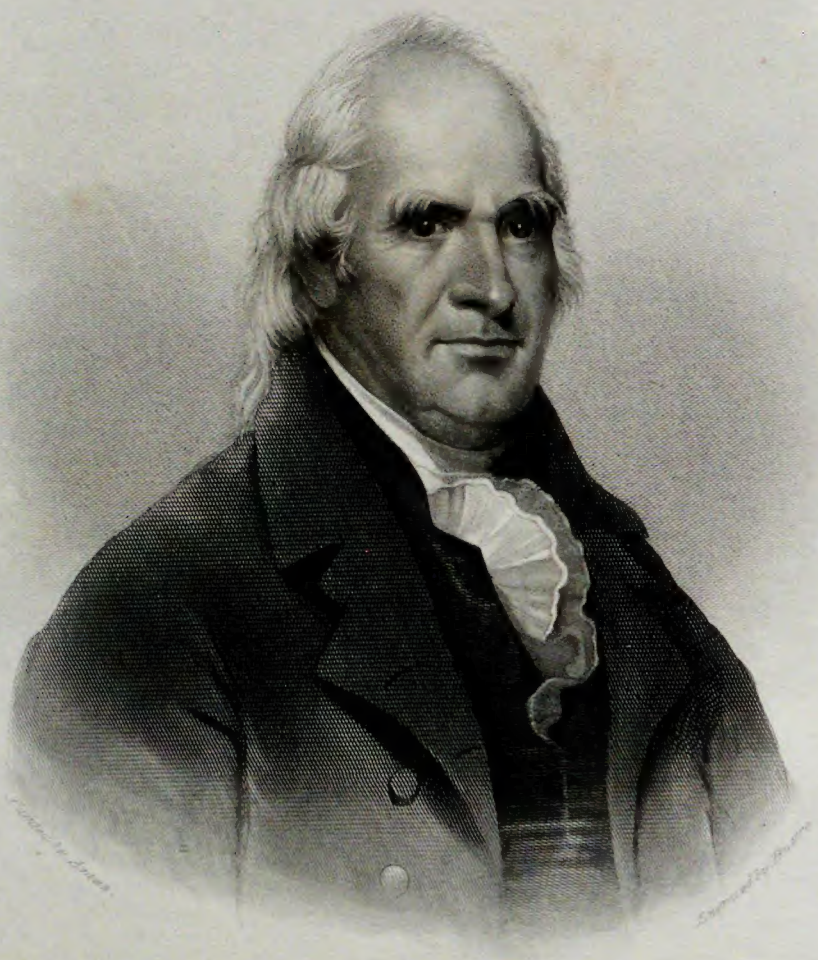
Centennial Celebrations

of the

State of New York.



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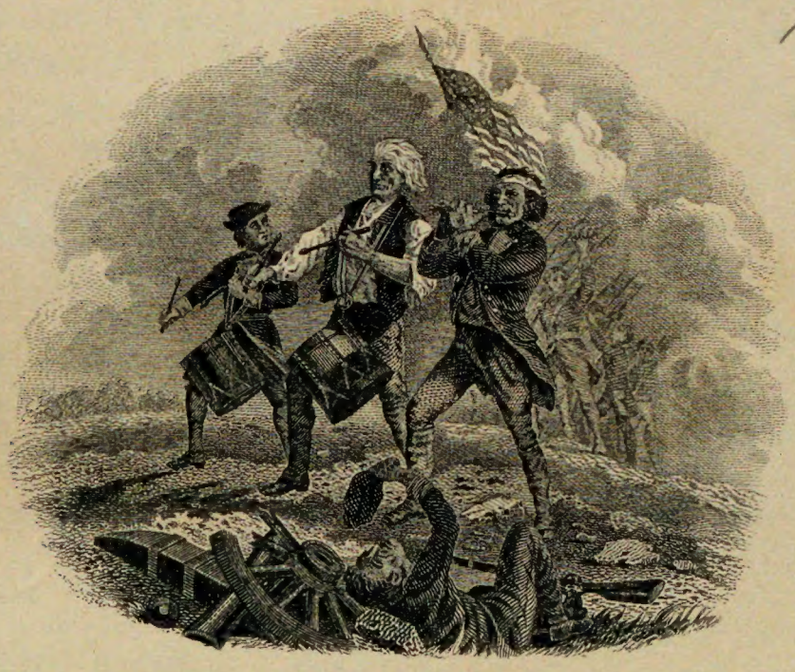
Centennial Celebrations

OF THE

STATE OF NEW YORK.



Prepared pursuant to a Concurrent Resolution of the Legislature of 1878, and Chapter 391 of the Laws of 1879,

BY

Allen C. Beach,

SECRETARY OF STATE.

New York (State).
"

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Table of Contents.

PAGE.

INTRODUCTORY, - - - - - - - - - - - - 1–3

PROCEEDINGS OF N. Y. HISTORICAL SOCIETY, - - - - 5–22

Address of Chas. O'Conor on the Adoption of the Constitution, 8

PROCEEDINGS AT KINGSTON, - - - - - - - - 23–53

Address of Judge T. R. Westbrook, - - - - - - 28

" Chauncey M. Depew, - - - - - - 29

" Dr. C. D. F. Hoes, - - - - - - - 28

" George H. Sharpe, - - - - - - 40

Letter of Horatio Seymour, - - - - - - - - 50

" Judge Church, - - - - - - - - 53

PROCEEDINGS AT ORISKANY, - - - - - - - - 55–149

Address of Horatio Seymour, - - - - - - - 66

" William Dorsheimer, - - - - - - 72

" William J. Bacon, - - - - - - 74

" Ellis H. Roberts, - - - - - - - - 78

" Douglas Campbell, - - - - - - - 98

" Philo White, - - - - - - - - - 103

Poem by Dr. Helmer, - - - - - - - - - 104

Address of Clarkson N. Potter, - - - - - - - 106

" Dr. Haven, - - - - - - - - - 108

" Samuel Earl, - - - - - - - - - 112

" M. M. Jones, - - - - - - - - - 123

Poem by J. W. De Peyster, - - - - - - - - 126

Appendix to Oriskany, - - - - - - - - - 128

PROCEEDINGS AT BEMUS HEIGHTS, - - - - - - 150–192

Address of George G. Scott, - - - - - - - - 155

" Martin I. Townsend, - - - - - - - 157

" William Dorsheimer, - - - - - - - 161

Poem by Robert Lowell, - - - - - - - - 163

Address of John A. Stevens, - - - - - - - - 168

PAGE.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE OLD FORT AT SCHOHARIE, - - 194–230

ADDRESS OF GRENVILLE TREMAIN, - - - - - - - 197

POEM BY ALFRED B. STREET, - - - - - - - - 207

ADDRESS OF DR. D. KNOWER, - - - - - - - - 209

APPENDIX, - - - - - - - - - - - - 218

PROCEEDINGS AT SCHUYLERVILLE IN HONOR OF BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER - - - - - - - - - - - 232–356

ADDRESS OF GRAND MASTER COUCH, - - - - - - 249

" CHARLES S. LESTER, - - - - - - - - 250

" HORATIO SEYMOUR, - - - - - - - 252

" GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS, - - - - - - - 264

POEM BY ALFRED B. STREET, - - - - - - - - 278

ADDRESS OF LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, - - - - - - 320

" GEORGE W. SCHUYLER, - - - - - - - 322

" WILLIAM L. STONE, - - - - - - - - 324

" B. W. THROCKMORTON, - - - - - - 335

" H. L. GLADDING, - - - - - - - - 340

" A. A. YATES, - - - - - - - - 344

ODE BY J. WATTS DE PEYSTER, - - - - - - - - 348

LETTERS, ETC., - - - - - - - - - - - - 351

APPENDIX, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 354

PROCEEDINGS AT CHERRY VALLEY, - - - - - - 359–383

MEMORIAL ODE, - - - - - - - - - - - - 360

ADDRESS OF HORATIO SEYMOUR, - - - - - - - 361

" DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, - - - - - - - 363

SKETCH OF THE OLD CAPITOL, - - - - - - - 387–401

SKETCH OF THE NEW CAPITOL, - - - - - - - 405–418

PROCEEDINGS IN COMMEMORATION OF THE OCCUPATION OF THE NEW CAPITOL, - - - - - - - - 421–449

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, - - - - - - - 425

" THOMAS G. ALVORD, - - - - - - - 429

" ERASTUS BROOKS, - - - - - - - - 433

List of Illustrations.

	PAGE.
George Clinton,	Frontispiece.
Old Senate House at Kingston,	25
Gen. Herkimer,	57
Scene of Oriskany Battlefield at present day—East Ravine,	91
Scene of Oriskany Battlefield at present day—West Ravine,	127
Old Fort at Schoharie, with Monument to David Williams,	194
Philip Schuyler,	232
The Scene of Burgoyne's Surrender at present day,	301
The Old Capitol,	387
Old Senate Chamber,	391
Old Assembly Chamber,	395
Governor's Room,	398
Old Court of Appeals Room,	401
The New Capitol,	403
Assembly Chamber,	415
Grand Corridor,	430
Grand Staircase,	438

INTRODUCTORY.

On the 8th of May, 1878, a concurrent resolution, introduced by Hon. JAMES G. GRAHAM, of Orange, in the House, was passed by the Legislature, of which the following is a copy:

CONCURRENT RESOLUTION

RELATIVE TO THE PUBLICATION OF CERTAIN HISTORICAL RECORDS.

On motion of Mr. GRAHAM:

WHEREAS, The "Centennial" of the adoption of the first Constitution of the State of New York, at Kingston, Ulster county, was appropriately recognized by the New York Historical Society, and afterward duly celebrated at Kingston; and,

WHEREAS, The Centennial of the battles of Fort Stanwix and Oriskany, and Bemis Heights, the laying of the corner-stone of the monument at the old Fort at Schoharie, to DAVID WILLIAMS, one of the captors of Major ANDRE, as well as the battle of Saratoga, were all appropriately celebrated (on the grounds which have been made famous forever in our history) by military display, and the patriotic addresses of distinguished orators and statesmen, and by the inspiring tributes of our poets; therefore, be it

Resolved (if the Senate concur), That the Secretary of State cause to be prepared and published in appropriate manner and style, a full and correct record of the proceedings at all said "Centennial" celebrations, including therein the official action of the authorities by whom the same were conducted; a statement of the military exercises and the organizations taking part therein, all historical sketches read, and all addresses and poems prepared and delivered at the several Centennial celebrations, and that five thousand copies of the same be prepared and published as aforesaid, ten copies thereof to be furnished to each member, and one copy to each officer and reporter of the present Legislature, and one to each officer of the State government; one thousand copies to be furnished to the State Library for exchange, and for distribution to other libraries in this State; and the remainder to be used by the Secretary of State in supplying persons who made addresses at such celebrations, and the persons officially connected therewith, and to such other persons or institutions as he may deem proper; also to accompany this work with views of the Old and New Capitol of the State, outside and inside, as far as practicable, with appropriate historical sketches connected therewith; said work to be compiled and executed under the supervision of the Secretary of State, and to be let by him to the lowest responsible bidder; but the entire expense thereof shall not exceed the sum of six thousand dollars.

On the 9th of January, 1879, the Secretary of State made the following report to the Legislature relative to his action in the matter of the publication (Assembly Doc. 17, session of 1879):

REPORT

OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE RELATIVE TO THE PUBLICATION OF CERTAIN HISTORICAL RECORDS.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ALBANY, *January 9th*, 1879.

Hon. THOMAS G. ALVORD, *Speaker of the Assembly:*

SIR: I have the honor to submit herewith to the Legislature the following report relative to the work done by me, in pursuance of the directions of the accompanying concurrent resolution, passed May 8, 1878.

(Here followed the resolution quoted above.)

In obedience to the instructions conveyed by these resolutions, I have had collected the material necessary for the publication of the book, and it is now in my possession, ready to be placed at once in the hands of the editor. The collection of the material involved no expense, but any further steps toward the editing and printing of the volume will require an appropriation, which the Legislature of last year, while adopting the resolution above quoted, inadvertently failed to make.

Although several propositions were made by responsible publishing houses to proceed with the printing and completion of the book without an appropriation, depending upon your honorable body at its present session to provide for the payment of the same, the intent of the constitutional provision against binding the credit of the State where no appropriation is made, appeared to be so plainly against such action, that I have deemed it my duty to withhold the publication until an appropriation is actually made.

I would, therefore, suggest to the honorable, the Legislature, that an appropriation is necessary to carry out the purposes of the resolution, and that if an adequate one is made at an early day, the volume can be issued with little further loss of time.

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
ALLEN C. BEACH,
Secretary of State.

On May 28, 1879, the following Law was passed:

CHAPTER 391.

AN ACT MAKING AN APPROPRIATION FOR THE PUBLICATION OF CERTAIN HISTORICAL RECORDS.

PASSED May 28, 1879; three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. The sum of six thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise

appropriated, payable on the warrant of the Comptroller to the order of the Secretary of State, for the use of the parties entitled to the same, for the preparation and publication of certain historical centennial records, pursuant to concurrent resolution of the Senate and Assembly, passed May eight, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, and, also, for the publication, in the same volume, of the memorial addresses ordered by concurrent resolution of the Legislature, adopted January twenty-eight, eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, and delivered at the New Capitol on the evening of the twelfth of February, of the present year.

§ 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

Under these directions the present volume has been prepared. While aiming to secure the correct and official record of proceedings in each case, the Secretary has felt that the intention of the Resolution to perpetuate an account of these important celebrations would be more certainly obtained by the publication in connection with each event of short extracts from the newspaper reports of unofficial matters indicating the spirit and ardor of the people on each occasion, and describing for the future generations who may read the volume, the smaller and frequently more interesting items of the celebrations. In this idea he was strengthened by the following letter, which he received from Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR, to whom he wishes hereby to acknowledge strong obligations for aid and advice rendered:

UTICA, N. Y., *June 27th*, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR — It is hard to say what you should strike out of the proceedings at these celebrations. It may be that what seems trivial now will be of the most interest in the future. If we could have a full newspaper report after the fashion of to-day, of a public meeting held at the time of the Revolution, their banners, and their ways of doing things would be of more value and interest than their formal speeches. Things which seem to be trivial at the time in after years throw great light upon events. Your book will be found in some of the public libraries a hundred years from now.

It will be looked up then with great interest; but the readers will care less for the speeches than for the information it will give about the looks and actions of the people at the celebrations of 1877.

The speech-makers would say about the same thing hereafter that they have said heretofore about the battles of the Revolution. But time will make great changes in the manners, customs, and social aspects of our people. Things that seem commonplace now will be curious and interesting in the future.

I am, yours truly, etc.,

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

The Secretary desires also to acknowledge his obligations to Hon. ELLIS H. ROBERTS, CLARKSON N. POTTER, CHARLES O'CONOR, JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Judge GEORGE G. SCOTT, Hon. D. KNOWER, and others who largely aided him in a prompt and correct preparation of the volume by their personal efforts in supplying him with corrected and revised records.

ALLEN C. BEACH,
Secretary of State.

The New York Historical Society.

THE ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTIONS.

Proceedings of The New York Historical Society.

At a stated meeting of the New York Historical Society, held in its Hall on Tuesday evening, February 6, 1877, the Executive Committee submitted the following report:

The Executive Committee takes occasion to remind the Society that on Friday, the 20th of April next, will occur the One Hundredth Anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the State of New York, and suggest the propriety of a recognition of the most important event in the annals of the State under the auspices of this Society, an institution specially created by its Legislature to preserve the history of this great political community.

The Committee takes occasion further to remind the Society of the later coming, Wednesday, the 17th of October next, of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Battle of Saratoga, a victory in great measure due to the valor of the officers and troops of the State, and now recognized as the determining contest in the struggle for American Independence.

The Committee respectfully recommend that each of these important events be celebrated by the Society.

The following resolution was then adopted:

Resolved, That the recommendations of the Executive Committee be adopted and that the same be referred to the Committee with power.

In accordance with this authority, Mr. Charles O'Conor was invited to deliver an address suitable to the occasion at a time convenient to himself.

The evening of May 8th was selected when a special meeting of the Society was held at the Academy of Music.

The President, Frederic de Peyster, LL. D., called the meeting to order and said:

The New York Historical Society have invited their friends to unite with them in celebrating, this evening, the One Hundredth Anniversary of the adoption of

the Constitution of the State of New York. The Constitution of the State, as is well known, was adopted at Kingston-upon-Hudson, on the 20th of April, 1777; but the present commemoration has been delayed as a later day in the season was more desirable. The Society has been fortunate in obtaining from MR. O'CONOR his consent to deliver an address on this occasion. The subject he has selected is THE CONSTITUTIONS.

I have now the pleasure of presenting to you our distinguished member and friend, MR. CHARLES O'CONOR.

ADDRESS BY CHARLES O'CONOR.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We are assembled to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of our State's political birth as a free and independent sovereignty, and also to signalize with appropriate forms her entrance upon the second century of such her organized existence. As a part of the exercises deemed suitable to the occasion, the Historical Society has directed a review in your presence of such circumstances connected with the frame and effects of our written Constitutions as may seem most interesting. In performing this duty, it is not needful to recapitulate the transactions of that conflict with the mightiest power of our times in which the national life of this Republic originated. Charming as the recital might be made even now and in its thousandth repetition, there are pertinent subjects of a practical bearing upon our interests which may furnish more acceptable themes.

The first Constitution whose establishment we are celebrating was formed amidst the clash of arms and at a trying period of our natal strife. The whole southern district of the State, including this its capital city, was possessed by the enemy, and two invasions of our territory from other points were impending. They were ultimately defeated, but that issue could not have been confidently predicted. The town which harbored the framers of the Constitution at its adoption was then being approached by hostile forces. It soon fell into their hands and was reduced to ashes; yet such were the intelligence, calm temper, and patriotic firmness of the illustrious men who prepared the instrument that, taking into view the existing measure of attainment in political science, it may defy just criticism. Opinion is divided on the question whether in the progress of that enlightenment to which it afforded a basis, it has been, as a whole, improved upon. Treating as comparatively of slight moment its minute arrangements for administrative purposes, such as the adjustment of inferior offices and tribunals, we will chiefly consider those parts of the instrument which may justly be called our organic law — that is to say, the great leading characteristic features which were designed to distinguish it from preceding plans of government. And it may be instructive to compare it with the alterations which have since been made. The aim will be to exhibit clearly those fundamental principles which it is the proper office of a written Constitution to preserve. For all the purposes of benign and useful government as contemplated in our American system, these principles are few, simple and easily understood. If in their native purity we can bring them distinctly before the public mind, and keep them in view, their continued acceptance will be insured.

When the thirteen colonies rose in arms against their transatlantic ruler, their sentiments were accordant in essentials. Each was inhabited by a monogamous race. So completely inwrought with their morality was the pure marital relation, as exhibited by our first parents, that no permanent guarantee for its preservation was ever thought necessary. Hence, perhaps, the unwise tolerance of Mormon polygamy in recent times and an injudicious facility of divorce in some of the States. In parts of the country the Indian and the African were overlooked as distinct races; but, with these silent and merely implied exceptions, an absolute equality of all men was unequivocally and universally asserted. These two ideas constituted the basis of our politics and of our civilization; they are the sources of all the good hitherto developed in our social state. From them we must permit no departure.

In thus claiming that the Fathers were perfectly unanimous on the principle of equality, it is not forgotten that age, sex, residence and property or the sustainment of public burdens were generally, if not invariably, demanded as prerequisites to exercising what is somewhat inaptly termed the franchise of voting. The criticism is not sound which would denounce any of these requisitions as encroachments upon personal rights. It is an error quite inconsistent with the theory of government, as inaugurated on our separation from the parent State, to regard the act of voting for public officers as a private right or personal privilege. It is simply the performance of a duty in which the public only has an interest. The vote is no more a private right than the payment of a just tax or the act of submitting to enrollment as a soldier and marching to confront an assailing foe. These are public duties, not private rights. Every generous and patriotic heart will, indeed, enjoy their performance and exult in enduring all the hardships imposed by it; but the notion of a resulting personal and individual benefit no more applies to the employment of time and labor in the political duty of casting a vote than to the act of pouring out life's current on the field in defense of our country. It follows that requiring specified qualifications in the voter is merely the enactment of exemptions from the performance of a public service. Rightly understood, these exemptions would be regarded as relief acts in favor of those who, in the judgment of the State, were unable to sustain the burden, and, therefore, could not be justly charged with it. It is from our failure to realize this manifest truth that we tolerate the pernicious trade of politics in its lowest forms and fail to hold in deep dislike the profession of the party-organizer or the pursuits of the habitual office-seeker.

Let us, in some detail, take a view of our first Constitution.

It ordained that the people were the only source of political power, and consecrated in perpetuity all those common rights of exemption in property and person from arbitrary power which the colonists had claimed for British subjects, including the privilege of trial by jury. The first might fairly be pronounced a new political institute; the rest were merely guaranties of rights which, though imperiled by abuses, were deemed ancient and already sacred. One other new doctrine was promulgated. It was declared that "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship without discrimination should forever thereafter be allowed within this State to all mankind." Religious liberty was thus secured by language of the amplest liberality and comprehensiveness. This cannot be said of any other State Constitution adopted during the Revolutionary conflict, unless it be that of Virginia. Perhaps she may claim equality with New York in regard for religious liberty. For their early devotion to its estab-

lishment our John Jay and Virginia's George Mason became entitled to statues in the national pantheon. Except in a single instance, ingenuity never subsequently discovered in this State a means of deducing any civil consequence from theological opinion. A small class of unbelievers were excluded from bearing testimony in courts of justice until the anomaly was obviated by the Constitution of 1846.

Undoubtedly the best and freest Constitution for its own creators that any people had ever enjoyed before 1776 was that of England. The era of active, practical progress in disseminating among men a knowledge of their political rights may be said to have commenced about the eighteenth century. Writers of great power then devoted their lives to this object; and as it is far easier to adopt a good existing model and commend it to acceptance than to produce and win approval for an entirely new and original conception, the English system became the beau ideal of those political reformers. Their views in the main were adopted by the most enlightened of the American colonists. Many were induced by the vigor of their own reflections to reject all monarchical and aristocratical elements, while the violence which attended the separation, the absence of great wealth among our gentry and certain concurring circumstances, forced others to relinquish personal predilections and to acquiesce in that judgment. Thus, by unanimous consent, republican equality became the basis of the coming empire. Still there remained deeply seated in the American heart an almost boundless admiration of all English institutions that were either compatible with perfect equality and religious freedom, or that it seemed possible to mold into harmony with them. Consequently, in the mere working arrangements for the transaction of public affairs, the English model was followed. In our State the imitation was extremely close. A somewhat permanent executive chief was installed, and the notion of parliamentary government was acted upon and developed in two separate chambers. Local county courts and a probate judiciary were instituted, as well as a superintending common-law tribunal called the Supreme Court, side by side with a chancery to mitigate the rigor of its forms and supply its deficiencies. All these were patterned after the English judicial system; nor was its crowning feature overlooked. The only State organism that bore any shadow of resemblance to the English House of Peers was the Senate; and there, in the closest imitation of our parent State, the Constitution enthroned the supreme judicial power with final appellate jurisdiction in law and equity. Grace and majesty shone forth in the copy as in the original. This first New York judiciary administered public justice and protected private rights, during the whole period of its existence, in a manner which satisfied our people and won applause from all disinterested observers. Of its judges and the pleaders before it, many have left names that will not die while learning and virtue are reverenced. KENT was the glory of its bench; HAMILTON of its bar. To name others without giving too lengthened a list might seem invidious.

It was in respect only to provisions merely modal, and not involving any principle, that the first Constitution was subjected to any considerable alteration prior to the year 1846. It may, however, be interesting to note some of the changes which occurred in the interim. In 1801 the representation in Senate and Assembly was modified. The crimes of malicious homicide and treason were originally excepted from the power of pardon conferred upon the Governor; but, in 1822, the former offense was brought within this prerogative. The first Constitution created a council for making appointments to office and another for the

revision of legislative acts with a qualified veto. In 1822 both of these councils were abolished. The veto power was then conferred upon the Governor alone, and the power of appointment was mainly vested in that officer and the Senate. Various other alterations of like inferior grade were made in that year. The Supreme Court Judges were reduced in number, and local assistant judges were created subordinate to that court and to the Court of Chancery. Several new provisions were then introduced as to the appointment and election of inferior officers. And hence we pass to an important epoch.

A new Constitution, adopted during the previous autumn, went into effect in 1847. With alterations scarcely more than formal it is still in force. It wrought very material changes in the structure of our State Government, and by consequence in its methods. It abolished the pre-existing court of last resort as well as the Supreme Court of common-law jurisdiction and the Court of Chancery, substituting for the first a Court of Appeals with eight judges, since reduced to seven. The powers and jurisdiction of the other two high tribunals were vested in eight essentially local courts. Each Senator and Assemblyman was directed to be chosen in a separate, or, as it was called, a single district, the term of the former being reduced to two years, or one-half of the duration previously established.

At first only the Governor, the Legislature, and a few local administrative officers, were elected by the people. That principle had been gradually and in a slight measure extended to other members of the latter class; but now the whole judiciary and nearly all officers of whatever grade were made elective. The period of these striking changes would seem a fit place to notice the various alterations which have been made in the qualifications of voters. Under the first Constitution the Governor and Senate were elected by those possessing freeholds of £100 in value over and above incumbrances. None could vote for members of Assembly except the freemen of cities or residents possessing a freehold in the county of £20 in value, or renting a tenement of the annual value of 40 shillings, and who had been rated and paid a tax. The new Constitution of 1822 lowered the standard and required only that the elector should have borne some public burden; but the slightest sufficed. In 1826 even this pre-requisite was abolished. Having reached maturity, was thenceforth and now is the only qualification, except residence, demanded of those exercising the sovereign power. A residence of some permanency had always been required; but now, in 1846, when numerous new duties making grave demands upon intelligence were imposed upon the citizen, there being no other restraint that could be loosened by the spirit of change, the six months' residence prescribed by existing law was reduced to four. Perhaps there was some compensation for this in the new requisites of a thirty days' residence within the election district, and that the robe of acquired citizenship should be ten days old. The beneficial performance of the electoral duty might have been better secured. Requiring a continual registered residence within the district for one full year next preceding the vote, would exclude all tramps and other unsettled persons. This would lessen the mercenary bands employed by faction. The secret ballot is an evil practice; it should have been long since abolished. All voting should be *viva voce;* and besides announcing his choice, the voter should be required to write and subscribe his ticket with his own hand in the presence of the election judges, and to deposit it with them as authentic evidence of his act. Under such regulations public officers might be selected by the intelligent and with intelligence; the

falsehood and fraud which now so often characterize the reported results of popular elections would be rendered difficult if not absolutely impossible.

Returning to the new Constitution of 1846, it is proper to observe that the character of the State government was materially affected by what was called the single district system. Theretofore, no communities formed by social aggregation had ever been prevented from acting together in the selection of representatives. The ancient civil division into counties had been fully maintained. Each of these had always acted as a unit in choosing Assemblymen; and, without division, they had voted for Senators either alone or in conjunction with other counties. Now the cities and villages were split into geographical fragments prescribed by a rigorous necessity which the Constitution itself created. The varying census and the ratio of representation controlled in fixing the boundary lines of the single districts. This change was destructive of neighborly consultation and comparison of views among the electors. Together with the election of nearly all officers, superior or subordinate, by direct popular vote, it constituted the essentially novel element of the plan delineated in 1846. Though condemned by a vast non-partisan majority in this city and in some of the neighboring counties, that plan was adopted and still reigns supreme.

As we have seen, the first organic law remained in force without essential alterations for seventy years; that now in force has, in like manner, subsisted for thirty years, and the two periods complete the political century which to-night we look back upon as a thing of the past. The contrast between these periods is impressive. During the first, our progress was in every moral, political and social aspect satisfactory. It witnessed two great foreign wars. Our State, as a border land, sustained the brunt of both with much individual suffering, but with honor at all times and eventual safety. Its costly public works were the canals which, supplementing our State's natural advantages as a highway of commerce, united the vast inland seas of our continent with the exterior ocean. The outlay for those works fell short of the estimates, and scarcely surpassed one year's recent expenditure on the mere internal finish and repair of a single county court-house. Let this suffice for a contrast between these two periods in relative frugality of administration. In none of its branches will the action of the Government during the first compare unfavorably with the second. Under JAY's organic law, as some have justly termed it, early legislation gave a death-blow to aristocratic establishments, and completed the work of republican equality by abolishing the unnatural law of primogeniture and its hand-maiden, entail. In despite of some state-craft, rational principles enabled the original court of last resort to repudiate the corrupting doctrine that corporate forms in trade and banking were, in principle, public franchises incapable of being enjoyed except through special privileges doled out to favorites. At the close of the seventy years which may be denominated our first constitutional period, no serious debt burdened our people, and the little that existed was the price of solid, visible public improvements, necessary to our growth and highly remunerative. Our condition at the close of the second or thirty-year period is not equally flattering to pride or hope. What are its most impressive features? Public debt and consequent taxation to meet the interest confront us in every direction. Federal debt, State debt, city debt, county, town, and village debt abound; and the tendency to create additional debt for Government enterprises set on foot by the traders in politics is visible all around us. One circumstance connected with this great evil has failed to attract due attention. So much of our public debt is held abroad, that doubtless we pay to Europe for

interest on it in every year at least $100,000,000. Is it singular that under such a drain upon us trade languishes? The habits of our officials generated during their hey-day, while this debt was being created, and the extravagance consequently induced among themselves, their followers, and supporters are overwhelming with burdens all the pursuits of life.

The future historian, contrasting the two periods adverted to, may ask why were so many changes made in the fundamental law? Reason dictates that it should be fixed, certain, and essentially unalterable. No other cause can be assigned than party conflicts for the control and disposition of official patronage. And in connection with this view of cause and effect it should not seem strange that the Constitution of 1846, which gave life, vigor and permanency to the trade of politics, with all its attendant malpractice, was exceedingly acceptable to the managers of both the then existing political parties. These parties have controlled its machinery and alternately ruled over us during the thirty years since its adoption without any clearly discernible difference in their methods. And at this day, not only in the State of New York, but throughout the whole country, they may fairly be pronounced identical in their avowed principles and policy. Each strives to outvie its antagonist in professions of attachment to precisely the same ideas and principles. They do not differ even in name, for their titular designations are perfect synonyms. Now, as we are commencing our second century, it may be the part of wisdom to pause in our course, and take an observation not only of the two periods that have been to some extent compared, but also to glance at the possibilities of our future. If our progress has been in any respect politically or morally downward, it may not be amiss to view carefully the circumstances of the present, and inquire whether any methods which are in operation among us tend to evil, and are susceptible of repression or improvement. It will not be needful to compare the alternate rulers of our country—that is to say, the political parties. Judging either by its own professions, we will be forced to think well of it, because it will be found in the most commendable attitude mortals can occupy. Each sits on the stool of repentance, admitting its errors in the past and promising amendment. Its cry is reform. Let us assume, then, as a common concession by all politicians, that reform is needful, and that its triumph can alone secure our country's return to prosperity. Starting with this assumption, let us inquire what are the features of our civil institutions which render reform needful.

We have seen that the Fathers adopted for their guide as to principles, European sages the most enlightened in political philosophy, and chose for their model in merely structural respects the best system of government on a large scale the world had ever known; yet mischiefs of grave import have certainly been developed in the working of their plans. It becomes us to ascertain the source of those mischiefs, and, if possible, to obviate the causes. Research will lead to the conclusion that the theories espoused were correct, but that they were not practically applied to our new system. Instead of adopting implicitly English forms, we should extract from them so much of their spirit as is appropriate to our situation. Raphael and Michael Angelo perused the remains of primeval art only for the guidance of their own inspiration into practical channels. They were not mere copyists. So the framers of American institutions should drink charily at the fountains of European experience. They should accept no seeming analogies without first adapting them by needful variations to our more beneficent and lofty career.

Let us first give attention to the theories espoused by the Fathers. Political philosophy early propounded a canon, the soundness of which no American will now deny. It is that the concentration of all governmental power in the hands of one man or of any body of men is despotism. In his inaugural address before the Historical Society, Mr. GALLATIN aptly observed that the legislative body which prescribes the general rule should not be permitted either to apply it or to make exceptions from it for special cases. He adds: "It is hardly possible that laws founded in justice should be oppressive, unequal, or special. Every deviation from that principle, in whatever shape or under whatever pretense, successively leads to others, so that it might ultimately happen that no scruple would be felt in passing iniquitous laws, that public and private confidence might be destroyed, respect for law be converted into contempt, and the basis of our institutions be shaken in its foundation by the general demoralization of the whole community."

In prescribing the method by which effect should be given to this principle, authorities with one accord advise us that in every well-adjusted government there must be three co-ordinate and independent departments — the executive, legislative, and judicial. This none dispute; but, strange to say, no such division of power has ever been practically established anywhere. Three organisms bearing these names have indeed been created in all our American Constitutions, State and Federal; but in none has there been in essentials any such actual distribution of power as the principle demands. Universally the Legislature or law-making body has in practice absorbed all authority. The duty of the so-called Chief Executive is to perform its will; the judiciary can exercise no authority save in like conformity to its temporary and fluctuating behests, wise or unwise. Thus it is apparent that, while the doctrine stated is universally acknowledged to be sound, it has always been ignored in practice. Ignored is precisely the proper term to be applied; for those who, in framing constitutions, or acting under them, have plainly and constantly violated the rule, seem never to have had any design to subvert it, or to have possessed even a consciousness of the fact that they were so trespassing. Under a real distribution of power, the rules by which private rights are protected and public interests maintained, would be general in their effect, and not made for isolated cases or things, or to advance or repress the interests of particular persons. No other rules than such as are thus general in their bearing are properly denominated laws. Political science and the common lexicon alike declare that an authority which is rightly termed legislative can make no other enactments than such as are thus general. Conferring a personal or corporate privilege, directing a particular act, a specified work, the payment of a sum of money, or the liquidation of a particular man's demand upon the public treasury, is an executive function, and in no respect a law. A functionary or body which, in a right use of language, is intrusted with legislative power only, can do none of these things. This definition of legislative or law-making power suffices also to explain the nature of the executive and judicial functions. The former is properly created to perform, in compliance with the standing rules established by the Legislature, all governmental acts which the public good may require. Law is always general in its behests; the application alone is special. The executive department should make the application in all cases. That department always acts at its peril. It is a subject of responsibility in the judicial forum for the legality of all its doings. In their not misconceived admiration of English methods the Fathers omitted to enforce this distinction. They permitted all our legislative bodies to pass special acts, and thus to usurp executive func-

tions. Favoritism and injustice by the Government were necessary consequences. Barter and sale of the legislators' votes might have been predicted as inevitable accompaniments; and that practice has prevailed until at last, in recent times, the waters of corruption rolled over us as a deluge. Peculation rode riotously through the departments; it could be held to responsibility in none.

The very nature of legislation proves the necessity of prohibiting special acts of an executive nature under the form and guise of laws. It is manifest that all official power should be exercised under effective responsibility. Every actor in any specific governmental transaction should be liable to answer for his conduct before some authority in the State. When the Executive performs an official act its validity may be tested before the judiciary. If the members of that department fail in their duty, the power of impeachment affords a remedy. But when our legislators rifle the public treasury, the very exercise of legislative power by which the crime is effected enshrines their moral guilt in the panoply of lawfulness.

At its first presentment this might seem a novel conception, for Britain, our great exemplar in civil institutions, is governed in all the details of administration by a Parliament. The much-talked-of distribution of powers in that country is merely nominal. Under the misnomer of legislation, its Parliament exercises all the authority and functions of government. The pretended division there, precisely as with ourselves, is formal only. It is altogether fanciful and unreal; Parliament is supreme in all things. Yet the Fathers cannot justly be reproached for adopting this model. In the great task undertaken by them the whole basis of their structure was essentially new and unprecedented. Every thing fundamentally vicious in pre-existing institutions was repudiated. It is only in the arrangement of subordinate details that any error can be detected, and even here the wisdom of their course is not questionable. To make every thing new in conception or conformable to untried theories was not likely to give general satisfaction; they therefore adopted the best known example and set on foot a parliamentary government. Our century of experience has been to us a school of instruction. Through much of good and no slight measure of evil we have been led to the discernment of many things not fully known or appreciated in the Revolutionary era. Therefore, not merely excusing the Fathers, but justifying and applauding them, let us try whether we can now see their well-chosen model in a clearer light than was afforded to them.

In the climax of her greatness, Athens subjected to the empire of that small aristocratic class who, politically speaking, constituted her people, a great multitude at home and many foreign colonies and dependent people; in like manner Rome ruled over the nations. Britain is, and long has been, in a condition precisely like unto that of those ancient States. None will deny her claims to respect as the originator of countless practical benefits to mankind, as in theory the founder of civil liberty and as a fostering parent of useful art, of science and of literature; but still little attention is needed to a discernment of the fact that her government belongs to the ancient school. Her exquisitely adjusted machinery of primogeniture and entail, coupled with her hereditary peerage, has enabled that comparatively small number constituting her upper and middle classes to rule over 20,000,000 of her own laboring population and more than 200,000,000 of colonial subjects. In a word, nearly if not quite one-fifth of the human race is subject to her parliamentary government. The vast debt contracted in establishing her dominion of the seas and her foreign colonial power is manifestly a great

source of enjoyment to her favored classes. It is almost entirely held by them, and its creation has enabled her to control the trade and commerce of vast external possessions; consequently, while it enriches individuals it is not felt as a public burden. The British empire, in a political sense, consists exclusively of these favored classes; they enjoy the wealth of nations through the agency of their Parliament. That body is an engine in their own hands constantly employed, like the active partners of a great mercantile firm, in promoting the common interest. Among its creations is the enormous military, naval and civil service which gives to these very ruling classes employments innumerable by land and sea throughout a captive world. The incompatibility of such extensive governmental service with our political institutions may deserve the notice of those who have devoted themselves to the establishment in this country of a civil service reform. Schools for breeding office-holders is an English idea and had its origin in the peculiarity just mentioned. With deference it may be suggested that we have already office-seekers enough. Perhaps a deliberate attempt to increase the number should not be pushed to extremes. The stir of preparation for defense against anticipated arraignment at the bar of public opinion on account of its foreign domination is discernible in the movements of English society. Literature in all its forms, from the stately two-volume octavo down to the transient suggestions of the daily press, is employed, not merely in justification, but in praise of the colonial policy. Its benevolence is highly commended on the asserted ground that no income is derived from the colonies whilst the parent State defrays the chief expense of their government. Their happy condition in having their country and its internal and external interests defended without cost to themselves by British fleets and armies, is favorably contrasted with that of such orphaned countries as the United States! We are cast destitute upon our own resources, and are compelled to expend millions on similar instruments for self-protection!! No parent takes care of us!!! These circumstances are not here adduced as proving that our Declaration of Independence was a fib and a folly, but only for the incidental purpose of showing how different in principle and practice is the parliamentary government of Great Britain from any proper office of the State as contemplated by the founders of our Republic.

It was not designed that we should ever have any subjects or tributaries. The Fathers surveyed a vast territory with every desirable variety of climate and productiveness. As far as political institutions could accomplish the object, they destined it to be the abode of a people maintaining peaceful relations toward all foreign States, and enjoying perfect equality among themselves. Deeply averse to the injustice and violence which constituted the staple of all previous history, they determined to exempt their country from similar experiences. They declared this in many forms, but in none more aptly expressive than that employed by New York's first Constitution. It announced that we were "required by the benevolent principles of rational liberty to expel civil tyranny, and to guard against that spiritual oppression and intolerance wherewith the bigotry and ambition of weak and wicked priests and princes had scourged mankind." Statesmanship was known to the fathers mainly as exhibited in the annals of time. It there appears as an art whereby, in all climes and ages, the few have contrived to oppress the many; and it certainly was not intended to vest in the governments to be instituted among us any power that in its normal operations could be wrested to such purposes. It was expressly designed that the newly-created governments should never be rulers over any outside barbarians. Consequently, if extor-

tion or oppression was to be allowed, the Fathers could have seen that it must be practiced within our own country and by some portion of its citizens upon their own free and equal brethren. But the apparent benignity of British parliamentary rule prevented a perception of the fact, obvious as it was to abstract thought, that the law-making department, if intrusted with authority to operate directly on specified persons and transactions by special act, would — as a necessary and inevitable consequence of human weakness — become corrupt and oppressive. The frugality and simplicity of prevailing habits, and the absence of great individual wealth or inordinate individual ambition, diverted attention from the manifest difference in this respect between the British system and the American conception of government. The necessity of expressly defining and limiting the power of legislation was not perceived; and thus it has happened that that task is devolved upon us at this day when we are entering upon the era of contemplated reform. It should not be impracticable when graceful confessions of past misconduct are constantly falling from the lips of both political parties and the promise of amendment is the battle-cry of each. It is, therefore, our duty carefully to investigate past errors, and to demand and enforce such constitutional changes as may prevent their recurrence. A proper preliminary step is to adjust the principles which should guide us.

Our greatest error in the past was this investiture of the legislative body with discretionary power to govern by special act. As an instrument in the hands of organized faction it operates for personal ends; it wrings from the multitude the fruits of their industry and the just acquisitions of lawful individual effort by themselves or their sires. What has been said concerning the impropriety of permitting legislative bodies to exercise executive powers, or, in other words, to pass special acts, is by no means a novel conception. Quite the contrary; a struggle on the part of the people to enforce it against the politicians who dominate over them has been long progressing. At an early period the business of banking was virtually converted into a franchise. It was confined to the favorites of the Legislature. In 1822, a constitutional provision was enacted to restrain in like manner the formation of corporate bodies for the transaction of any business whatever. After a violent and protracted struggle the popular will triumphed over both of these devices. The general Banking Law originating in 1838 was the result. This curb upon special legislation was imposed by public sentiment at a period so near the framing of a new Constitution in 1846, that its recognition in that instrument was literally compelled. In express terms it forbade the Legislature to grant any special charter for banking purposes, and thus that business was thrown open to free competition. The enactment of special charters for private or trading corporations of all kinds was subjected to a similar prohibition. Here, however, great weakness and vacillation marked the conduct of those who framed that Constitution. Special corporate acts were tolerated in cases where the Legislature might consider that the object could not be attained by general laws. This hesitation in applying a benign reformatory principle left legislation subject to many of the pre-existing abuses. One striking instance will readily occur, that is to say, the celebrated and justly censured Classification Act of 1869. The principle of forbidding special acts was again approved by the people in 1874. A constitutional prohibition applicable to a large number of enumerated cases was adopted in that year. It was also enjoined upon the Legislature to enact general laws providing for these and all other cases in which such a reform might be found practicable.

The sovereign will thus expressed in the amendment of 1874 attests the general desire to confine the Legislature to its proper province, to wit: making laws. But the language employed in that provision is imperfect, and the sphere of its operation is unduly limited. Though forced by startling and intolerable abuses to apply the great principle now advocated, the framers of the amendment may not have intended to do so in an effectual manner. Indeed, it is possible that they did not comprehend the principle itself. But the electoral body — the sovereign people — saw and approved it. Small and imperfect as was the installment of needful reform placed within their reach in each of these constitutional amendments, they acted wisely in adopting it. Their great need, however, cannot be supplied by a set of specified restraints in named cases. Still less is the relief effectual, when, as in the last-mentioned instance, it is confusedly expressed. The legislative power should be distinctly defined in the fundamental law so as to admit only the enactment of general rules for our officers and people. Only occasional and short legislative sessions would then be required. This single step would go far toward abolishing the pernicious trade of politics—that fruitful parent of all the evils that afflict our country.

The masses are honestly devoted to the common weal; but in no just sense can they be regarded as component elements of either political party. The will of the commanding general it is that guides the military force. He hurls it against the enemy; in fact, he is himself the force; the soldiers are mere machines. So it is also in the public conflicts of civil life. A few leaders in each political camp constitute the party; no others influence its movements or are in any just sense members of it. They are merely its instruments. And when it is considered that, as before stated, the names borne by the two parties at this day import nothing distinctive, and that the principles professed by the leaders of each are absolutely identical, how can reason regard the so-called parties as other than factions engaged in a selfish rivalry for official power and patronage? How, then, are our property and our liberties to be protected? Most certainly not by these office-seeking factionists; nor by their respective bands of hirelings who perform the mechanical drudgery of manipulating ward or county meetings and nominating conventions. It can be effected only through the intelligent action of those in the electoral body who do not pursue politics as a business, or seek either maintenance or profit or titular advancement through the special action of Government in their favor. But how, it may be asked, are these to be rescued from the grasp of the politicians, who now hold them as thralls? In answering this inquiry, we are naturally led to consider what ought to be our plan of government or our political system in the future.

Great social evils are felt, and it is vainly imagined that relief from them can be had through changes in party rule and through the supervening action of Government. This is a mistake. Governments may create evil; they cannot suppress it. Society, by the individual action of its private members in the ordinary pursuits of life, supplies the commonwealth with the vital current which creates and sustains national prosperity. To be let alone by politicians and intermeddling officials is all that society needs. To secure that immunity through the constitutional law of the future is the task devolved upon us. To effect this, we need no new-written Constitutions of expanded proportions, and filled with minute and detailed provisions concerning the terms, compensation, and powers of officials. These are matters of detail, which, in general, may be left to occasional adjustment.

A written Constitution, the distinctive feature in American methods, is not distinguishable in principle from any other law. If there ever was a distinction, it is being rapidly obliterated by continual changes and extensive amplification. That first Constitution under which we lived for so many years was framed and put in operation by a convention of delegates selected and assembled with less formality than usually attends the choice of an annual Legislature. The early Constitutions of our sister States were in general adopted in the same manner. It seems not to have been thought at the beginning that a vote of the people was necessary to give validity to an organic plan of government. Other Constitutions in this and the sister States have provided a means for their own amendment or for the substitution of new Constitutions in their stead. But it is thoroughly established that the methods thus prescribed are not imperatively controlling. A learned writer has suggested that unless those methods be followed, a preparatory convention should be resorted to; but such a preliminary step is not requisite. It would seem to be the unwritten paramount law, established by necessity, reason and public sentiment that a State Constitution newly framed, either wholly or in part, may be adopted without any other forms by a majority of the people at an election held in conformity with a prior law authorizing and regulating the vote. Our highest judicial tribunal is understood to have decided in the case of Dorr's Rhode Island insurrection, that without some such act of formal consent by the existing government, a new organic law cannot be adopted or put in force. If this be a correct view of our system, a new State Constitution can always be adopted within a very short time after a clear majority of the people have so determined—say six or eight weeks.

At any time since the magnetic telegraph came into use, both Houses of Congress, acting by a two-thirds vote, might change the Federal Constitution in a single day, provided three-fourths of the States' Legislatures should concur. It may thus be seen that little if any thing toward insuring perpetuity or controlling the will of a popular majority was effected by the device of written Constitutions. The endurance, vigor, and virtue of those fundamental principles which, in fact, are our Constitution, depend wholly upon the intelligence and patriotism of our people. And these are amply sufficient for all purposes unless we allow scheming managers to control, for selfish objects, the machinery of elections. Popular election is the organ by which the supreme power speaks. All will be well if it can be defended from unlawful force and exempted from the operations of fraud. It is, in the very nature of things, impossible that a majority of the people should ever become so degraded as willingly to destroy their own dearest interests.

Our State Constitution of the future should declare the principles of civil and religious liberty as heretofore; no new or more specific statement of them is needed. But it should perfectly separate the great departments of government by strictly defining and limiting the powers of the legislative body. This may be difficult, but it is not impossible. It should forbid any public body or functionary to create, by taking up loans of money, any new public debt at any time or under any circumstances. It should reorganize the legislative department by abolishing the pernicious system of single districts and restoring to the communities socially established, such as cities and villages, the right of representation. The futile duplicity of chambers should be dispensed with as a needless complexity. Once the pernicious privilege of passing private or special acts was taken away, all laws would become similar to what constitutional amendments now are, and it is well

known that the convention, which is the favorite agent for framing these, has, in every instance of its use, been composed of a single chamber.

Withholding executive power from the Legislature should not be allowed to produce a mischievous excess of authority in the Chief Magistrate. On the contrary, there should be a corresponding reform in that quarter. That office should not be elective. It should be filled by lot every month from the representative body. This would impress upon our people the necessity of electing none as legislators but such as were competent to the higher office. The brevity of the term would prevent serious mischiefs from incompetency where it happened to supervene, and no man would devote a life of effort to keeping on foot interminable election broils, for the purpose of securing himself a long term of semi-regal power over his countrymen. Reforms approximately similar should be instituted in the general government by altering the Federal Constitution.

These changes are few and simple. They would abolish faction and the trade of politics.

No mischief could result from them. God-like ambition, and even that emulation which incites to accumulating wealth, would find ample employment in the pursuits of private life. There is no benefit to society in the frivolous and factitious privileges that result to individuals from official dignity or official titles, and from the mischievous power of exercising governmental authority over others for self-aggrandizement.

Very controlling arguments might be offered to prove that in thus substantially extinguishing the great office of President, no sound public policy would be violated, nor any blight thrown upon the seemingly praiseworthy ambition of the demigods who from time to time arise among us, and, captivated by the far-off prize, spend their lives in prodigious displays of ability for the purpose of establishing their claim to it. It is esteemed the most admirable feature in the British system of government that the chief magistracy is beyond the reach of any subject. Indeed, the fact that it eliminates this high honor from the attainabilities of human effort or human desire, is the only practical service the crown can be said to perform in the working of the British Constitution as now established. That it cost a large sum of money is its only other effect on English affairs. It is common knowledge that the sovereign interferes not at all in the public administration. That formal functionary no longer exercises or would be permitted to exercise the veto power. But for a certain supposed necessity of deluding the imagination by parade, a piece of brass known as the official seal of State could as well perform all the duties of the British chief magistracy. The favorite of Parliament for the time being now controls the crown as perfectly as in the case supposed he could control the regal stamp. Plaudits in approval of this English arrangement resound through all political literature. Their justice will be assented to by every sagacious observer of our demoralizing conflicts for the Presidential succession. The evils produced are an unavoidable consequence of placing such a prize in the arena of competition. Strifes for similar possessions cast a crimson shade over the pages of history. Their destructive consequences are well illustrated by the bard of Avon. Macbeth is portrayed as originally valiant, loyal, and honorable. So pure and upright was his nature, that the fiendish arts of supernatural agents and the influence of woman's love were required to combine in his temptation : nor did a moment's peace attend his sensitive conscience after yielding to it. But the proffered prize was too great for human virtue. Once shown the path to such an eminence as the chieftainship of his country, no crime was so

appalling as to deter from the effort to attain it. Treachery toward his friend, treason against his sovereign, and red-handed murder of guests were perpetrated in the pursuit, because they were necessary.

If we may judge the future by much of the past, no man inspired by a laudable ambition should regret the removal of this glittering bauble from his sight. Save in the rarely recurring cases in which military renown has captivated the public mind, those to whom natural gifts and laborious effort attracted just admiration have not been permitted to attain this exalted office. Witness the fortune of our great popular idols, CLAY and WEBSTER. The manipulators of the convention or of the ballot-box invariably set them aside and awarded the seat to persons comparatively little distinguished.

Mr. WEBSTER's discourse before this Society on the dignity of historical compositions must be in the memory of many now present. It was his last great effort among us, and was addressed to the *élite* of our city almost at the very close of his illustrious life. He had already passed three-score and ten. Yet how magnificent, how like an immortal was that presence ! None who witnessed the display can ever forget it:

> "With grave
> Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
> A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation sat, and public care
> And princely counsel in his face . . .
> Majestic. . . . Sage he stood
> With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
> The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
> Drew audience and attention still as night
> Or summer's noontide air."

Though an efficient bulwark of peace and union, the foremost champion of his party, and admired throughout the civilized world, WEBSTER never could obtain even a nomination to the chair of state. His betrayers found their precedent in an ancient legend. It was in the beginning of time that the feathered tribe assembled to choose a ruler; and he was to receive the diadem who could attain the greatest height. The majestic eagle when his wing had tired beheld far beneath him, exhausted and descending to earth, the host of his vanquished rivals. He was about to pour forth his triumphant clarion, but lo ! the little wren, who, until that moment, had sat quietly and unfelt upon his bosom, now sprang aloft, and with a tiny cry announced himself the victor. Thus was elected the king of all birds. By some crafty device of this sort the politicians will ever set aside the magnates. Those who, from their shining talents and their public services, might justly claim a preference, and who, if the people controlled, would receive it, will be apt to fail in future contests. If this regal eminence, the quadrennial presidency with its vast power and patronage, must remain elective, the paltry little wrens of faction, not the lordly eagles of the land, will almost invariably win and wear the purple.

Let our country be governed by general laws varied only as occasion may require, and then only by general enactments. As a happy result the thirty-nine mass-meetings who now spend each winter in contriving the methods of favoritism involved in paternal government may be employed more beneficially for themselves and their country in the pursuits of industry. In such a career the sons of fame can find fairer and more desirable returns for the efforts of their labor and their skill than can possibly be reaped in the theaters of petty electioneering intrigue.

Relieved from the embarrassing influence of governmental interference, American genius can win its way to a high place in the ranks of competitive effort. It has contended successfully for the palm in high art, and for equality in literature and learned research. In such marvelous achievements as utilizing steam-power and magnetism it took the lead; nor will history pass unnoticed the fact that its discoveries in the less attractive forms of manufactures, machinery and mechanic art, have conferred lasting benefits upon mankind. The introduction of india-rubber in its limitless variety of uses, the cotton-gin, the reaper, the mower and the sewing-machine, are testimonies of its power. Long ago the American lock-maker took precedence of the ablest in the Old World. We have at last excelled the Swiss, immemorial horologers, and our textile fabrics are rivaling those of the mother country in her own markets.

It is said, and doubtless with truth, that great cities have hitherto been destroyers of the human race. A single American contrivance promises to correct this mischief. The cheap and rapid transportation of passengers on the elevated rail, when its capacity shall have been fully developed, will give healthful and pleasant homes in rural territory to the toiling millions of our commercial and manufacturing centers. It will snatch their wives and children from tenement-house horrors, and by promoting domesticity, greatly diminish the habits of intemperance and vice so liable to be forced upon the humbler classes, or nurtured in them by the present concomitants of their city life.

Not in the moral pest-houses of politics, but in fields like these, is true renown to be acquired. Permanent endowments for the promotion of literature have insured lasting honor to the names of ASTOR, LENOX and GIRARD. They will live forever in grateful memory along with the enduring charities of ROOSEVELT and MUHLENBERG.

Upon the conclusion of the address GEORGE H. MOORE, LL. D., moved on behalf of the Society the following resolution:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be and hereby are presented to Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR for the masterly, eloquent and instructive address with which he has favored us this evening, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

The resolution was seconded by Judge JOHN K. PORTER, who expressed in happy terms the general feeling of admiration for the memorable address of Mr. O'CONOR, which he prophesied would, like the speaker and the occasion, prove historic.

The resolution was unanimously adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

Kingston.

Lith. by Weed, Parsons & Co., Albany, N.Y.

OLD SENATE HOUSE, AT KINGSTON.

THE FIRST FORMATION OF THE STATE.

Proceedings of the Celebration at Kingston.

The centenary of the adoption of the Constitution of the State was celebrated at Kingston, where the first State Government was formed, with great and appropriate displays, on Monday, July 30, 1877. From the local press of that day, the following extracts are chosen to show the method of the celebration:

"All day yesterday the weather tokens were eagerly watched and prophecies and hopes for the display to-day were equally blended. Heavy rains fell during the night, and the day broke with weeping skies, but it was ushered in by the booming of a hundred guns from the common down-town which was re-echoed by the guns up-town, and the ringing of the bells from the spires that point their taper fingers toward heaven proclaimed us a God-loving as well as a God-fearing people. Before the morning fairly dawned the city was festooned with a forest of flags and garlanded with a *parterre* of flowers. Public buildings, places of business and private houses were gay with bunting and evergreens, and the brave old flag floated from masthead and staff and balcony all along the city limits. The steam and sail craft in the stream had

All their ensigns dight
As if for a great sea fight.

The Decorations of Historic Kingston.

The decorations in the upper part of the city were very fine. Hardly a building could be found that did not make some display.

On Wall street all the stores and other places were handsomely decorated, notably those of Bernstein, Merritt & Co., which store also displayed a pair of slippers that were made in 1763, also a Bible

dated in 1741. On the front of CHAS. B. SAFFORD'S there was suspended a large shield, that had been most tastefully gotten up by one of the young gentlemen. The court-house was decorated by bunting and flags which hung in graceful festoons from the windows, while in the doorway was a large inscription, as follows: "On this spot July thirtieth, 1777, George Clinton of Ulster, seven times Governor and twice Vice-President of the United States, was inaugurated first Governor of New York." The trees in front were wrapped with bunting. On Clinton avenue could be seen the old house of F. L. WESTBROOK, which had once been occupied by the Senate. On this building is a large inscription, "Senate of the State of New York, 1775." Hon. F. L. WESTBROOK'S house was also decorated in a very tasty manner and made a fine appearance standing at the head of John street.

On Albany avenue the display was perfectly magnificent. The residences of General SHARPE, WILLIAM B. FITCH, H. D. DARROW, PETER DUMONT, Mrs. JOHN SMITH, PETER MASTEN, C. J. TOWNSEND, Captain JACOB H. TREMPER, Colonel TREMPER, Alderman HAYES, and General J. S. SMITH were decorated from top to bottom, and the most of the trees in these fronts were also ornamental with flags that floated from the branches.

All the ministers in that part of the city showed their patriotism by displaying from their houses and grounds flags and streamers. A fine flag waved from the house of Judge T. R. WESTBROOK.

Among the old houses is that occupied by the VAN STEENBURGH family, at the lower end of Wall street, well known to be the only house not burned by the British in October, 1777.

THE ARRIVALS.

Large numbers of people came to the upper part of the city on Saturday night and the streets presented a lively appearance until a late hour. On Sunday the churches were crowded, among the congregations being a sprinkling of regimentals that gave these places of worship an unusually interesting appearance so far as concerned temporal matters.

During the church service at night the preachers made appropriate mention of the Centennial to be celebrated on the morrow, they generally treating it in a mixed religious and secular vein, and the manner in which they were listened to by the large congregation showed how interested they were in the coming event. Precisely at the hour of midnight, as the Centennial was ushered in, the bell of the First Reformed Church began to ring, which was soon followed by the bells of the other churches, and those who were asleep sprang from their

beds at first supposing it to be a fire alarm. These bells continued to peal for several minutes and then all was quiet again until 5 o'clock, when the whole place, as if by magic, became all life and bustle. The bell rang out full and clear, peal on peal, while the cannon belched forth a thundering salute and the boys exploded crackers and torpedoes, all of which made such a tremendous noise the most slothful were glad to leave their beds and decorate their houses in a style becoming the grand occasion. Before many hours had passed the streets began to wear a bright, picturesque look with gay flags, and red, white and blue decoration that could be seen on nearly every house in the place.

THE MILITARY PROCESSION.

At 12 noon the military was formed on the Strand, right resting on Union avenue, and the march was commenced in the following order:

1. Major-General JAMES W. HUSTED, Grand Marshal, and Staff as Aids.
2. Colonel JOHN MCENTEE, Marshal of the Day, and Aids.
3. Fifth Division N. G. S. N. Y., comprising the Seventh Brigade, Brigadier-General BLAUVELT commanding, consisting of the Sixteenth Battalion, Twenty-seventh Regiment, and Troop of Cavalry; Eighth Brigade, Brigadier-General GEORGE PARKER commanding, consisting of the Twentieth Battalion, Twenty-first Regiment and Battery A.
4. Various Military Organizations.
5. Washington Continentals, detachment of Tenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., of Albany, with Doring's Band.
6. Ex-Governors of the State.
7. National, State and County Officers and other distinguished guests.
8. Orators of the Day.
9. Board of Supervisors of Ulster County.
10. Mayor and Common Council of the City of Kingston.
11. Civic Societies.
12. Fire Department and Visiting Firemen.
13. Jackson Corps of Albany, with Austin's (formerly Sullivan's) Band.
14. Tibbets Veteran Corps of Troy, Col. EGOLF.
15. Tibbets Cadets of Troy, Captain J. H. PATTEN.
16. Battery B, N. G. S. N. Y., of Troy, Captain GREEN.
17. Trojan Hook and Ladder Company No. 3, of Troy, Foreman INGRAM.
18. Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, of Albany, Foreman FREDENDALL. Coxsackie Post G. A. R., of Coxsackie, A. V. D. COLYER, Commandant. Centennial Mounted Minute Men from the several towns.

The procession moved amidst thousands of spectators to the grove called the Centennial Grounds, where, after a Review of the Fifth Division of the National Guard by Maj.-General JAMES W. HUSTED, an invocation was made by Rev. J. G. VAN SLYKE, and the oratorical ceremonies were begun by Judge T. R. WESTBROOK, with the following:

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

HONORED GUESTS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:

To me has been assigned the pleasant duty of bidding you, one and all, welcome to this historic ground, which, one hundred years ago to-day, witnessed the inauguration of the first government of the Empire Commonwealth under a written Constitution emanating from the will of its people, and which in its first section enunciates this grand principle, "that no authority shall, on any pretense whatever, be exercised over the people, or members of this State, but such as shall be derived from and granted by them."

How well, and wisely our fathers reared the structure of the future majestic State upon that great cornerstone of republican truth, you and we are here this day to declare and commemorate. As we review the history of the century, which has just closed, and recall the marvellous growth and development of the Colony, which, with its beginning, was made a State, in population, wealth, material development, civil and religious liberty, our hearts exult with honest pride, and a common anthem of praise issues from all our lips to Him, who gave to our fathers the courage and wisdom to found, and to their children and successors the like wisdom and courage to preserve the structure of the State, which to-day we call ours.

Throughout all its borders, from the Imperial City, which rests queenly by its ocean's gateway, to its numerous bright and smaller sisters, and to all the villages and abodes of industry and peace, the laws which govern, and the hands which execute them come from the people, and are only the creations of their wisdom, and the representatives of their power. The unfettered genius of our people has, by steam and wind, made of river and lake rapid arteries of travel and commerce, and across mountain and plain, upon highways of its own creation, is now transporting the wealth of a great nation, which, thank God, is yet "one and inseparable."

To-day we rejoice together over the way by which a Divine hand has led us. We all, those of us who are allied by birth and blood to the men of the Revolution, and those who have come to us from other shores, both sharers in the blessings and privileges they won and bequeathed, Children alike, whether by birth or adoption, to-day call them Fathers, as we recount and recall their heroism, their devotion, their wisdom. We forget none of the trials, the difficulties, nor the progress of the past. They are all OURS. The legacy of bravery and honor bequeathed to us by New York's fallen sons in the recent great struggle for the Nation's indivisibility, as well as the laurels won by those who have returned to us, are all ours. And, as to-day we see order and peace from the ocean's waves to the waters of the great lakes, as to-day we witness the triumph of law over riot — the prompt suppression of mob and lawlessness, the pride is also ours to know that the self-reliance derived from our fathers taught us to look to the arm of the State, and not to that of the Nation for deliverance and safety; and that we so recently witnessed, in the conduct of our volunteer soldiers, the wisdom of that organic enactment which one hundred years ago declared, "that the militia of this State, at all times hereafter, as well in peace as in war shall be armed and disciplined, and in readiness for service."

Once more, in the name and in behalf of our historic city, I bid you welcome. Around us are the same grand old mountains which witnessed the birth of our State. This beautiful plain and yonder smiling valley, filled up with happiness and beauty, still smile as they then smiled upon the new Commonwealth. Close beside us is the road over which a few months later, the soldiers of a foreign monarch marched to burn and waste the spot which cradled it. May the century now begun, if it does bring with it, as the past has done, trial, peril and death, have as peaceful an end as that just closed, and the new one to be born witness as this does, a powerful and mighty republican State, wherein dwell a happy, united, and prosperous people.

ADDRESS OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

Centennial celebrations crowd upon us. Appropriate commemorations of events of the revolutionary period are the pleasure and duty of the year. Most of them are upon historic battle fields, and recall the feats of arms of our victorious ancestors.

The occasion which calls us together has deeper significance than any battle. It is the anniversary of the declaration and establishment of those principles of constitutional liberty, without which the continental soldier had fought and died in vain. The story of the formation and expression of popular opinion upon popular rights during the colonial era, its development in the Constitution of 1777, and its results for a century, can only be sketched in the limits of an address. Unlike the other colonies, New York had no chartered rights; there were no limitations on the royal prerogative, and it was only by long and continued struggles that any immunities or privileges were secured. The Dutch had brought with them from Holland ideas of toleration and liberty, of which that country was for a time the only asylum in the world; the English colonists were firm in their devotion to representative government. By every process short of revolution during the early period of the English rule the arbitrary exactions of the Royal Governors were resisted, and the demands for an assembly of the people never ceased. The claim was based upon the natural and inherent rights of a free people.

In 1683, the home government, unable longer to resist, called together an assembly elected by the people. It was the dawn of representative government in New York. The first assembly of our ancestors immediately asserted and enacted into laws the fundamental principles of civil liberty. They passed a law for a triennial assembly; they declared all power to vest in the Governor, Council and people met in general assembly. The privileges of members of Parliament were conferred upon the assembly and its members; their consent must be had to the levy of any tax, and all the guarantees contained in Magna Charta, in the bill of rights, in the habeas corpus act, together with trial by jury, and freedom of conscience in matters of religion, were declared to be the rights, liberties and privileges of the inhabitants of New York. They created the township — that school of self-government — provided the civil divisions upon the plan which has substantially prevailed ever since, and organized superior and inferior courts for the administration of justice. The rights and liberties thus established were often

violated and arbitrarily suspended or denied, but every repetition of such tyranny only served to inflame to passionate devotion the people's love of liberty, and to prepare the way for the Declaration of Independence. Ninety-three years after this memorable assertion of popular rights, petition and remonstrance having alike failed, the people determined to peril life and fortune to maintain and enlarge them. In 1776, New York was without a regular government. The Council was dissolved ; the General Assembly prorogued, and the Royal Governor a fugitive under the protection of the guns of the British fleet.

The Provincial Congress sitting in New York owed its existence to the necessities of the times. It was a revolutionary body, its only charter an election by the people. On the 15th of May of that year the Continental Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, adopted a resolution requesting the respective assemblies and conventions of the United Colonies "where no government sufficient for the exigencies of their affairs had been established, to adopt such government as should, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular and America in general."

They also recommended the suppression of all authority derived from the crown of Great Britain, and the assumption and exercise of government under authority from the people of the colonies. Of the thirteen colonies, all, except Rhode Island and Connecticut, adopted the recommendation. Their charters did not reserve to the crown the control over or veto upon their internal affairs, and with them such action was unnecessary. Virginia's constitution was first, and New York's fifth, in the order of adoption.

A few days after the passage of this resolution the Provincial Congress met in New York. Governeur Morris, a delegate from the county of Westchester, then but twenty-four years of age, signalized his entrance into public life, by urging immediate action, in a speech remarkable for its courage and radicalism, and its strong presentation of the thought of the time. He boldly declared that reconciliation with the mother country was a delusion, and that peace, liberty and security could only be had by independent government, and moved that a committee be appointed to draw up a plan for the frame of a government.

These men, acting upon well-understood principles, and jealous of every assumption of power, thought that this Congress was not elected for this purpose.

A committee was finally appointed, to whom the whole subject was referred, and on the 27th of May they reported "that the right of framing, creating or remodelling civil governments, is and ought to be in the people," that the old form of government was dissolved and a new form was absolutely necessary, and that, as doubts existed whether the Provincial Congress had power to act, the people of the Colony be called to elect a new Congress specially instructed upon the question of a new government. This report is remarkable as the earliest, clearest and most emphatic declaration of the doctrine of popular sovereignty. It was New York's contribution to American liberty, learned by more than half a century of incessant struggle of the representatives elected by the people with the representatives of the royal power.

The report of the committee was adopted, and on the 31st a series of resolutions, prepared by Mr. Jay, were passed, calling upon the several counties to elect a new body, with power to form a new government, and instructed also upon the question of united colonial independence. In the meantime the seat of war was transferred to New York. On Sunday afternoon of the 30th of June, the British fleet and army under Lord Howe having entered the harbor, the Congress, appre-

hensive of an attack by the enemy, resolved that the next Congress should meet at White Plains, in the county of Westchester, and adjourned. On the 9th of July, 1776, the newly-elected delegates met at the court-house in that place and elected General Woodhull President, and John McKesson and Robert Berrian Secretaries. During the forenoon a letter was received from the delegates of New York, in the Continental Congress, inclosing the Declaration of American Independence, which had been adopted on the 4th.

It was immediately read and referred to a committee, consisting of Messrs. Jay, Yates, Hobart, Brashier and Wm. Smith. It was a critical moment for these men. They had been just elected; only a few hours had elapsed since they had qualified and entered upon their duties, and now their first legislative act was to make up their record upon an issue which, if successful, made them patriots; if it failed, traitors and felons. How firm was their resolve; how clear their purpose; how serene their minds, is evidenced by the fact that on the afternoon of the same day the committee reported resolutions concurring in the Declaration, fully adopting it, and instructing our delegates in the General Congress to support the same, and give their united aid to all measures necessary to obtain its object.

The convention immediately adopted the report. On the morning of the next day, the 10th of July, this body "Resolved and ordered, that the style and title of this House be changed from that of the 'Provincial Congress of the Colony of New York,' to that of 'The Convention of the Representatives of the State of New York,'" and thus on the 10th day of July, 1776, the State of New York was born. In the afternoon of the 10th, they resolved to enter on the 16th upon the formation of a State government, but by that time the situation of affairs here became too alarming for deliberation. Washington was contemplating the abandonment of New York. British ships of war were anchored off Tarrytown, within six miles of where they were sitting. Their whole attention was occupied in raising troops and supplies, and providing for the public order. On the 16th they postponed the question till the 1st of August. In the meanwhile they provisionally ordained that all magistrates and civil officers, well affected toward independence, continue the exercise of their duties until further orders, except that all processes thereafter must issue in the name of the State of New York, and declared it to be treason and punishable with death for any one living within the State and enjoying the protection of its laws to adhere to the cause of the king of Great Britain or levy war against the State in his behalf.

With dangers threatening on every hand, the British fleet in possession of New York bay, the Hudson river and Long Island sound, a veteran army in overwhelming numbers but a few miles distant, thus boldly and fearlessly did the Representatives of New York assert her sovereignty. On the 27th of July the convention found it necessary to remove to Harlem, and there, on the 1st of August, on motion of Governeur Morris, and seconded by Mr. Duer, a committee was appointed to prepare and report a constitution or form of government.

This committee was composed of the most eminent men in the convention and in the Commonwealth. For a generation after independence was achieved a majority of them continued to receive, in positions of honor and trust, the highest marks of the confidence and affection of their countrymen. Their labors in the Cabinet and in Congress, in the State Legislature and upon the bench, and in the diplomatic service, form the brightest pages in the history of the nation and the State.

John Jay was Chairman, and his associates were Governeur Morris, Robert R. Livingston, William Duer, Abraham and Robert Yates, General Scott, Colonel Broome, Mr. Hobart, Colonel DeWitt, Samuel Townshend, William Smith and Mr. Wisner. The Committee were to report on the 16th of August, 1776; but such was the perilous condition of the State, and so manifold the duties of the members of the convention, that no report was made till March, 1777. The convention meanwhile, by the alarming situation of affairs, was migrating from place to place, and performing every class of public duty. It was a committee of public safety; it was providing the ways and means to continue the contest; its members were now serving in the Continental Congress, and again with the army; they were acting as judges and negotiators. To-day they were flying before the enemy, to-morrow furnishing protection for the sorely pressed Commonwealth. At one time meeting at Kingsbridge, then at Odell's in Phillip's Manor, then at Fishkill, Poughkeepsie, and finally at Kingston. At Fishkill, they supplied themselves with arms and ammunition, and thereafter legislated with their swords by their sides, literally building the peaceful fabric of constitutional government, in the very presence of the alarms, the perils and the carnage of war. On the 6th of March, 1777, at Kingston, the committee appointed to prepare a form of government were required to report on the following Wednesday, and on that day, the 12th, the committee made a report which was read by Mr. Duane.

The draft was drawn by John Jay, and is in his handwriting. This draft was under discussion until the 20th of April, and underwent some amendments and additions. The leading minds in the debates, and in the introduction of the amendments adopted were John Jay, Governeur Morris, Robert R. Livingston and Mr. Duane. The constitution, however, was finally passed almost as it came from the hands of Mr. Jay, and was adopted with one dissenting voice on the 20th of April, 1777. It was the evening of Sunday, the President, General Ten Broeck, was absent, and also the Vice-President, General Pierre Van Cortlandt, but revolutions know neither days nor individuals. General Leonard Gansevoort, acting as President pro tem., attested the document.

The same night Robert R. Livingston, General Scott, Governeur Morris, Abraham Yates, John Jay and Mr. Hobart were appointed a committee to report a plan for organizing and establishing the form of government. They next directed one of the secretaries to proceed immediately to Fishkill, and have five hundred copies of the constitution, without the preamble, and twenty-five hundred with the preamble printed, and instructed him to give gratuities to the workmen to have it executed with dispatch. They then resolved that the constitution should be published on the next Tuesday, in front of the Court-house, at Kingston; and the village committee were notified to prepare for the event. This latter body seem expeditiously and economically to have performed their duty by erecting a platform upon the end of a hogshead, and from this, Vice-President Van Cortlandt presiding, Robert Berrian, one of the secretaries, read this immortal document to the assembled people. The convention having promulgated their ordinance for the formation of the State government, and filled up, provisionally, the offices necessary for carrying it on until an election could be had, and appointed thirteen of their number to act as a committee of safety until the Legislature should assemble, adjourned *sine die* on the 13th of May, 1777. Thus passed into history this remarkable convention. In lofty patriotism, steadfastness of purpose, practical wisdom and liberal statesmanship, it

had few, if any, equals, even among the legislative bodies of extraordinary merit which marked the era. Its address to the people, drafted by Jay, and declared by Jefferson the ablest document of the period, is a most compact and eloquent statement of the fundamental principles of free government, and was republished by Congress for the whole country, and translated into foreign tongues. Of the many distinguished men who were its members three stand out conspicuously, and form an unequaled triumvirate of social distinction, character, culture and intellect. They were John Jay, Governeur Morris and Robert R. Livingston. All young men, possessing the best education of the time, belonging to the wealthiest families in the State, by birth and opportunity certain of royal favor, and having the largest stake in loyalty and stable government. They yet risked all, and periled their lives, for civil liberty and self-government. John Jay became Governor and cabinet minister and foreign envoy, and the first Chief Justice of the United States. Governeur Morris distinguished himself in the councils of the nation and the diplomatic service of the country. Robert R. Livingston rendered the most eminent services, both to this State and the United States, and in foreign courts. Their examples, efforts and contributions in educating and nerving the colonies to the Declaration of Independence, in the events which led to the recognition of the Republic, and in moulding the internal regulations and foreign policy of the new government, are the special pride of New York and the glory of the nation. No one can to-day read the Constitution of 1777, without wondering how little we have been able to improve upon it in one hundred years. When we consider that purely representative government was then an almost untried experiment, this instrument becomes more and more an enduring monument to the wisdom and foresight of its framers. It begins with a preamble setting forth the causes which led to the formation of a separate government, and the authority conferred upon the convention by the people to do this work. It recites at length the Declaration of Independence, and the unanimous resolution of the convention on the 9th of July, 1776, indorsing the declaration and instructing the New York delegates in the Continental Congress to give it their support. By virtue of which several acts and recitals, says the preamble "All power whatever in the State hath reverted to the people thereof, and this Convention hath, by their suffrages and free choice, been appointed and authorized to institute and establish such a government as they shall deem best calculated to secure the rights and liberties of the good people of this State."

Its first section, which was unanimously agreed to, is the key-note of its spirit. It ordained, determined and declared that no authority, on any pretense whatever, should be exercised over the people or members of this State, but such as should be derived from and granted by the *people.*

The declarations of 1683 were to secure for British colonists every liberty granted by the crown to the British subject. The purpose of the men of 1777 was to substitute the popular will for the royal prerogative, and natural rights for charters wrung from the reluctant hands of hereditary power.

Their experience with the colonial Governors had made them jealous and suspicious of individual authority, and so, to prevent the passage of laws inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution, or the public good, they placed the veto power in the hands of a council of revision, consisting of the Governor, the Chancellor, and the Judges of the Supreme Court. All bills passed by the Legis-

lature were to be submitted to them, and their veto was absolute, unless the bill was repassed by two-thirds of each House.

It followed the English model in its Legislature, and created two bodies, Senate and Assembly, and vested in them all legislative power. The Senate, twenty-four in number, was to be elected for four years by the freeholders of their districts having freeholds of the value of over one hundred pounds, and the Assembly of seventy members for one year, by freeholders possessing freeholds of the value of twenty pounds, or renting tenements of the yearly value of twenty shillings and paying taxes. Provision was made for increasing both branches, but the Senate was never to exceed one hundred or the Assembly three hundred. It was the universal belief of the time that those who paid the taxes and supported the government should govern. Universal suffrage was not deemed an inherent right, but a privilege to be hedged about with restrictions and limitations, and while we have enlarged the limit, our legislation has always held to the theory, until recently, as to people of color, and still as to women, and minors, and others. It was the change of sentiment on this great question which led to the convention and new constitution of 1821. The executive power was vested in a Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, to be chosen for three years, and to this term we have returned by an amendment adopted in 1874. The judicial power was vested in a Chancellor, and Judges of the Supreme Court; and local county courts and a probate judiciary were constituted, and they respectively held during good behavior, and until sixty-five years of age; while a final appellate court, both in law and equity, was formed by the Senate, the Chancellor, and the Judges of the Supreme Court. Says the most eminent authority of our time: "The first New York Judiciary administered public justice and protected private rights during the whole period of its existence, in a manner which satisfied our people and won applause from all disinterested observers."

The appointing power was vested in a council of appointment, consisting of four Senators, selected annually by the Assembly who, with the Governor, were to form the council. To this body was given the appointment and removal of all officers in the State, except the chancellor, judges of the supreme court, and first judges of counties. As the State increased in wealth and population, the power and patronage of this council became enormous. It controlled the politics of the Commonwealth for forty years, and, at the time of its abolishment, had within its gift fifteen thousand offices. Such parts of the common law of England and the statute law of Great Britain and the colony of New York, not inconsistent with the independence of the State, as were in force on the 19th day of April, 1775, were declared to be the law of New York, thus deliberately fixing in the fundamental law the day when the British soldiers fired upon the patriots at Lexington, as the close forever of the supremacy of British authority.

The manner of voting was the subject of much discussion in the convention. The object was to get the freest and most unbiased expression of the popular will. At first the advocates of the *viva voce* vote seem to have had the majority; but this convention was wonderfully free from prejudice, or pride of opinion, or slavery to precedent. As stated in the constitution, their object was to do that which best "would tend to preserve the liberty and equal freedom of the people." They were willing to fairly try any reasonable experiment. While the vote by ballot was negatived by two-thirds, a compromise was adopted by thirty-three to three, ordaining that, after the termination of the war, the Legislature should provide for all elections by ballot, and if, after full and fair trial, it was found less

conducive to the safety and interest of the State, the *viva voce* practice might be restored. In 1787 the requisite law was enacted for voting by ballot, and that method has continued ever since.

The question of religious tolerance excited great interest and the longest debate. By personal experience and family tradition these men were very familiar with the results of bigotry and intolerance. With the exception of Holland, there was scarcely a place in the world where religious freedom was permitted. John Jay, true to his Huguenot recollections and training, threw the weight of his great influence and ability on the side of restriction. He moved to "except the professors of the religion of the church of Rome, until they should take oath that they verily believed that no pope, priest, or foreign authority, hath power to absolve the subjects of the State from allegiance, and unless they renounced the false, wicked and damnable doctrine that the pope has power to absolve men from their sins;" this having been voted down by nineteen to ten, it was then moved, "that this toleration shall not extend to justify the professors of any religion in disturbing the peace or violating the laws of this State." This too was rejected, and the convention, to their immortal honor and glory, established liberty of conscience in these memorable words: "This convention doth, in the name and by the authority of the good people of this State, *ordain*, *determine* and *declare* that the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever hereafter be allowed within this State, to all mankind." Thomas Jefferson forced a like expression from Virginia, but with that exception, New York alone among the thirteen States began its existence with absolute and untrammeled religious liberty.

The Constitution provided for the naturalization of foreigners, for trial by jury, for a militia service with recognition of the Quakers, and for the protection of Indians within the State limits. Acts of attainder were prohibited, no person was to be disfranchised, except by law of the land or the judgment of his peers; freedom of debate in legislative bodies was secured; parties impeached or indicted for crimes were to be allowed counsel as in civil cases, and the Legislature was prohibited from instituting any court except such as should proceed according to the course of the common law. Pause for a moment and reflect upon the conditions under which this Constitution was prepared and adopted. Its framers in perpetual peril of their lives at some period during their deliberations, every county in the State invaded by the enemy, devoting most of their time to the public defense and the protection of their families, without precedent to guide them, save the English model, their own experience, and thoughtful study of the principles of liberty. "Our Constitution," said Mr. Jay in his letter to the President of the Convention, "is universally approved even in New England, where few New York productions have credit." The verdict of posterity is unanimous and emphatic, that it deserves a high place among the few immortal documents which attest and determine the progress of the people, and the growth and defense of human liberty. Its principal features were incorporated into the Constitution of the United States, and followed by a majority of the new Commonwealths, which from time to time were admitted into the Union. The men, whose virtues we celebrate here to-day, did not build better than they knew. It is the crowning merit of their work that it fulfilled its purpose. The peril of their position, the time, nearly the darkest and most hopeless of the revolution, so purified their actions and intensified their thoughts, that reason became almost prophecy. The brilliance of the promise is equaled by the splendor of the performance. The

salient principles of the old Constitution underlie the new, and every present effort to abandon other experiments and restore the ancient forms, is the best tribute posterity can pay to the marvelous wisdom of the members of our first State Convention. The Constitution of 1777 remained in force for over forty years, and then, with some minor modifications, the extension of suffrage, and the concentration of more power in the Governor, it continued substantially unchanged until 1846. The public improvements of the State, its growth in population and local necessities demanded some amendments, and to provide for the public debt and limit the debt contracting power and to enlarge the Judiciary, the Convention of 1846 was called together. While preserving many of the essential features of the old Constitution, this Convention made changes which radically altered our scheme of State administration. The Governor was stripped of nearly all power, the authority of the Legislature was restricted, and appointments to office, and local administration given directly to the people. The whole civil service, which for seventy years had been appointed by the Council of Appointment and the Governor and Senate, was reduced to elective offices. The judiciary, which had been selected by the Executive, and held its place during good behavior, was submitted to popular nomination and election, and very short terms of service. The whole instrument is a protest against the concentration of power in any branch of the government, and a demand for its surrender at the shortest possible intervals by the Executive, the legislative and the judicial officers, back again to the people. It cut up and subdivided for the election of the Legislature, the large districts, with their guarantee of larger men for representatives, and made statesmanship difficult in proportion as it multiplied the opportunities and increased the influence of the local politician. It so widely distributed official authority and responsibility that each soldier of a vast army of placemen was accountable only to the hazards of a re-election at the end of a brief term, and the Governor was the head of an administration beyond the reach of appointment, removal or control by him. The wisdom of the revolution, especially in the judiciary, has never ceased to be doubted, and within the past five years, by duly adopted amendments, more permanency and dignity have been given to our higher and appellate courts, by re-organizing them upon a more harmonious basis, with more symmetry and concentration and longer terms of service. The tendency of recent Constitutional reform has been to old methods in respect to the Executive, both in regard to his length of service and general powers, and happily to drive from the Legislature special legislation for the benefit of individuals, corporations or localities, and compel the enactment of such general laws as will bear equally in both grant and limitation upon all, giving to none the exclusive benefits and franchises of the State. But the methods provided by the Constitution of 1846 to preserve the credit of New York, to reform and simplify the practice and codify the laws, are worthy of all praise, and have been adopted by a large number of the other States. Let us hope that very soon our fundamental law may be still further amended to stop the increase of local and municipal debt, the source and fountain of extravagance, peculation and fraud, and the greatest curse of our time.

This brief review of our constitutional history leads naturally to an inquiry as to what practical results have been obtained by these principles and plans of government. The first election for State officers and members of the Legislature was held in June, 1777, in all the counties not in possession of the enemy, by the officers appointed by the convention. A majority of the council of safety sought to

control the matter by nominating Philip Schuyler for Governor, and George Clinton for Lieutenant-Governor. As Jay said, in proclaiming these nominations: "Our Constitution is universally approved and does honor to our State. Let us not lose our credit in committing the government of it to men inadequate to the task. These gentlemen are respectable abroad. Their attachment to the cause is confessed and their abilities unquestionable. Let us endeavor to be as unanimous as possible."

Notwithstanding this powerful nomination, forty-one candidates ran, 13,179 votes were cast, and General George Clinton was elected both Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. He resigned the latter office, and General Pierre Van Cortlandt, as President of the Senate, became Lieutenant-Governor. The newly-elected Governor was cast in the mould of the sternest and most inflexible patriotism. The highest office in the gift of the people had come to him unsolicited, but he hesitated long before accepting it. Regardless of personal sacrifice or ambition, he wanted first clearly to see whether his duty to the cause could be best performed in the field or the executive chair. The council of safety, restive under their great responsibilities, demanded that he immediately leave his command and assume the helm of State.

Washington and Putnam advised his acceptance, and among the expressions of opinion from all quarters, the Consistory of the Dutch Reformed Church, at Kingston, addressed him a most earnest appeal and congratulation. "From the beginning of the present war," they said, "the Consistory and people of Kingston have uniformly been attached to the cause of America, and justify, upon the soundest principles of religion and morality, the glorious revolution of a free and oppressed country. Take then, with the acclamation and fullest confidence of the public — take, sir, the government into your hands, and let the unsolicited voice of the whole State prevail upon you to enter upon this arduous task. The Consistory esteem themselves especially happy in having cause to believe that religious liberty, without which all other privileges are not worth enjoying, will be strenuously supported by your Excellency."

He yielded his own judgment to the universal anxiety, and the 30th of July, 1777, was fixed for the inauguration. And so, one hundred years ago to-day, upon this spot, the council of safety surrendered its powers, General George Clinton was inaugurated Governor, and the State of New York, under a Constitution and duly organized government, began its history. He came from the very presence of the enemy to assume the robes of office, to return to his post when the ceremony was over, and the proclamation which made him Governor, General and Commander of the Militia and Admiral of the Navy of the State, was the first State paper bearing the startling attest "God save the People." Forts Clinton and Montgomery were attacked in the Highlands, Herkimer was battling in the Valley of the Mohawk, Burgoyne was marching from the north, and it was months before he could summon from the field and gather in council the first Legislature.

New York had but two hundred thousand people; was without manufactories or internal improvements, and hemmed in and invaded on every side by hostile fleets and armies. One hundred years have passed, and to-day in the sisterhood of States, she is the empire in all that constitutes a great Commonwealth. An industrious, intelligent and prosperous population of five millions of people live within her borders. In the value of her farms and farm products, and in her manufacturing industries, she is the first State in the Union. She sustains over

one thousand newspapers and periodicals, has eighty millions invested in church property, and spends twelve millions of dollars a year upon popular education. Upward of three hundred academies and colleges fit her youth for special professions, and furnish opportunities for liberal learning and the highest culture, and stately edifices all over the State, dedicated to humane and benevolent objects, exhibit the permanence and extent of her organized charities. There are three hundred millions of dollars in her savings banks. Three hundred millions in her insurance companies, and five hundred millions in the capital and loans of her State and National Banks. Six thousand miles of railroads, costing six hundred millions of dollars, have penetrated and developed every accessible corner of the State, and maintain against all rivalry and competition her commercial prestige.

In 1825 a cannon was fired upon the Battery in New York city, in response to the reverberations of the guns from Sandy Hook, its echoes were caught and repeated by another shot at the Palisades, and so from Tappan Zee to the Highlands, and along the Catskills and the Valley of the Mohawk, and past the falls of the Genesee, till lost over the lake at Buffalo, the thunders of artillery announced, in one hour and twenty minutes, the whole length of the State, that the waters of the lake had been wedded to the ocean, and the Erie canal was completed. It marked a new era in the prosperity of the State and the history of the nation. It sent the tide of emigration to the north-west, developing there great agricultural States, and added immensely to the wealth of New York. All honor and gratitude to the men who at that early day had the courage and foresight to plan and pursue these great public improvements, and whose wisdom has been proven by a repetition of the lessons of the ages, that along the highways of commerce reside population, wealth, civilization and power. The glory of each State is the common property of the nation, and we make this day our Centennial exhibit. Our inquiry has shown that we need not step beyond our own boundaries to find illustrious annals and noble examples. We are rich in battle-fields, decisive in results upon the freedom of the nation. Jay, Morris and Livingston, Schuyler and Montgomery, Clinton and Herkimer, Hamilton and Kent, are names which will live among the soldiers, patriots and sages of all time. In every crisis of its history, the virtue, courage and wisdom of the people have been equal to the needs of the present and the wants of the future.

Let us welcome the second century and enter upon its duties with the stern purpose and high resolve to maintain the standard of our fathers in the public and private life of the State and the honorable superiority of New York in the Federal Union.

ADDRESS BY REV. JOHN C. F. HOES, D. D.,

Late Pastor of the Reformed Protestant Church of Kingston.

MR. PRESIDENT — LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

A few weeks since, I was in the State library at Albany, searching its archives for information relative to the early settlement of Kingston, and the establishment of the Reformed Dutch Church in this place, when I found among the Clinton papers an autograph letter, which it is deemed proper and appropriate should be read on this Centenary occasion. It was written by Rev. Dr. George J. L. Doll,

in behalf of the Consistory of the Church of Kingston, of which he was at that time pastor, and addressed to His Excellency George Clinton on the occasion of his inauguration as the first Governor of the State of New York. The Consistory was composed of the following named gentlemen : *Elders* — Johannes Van Keuren, Heiman Roosa, Benjamin Ten Broeck, Ezekiel Masten. *Deacons* — Gerrit Freer, Abraham Elmendorf, Conrad Newkirk, Tobyas Swart. *Kerkmeester or Church Warden* — William Elting.

Dr. Doll was the last of that venerable catalogue of divines, commencing with the Rev. Hermanus Bloom in 1659, who were thoroughly educated in the universities of Holland and Germany, and who, as pastors, preached in the Dutch language to the people of this place and its vicinity. His ministry commenced in 1775, and terminated with his death in 1811. He was the father-in-law of the late Hon. James Vanderpoel, his granddaughter was the wife of the late John Van Buren, and daughter-in-law of the late ex-President Van Buren.

The Reformed Dutch Church of which Dr. Doll was pastor for the period of thirty-six years was established in 1659 — that is, one hundred and eighteen years before the inauguration of George Clinton as the first Governor of the State of New York.

The church edifice in which Dr. Doll commenced his ministry in Kingston was dedicated to the worship of God by the Rev. George Wilhelmus Mancius, November 29, 1752, N. S., and was burned on the 16th of October, 1777, when Kingston was taken by the British under General Vaughan. There are good reasons to believe that the British forces were at first reluctant to burn the church, but when they learned of the patriotism of Dr. Doll and his consistory as expressed in the letter I am about to read, they no longer hesitated sacrilegiously to apply the torch to the house of God, and also to the parsonage in which the patriotic Dominie lived. It is only a few weeks since that I first learned of the existence of any thing which would give a true conception of this church. And I take the liberty of holding up to your view the only picture in existence of this ancient and venerable house of the Lord, made by A. Billings, 125 years ago. In this church either in its original form or as it was rebuilt after having been burned by the British in the Revolutionary war, the people of God worshipped until 1833, when it was succeeded by a more modern structure, which in its turn was succeeded in 1852 by the present commodious and attractive edifice. But I will not detain you longer by giving a history of the church of Kingston, but will proceed to read the letter of Dr. Doll, to which these remarks are designed only to be introductory.

LETTER OF DR. DOLL.

To His Excellency, GEORGE CLINTON, ESQ., *Governor, General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Militia, and Admiral of the Navy of the State of New York:*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY — At the commencement of the New Constitution, and at the very hour of your inauguration, the Minister, Elders and Deacons of the Reformed Dutch Church of Kingston, in Consistory assembled, beg leave to congratulate your Excellency upon the highest honors the subjects of a free State can possess, and to assure you of the part they bear in the public happiness of this occasion.

From the beginning of the present war, the Consistory and the people of Kingston have been uniformly attached to the cause of America, and justify upon the soundest principles of religion and morality the glorious revolution of a free and oppressed country. Convinced of the unrighteous design of Great Britain upon their civil and religious privileges, they choose, without hesitation, rather to suffer with a brave people for a season, than to enjoy the luxuries and friendship of a wicked and cruel nation.

With an inexpressible perseverance, which they trust the greatest adversity and persecution will never change, they profess to your Excellency their interest in the Continental Union and loyalty to the State of New York.

While the Constitution is preserved inviolate, and the rulers steer by that conspicuous beacon, the people have the fairest prospects of happiness and success. With you they choose to launch, that future pilots may form a precedent from your vigilance, impartiality and firmness, and the system obtain an establishment that shall last for ages. For as nothing can be more agreeable to the conscious patriot than the approbation of his country, so nothing can more promote the general good than placing confidence in established characters, and raising merit to distinguished power.

Take, then, with the acclamations and fullest confidence of the public — take, Sir, the government into your hands, and let the unsolicited voice of a whole State prevail upon you to enter upon the arduous task.

All ranks, in placing you at their head, have pledged their lives and fortunes to support and defend you in this exalted station, and the Consistory of Kingston cheerfully unite in the implicit stipulation, and promise you their prayers.

As a reformation in morals is the immediate object of the Consistory of Kingston, they esteem themselves especially happy in having cause to believe, that religious liberty (without which all other privileges are not worth enjoying) will be strenuously supported by your Excellency; and they congratulate themselves and the State, that God has given them a Governor who understands, and therefore loves the Christian Religion, and who in his administration will prove a terror to evil-doers, and an example and patron to them that do well.

Signed by order of the Consistory.

August 2, 1877. J. L. DOLL, *Praeses.*

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE H. SHARPE.

When the consolidation of the Roman Empire seemed to be well nigh attained, at about the commencement of the Christian era, Cæsar Augustus instituted or revived the secular games. They were intended to mark the Centennial periods of Rome. Heralds were employed to convoke the people by a solemn summons in these words: *Convenite ad ludos spectandos, quos nec spectavit quisquam, nec spectaturus est.* They were invited to a spectacle which no one present had ever beheld, and which no one present would ever behold again. At the special celebration spoken of Horace prepared the hymn, which was sung by a chorus of youths and maidens. We can well believe that at these Centennial epochs the most popular orators were called to celebrate in fitting terms the great deeds of their ancestors. While the glories of Rome would form the general theme, a particular recital would be rendered to commemorate the successes of the hundred years just past. And when such an epoch had been marked by some of the mightiest achievements of Rome, care would be taken that a minute narrative should be made of the incidents and actors who figured in the triumphs. It has been therefore thought proper that, in addition to the broader discourse to which you have been called to listen, I should endeavor to make a picture to you of the scene and actors when the independent government of this great Commonwealth was first set in motion.

Kingston as connected with the Convention, will, then, be my brief topic.

The revolutionary government of this State was carried on by a Provincial Congress, issuing out of a Convention, and during its recesses its powers were confided to a Committee or Council of Safety. The first, second and third Provincial Congresses met in New York. The exigencies of war required the fourth to meet at White Plains, in Westchester County, where the Declaration of Independence was read and unanimously agreed to on the 10th of July, 1776. On the 29th of the same month the Provincial Convention adjourned to Harlem,

where it continued for thirty days, when it again adjourned to Fishkill. The accommodations there were insufficient. The Episcopal church had been chosen for the sessions of the Convention, but being very offensive with the dung of dogs and fowls, and without any benches, seats or any other conveniences whatever, it was considered unfit for the use of the Convention, and the members unanimously agreed to adjourn to the Dutch church in the same village. Those present from this County were Charles DeWitt and Christopher Tappen. Brief sessions were held until the 15th of October, when the Convention again resigned the care of public affairs to the Committee of Public Safety, and on the 31st day of January, 1777, Messrs. Duane and Robert Yates, having returned from Kingston, reported, in substance, that they had conferred with the Committee in Ulster County, and find that if the Convention should move to that place, fifty members can obtain good accommodations; that the price will be twenty shillings per week, and that the Court-house, or a large room in the said building, would be convenient for the Convention to meet in.

This village had been already subjected to extraordinary burdens; its jail was made the custodian of a large number of State prisoners, and as it was situated upon the road principally used by troops passing to and from the northern and southern armies, the town committee was frequently obliged to make reclamations for extraordinary acts committed by the troops.

On the 1st of February the Committee of Safety authorized the Committee of Kingston to appoint a guard for the safe custody of the State prisoners, six of the said guard to watch every night; and an allowance of two shillings and six pence was made to each member for every night on duty; and the town committee was authorized to provide candles and fire-wood for the guard, to be reimbursed out of the treasury of the State.

On the 11th of February Mr. Gansevoort, of Albany, moved that the Convention adjourn, to meet at Kingston on the 19th. Mr. Wisner, of Orange, endeavored to have Goshen chosen instead of Kingston, and moved an amendment to that effect. Debate arose thereon, and the Journal informs us that when the question was put on the amendment it was carried in the negative. Mr. Duane, of New York, then introduced a preamble reciting the great and momentous affairs under the consideration of the Convention, and the necessity of the advice and assistance of all its members, and an order was made that all the members of the Convention should be peremptorily required to give their attendance at Kingston, and letters were written to the committees of the respective counties, inclosing copies of the above resolution, and informing them that it is the intention of the House as soon as they meet in Kingston to proceed to the business of forming a plan of government.

On the 19th of February, 1777, the Committee of Safety assembled at Kingston, there being present only Col. Pierre Van Cortlandt, acting President; Messrs. Philip Livingston and Van Zandt, of New York; Mr. Tappen, of Ulster; Mr. Taylor, of Albany, and Mr. Newkirk, of Tryon, the latter county comprising nearly all that part of the State now westerly of Schenectady. No business was done on this first day, except the consideration of a letter from General George Clinton, dated at New Windsor on the 14th instant, informing the committee that pursuant to the resolve of the Convention he had raised five hundred men in the counties of Orange and Ulster.

The Committee of Safety continued its sessions from day to day, with acces-

sions of members, passing upon the most important business relating to this province, a large part of which, including the city of New York, was in the possession of the enemy, the northern and centre portions being threatened by the great invasion of Burgoyne. On the 6th of March the committee yielded its powers to the Convention, of which Brigadier-General Ten Broeck, a member from Albany, was President.

Kingston was at this time the third place in size, wealth and importance in the State. I find a census made in 1782, when it is probable that the number of inhabitants did not greatly differ from what it was at the date we are considering. The population of Kingston was then computed at 2,652, and the total population of the county at 16,902.

Within a few days past, in the company of General D. T. VAN BUREN, I made an examination of the old stone dwellings still standing, which, in all probability, existed essentially in their present condition in 1777. These ancient relics are passing away, many of the best specimens having been removed within late years. There are, however, about forty-eight stone houses presenting substantially the same appearance which they did to the distinguished men who for long months resided here, directing the energies of this province against the mighty armies of Great Britain, and giving the principle of life to the Constitution of an independent State.

In 1777 the greater part of the village still lay within the confines of the palisaded inclosure which had formed the fortified post of the Esopus from the year 1658. This area, comprising about twenty-five acres, lay within the boundaries of North Front, East Front, Green and Main streets. The houses were built of blue limestone, the largest proportion of them being only one story high, with an attic; and as the interior walls were made by plastering immediately upon the stone, very little woodwork was found inside of them. I call attention to this fact because it is frequently stated in various writings, permanent and fleeting, that but one house is standing to-day in Kingston in the likeness it exhibited during the revolutionary war. At the time the village was fired by Vaughn's troops, in October, 1777, the inhabitants had ample warning of the disaster; and although, by reason of the absence of the greater part of the male population at Saratoga or with the Southern army, they were unable to resist the invader, a great part of their household goods and movable effects was sent to Hurley or Marbletown. The inflammable material, therefore, remaining within these stone walls was small in amount, and where the house was not large the fire was not sufficiently strong to crack the walls. The renewal, therefore, of the doors, shutters and roofs would restore the dwelling to its former external appearance, and such restoration was likely to be made by the mechanics of that day after the old models.

The village was mainly within the ancient precincts, but had overflowed somewhat toward Hurley, and more extensively over the plains on the south. Some of the larger houses, like Molly Elmendorf's, which stood between the present site of the Kingston Bank and Mr. Howard Chipp's, and the Vanderlyn mansion, which occupied the space across Wall street between the present sites of the Ulster County and State of New York Banks, received so much injury from the intensity of the fire, on account of their size, that they were suffered to fall into ruin. And I have been told by those now living that they played as children within the walls and under the arches of these ruins, seeming to them of vast size, and constraining sentiments of awe and veneration. Others of the larger

houses were only partially rebuilt, the new courses of stone being laid in the same position as the old ones. Of these, Christopher Tappen's mansion, late on the corner of Wall and North Front; the large Tappen house, still occupying the triangle on Green street; the old Bruyn mansion, with its handsome hipped roof, on the corner of North Front and Crown; Bogardus' tavern, afterward called the Constitution House, standing where WILLIAM F. ROMER'S residence now is, and the old Hasbrouck homestead, lately on East Front street at the easterly termination of Main, are fair specimens, and will readily be recalled by most of those who hear me. Bogardus' tavern, with the Elmendorf house diagonally opposite, now owned by General VAN BUREN, were the two principal hotels, and in them the committees who prepared the Constitution undoubtedly met. The Convention, however, sat in the Court House, a substantial building of blue limestone, occupying about the same superficies of ground as the present noble building, and overlooking the fine inclosure and old burying ground of the Dutch church.

The Convention having organized on the 6th of March, we learn from its journal that already on the 12th the committee for preparing and reporting a form or plan of government brought in their report, which was read by Mr. Duane, of New York, in his place.

On the 18th of March, Mr. Governeur Morris, of Westchester, moved, and it was seconded, that the members be permitted to smoke in the Convention Chamber, to prevent bad effects from the disagreeable effluvia arising from the jail below. A debate arose thereon, and, the question being put, the House divided as follows: For the affirmative, Westchester, four votes; Albany, six votes; Ulster, four votes — total, fourteen. For the negative, Tryon, three votes; New York, eight votes — total, eleven. The counties of Dutchess and Orange were divided. This division was immediately followed by a motion of Mr. Jay, which was passed, directing that Captain Platt, Mr. Cuyler and Mr. Duane, be appointed a committee to devise ways and means for clearing the jail below and moving the prisoners.

The Convention proceeded from day to day, transacting its military business and discussing the several sections of the new Constitution; and on the 20th of April, the whole plan of government was read through, the last division being taken upon the two methods of voting at the popular elections—by ballot or *viva voce*. On the evening of the same day, *which was Sunday*, the Constitution or plan of government of this State, as amended, was read throughout, and, the general question being put thereon, it was agreed to by every member present, except Col. Peter R. Livingston, who desired that his dissent thereto be entered on the minutes.

The draft of this Constitution was in the handwriting of John Jay, and, containing a full recital of the Declaration of Independence, is equal, in the dignity of its language and in the scope of its provisions, to any similar instrument prepared by the hand of man. The proceedings of the day were closed by the appointment of Mr. Robert R. Livingston, Gen. Scott, Mr. Morris, Mr. Abraham Yates, Mr. Jay and Mr. Hobart a committee to report a plan for establishing the government agreed to by this Convention; and it was ordered that one of the Secretaries should proceed to Fishkill, where Mr. John Holt, the editor of the New York Journal, and the State printer, was then established. The Secretary was authorized to direct the printing of three thousand copies of the Constitution, and to give gratuities to the printer and his workmen, at his discretion, in order to obtain dispatch, and the printer was ordered to lay aside all other

business. The proceedings of the committee concluded with the following action by the Convention:

Resolved, That the Constitution of this State be published at the Court-house, at eleven of the clock, on next Tuesday morning.

Ordered, That the Chairman of the Committee of Kingston be furnished with a copy of the above resolution, and that he be requested to notify the inhabitants of Kingston thereof.

On the following Tuesday, at the hour named, the bells of the Dutch church, the Court-house and of Kingston Academy, called the inhabitants to the front of the latter building, where, surrounded by the members of the Convention, the Secretary of that body, standing upon a barrel, read the Constitution to the people.

The little capital of the State began to increase in importance, and on the following Saturday, April 26th, the Convention ordered that the Treasurer of this State advance to John Dumont, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Kingston, the sum of one hundred pounds, to defray the expense of the night watch over the State prisoners and the public records. Meantime some vessels belonging to the Continental Congress, which had taken refuge up the Hudson River, and by reason of the enemy's strong naval force at New York were unable to put to sea, had been placed at the disposition of this Colony for the purpose of receiving State prisoners. These vessels lay at Twaalfskill, now Wilbur, one of them being named the Lady Washington; and on the 28th of April the Convention ordered that two hundred men be raised to protect the Continental ships and the public records and treasury of this State against the designs of disaffected people, as well as to guard the different passes and roads frequented by such persons for the purpose of conveying intelligence and going over to the enemy. This force was organized into three companies of able-bodied men, well armed and accoutred each with a good musket or fusee, a sword or tomahawk, a powder horn and bullet pouch or cartouch pouch, and they were officered respectively by Captains Evart Bogardus, Isaac Belknap and Frederick Schoonmaker.

Much time of the Convention was subsequently occupied by the trial of a number of Tories, with which the northern part of our County abounded. The enemy sought to corrupt the farmers of the mountain towns from their allegiance to the State by an offer of one hundred acres for heads of families, and fifty for children, to be partitioned out of such lands as should be confiscated from the patriots. A considerable number, whose trials are set forth at length upon the Journal of the Convention, were found guilty and ordered to be hanged; but it would seem that the gates of mercy were easily opened, as from one cause and another all were reprieved, with the exception of two, Jacobus Roosa and Jacob Middagh; whereupon it was ordered that Egbert Dumond, Esq., High Sheriff, have permission to go aboard all the vessels at the landing, at his pleasure, or to send any person on board who shall be the bearer of a copy of this order, to endeavor to obtain an executioner. It is, therefore, to be presumed that the two traitors who were hanged at this time perished at the hands of one of their royalist sympathizers.

On the 6th of May it was voted that Levi Pawling be first Judge of Ulster, and that Dirck Wyncoop be one other Judge for the same County; and it is interesting to state that Judge Wyncoop's residence is still standing, on Green street, presenting, in all probability, the same appearance that it did to our revolutionary fathers, and is the only house existing in this County, with the exception of the Lounsbery mansion at Stone Ridge, where we can trace the footsteps of Washington.

George Clinton, having in the meantime been appointed a Brigadier-General in the Continental Army, sent to the Convention his resignation of his commission, of like rank, in the militia of Ulster and Orange, and on the 13th of May, having declined to accept the resignation, the Provincial Convention adjourned, turning over the business of the State to a Council of Safety, to hold power until the election and qualification of the Governor and Legislature. I am at a loss to know whether the Council of Safety continued its sitting in the Court-house or met in some smaller place; but am inclined to believe, in the absence of evidence, that the Council remained in session in the former building.

At the afternoon meeting of the Council the record tells us that Egbert Benson, Esq., Attorney-General of this State, attended the Committee of Safety, and in council took and subscribed on the roll the oath of allegiance to this State and an oath of office.

The election having been held on the 9th of July, the Council, acting as a board of canvassers, declared the result as regards the offices of Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and Senators for the three Districts, George Clinton being found elected to both of the first mentioned offices. A letter was prepared, advising him of the result, and requesting him to make such arrangement of his affairs as to come with all convenient speed to Kingston to take the oath of the office which he should think proper to accept. On the 14th, his letter of the 11th, dated at Fort Montgomery, was received, accepting the office of Governor and resigning that of Lieutenant-Governor.

On the 15th it was ordered that Lieutenant-Colonels Elmendorf and Hoornbeck do by drafts out of the regiments of militia under their commands furnish a Captain and detail to guard the prisoners confined in Kingston jail and on board the fleet prison, and that said guards be relieved weekly by similar drafts from the same regiments until the companies of guards which this board is endeavoring to raise can be completed.

On the 21st the Council, premising by a preamble that the late Convention had constituted the Council with full powers until a meeting of the Legislature, and had ordained that the executive powers of the State should be vested in the Governor as soon as he should be chosen and admitted to office, and further, that the Council do not think themselves justified in holding and exercising any powers vested in them longer than is absolutely necessary, resolved, "that Brigadier-Gen-"eral George Clinton be, and he hereby is, most earnestly requested to appear "before this Council, to take the oath and enter upon the discharge of the impor-"tant duties of his said office of Governor of this State."

On the 30th of July, which was Wednesday, the Council prepared a letter to his Excellency, General Washington, wherein they convey to him some military information, and conclude by saying: "Governor Clinton will be qualified this "date, so that your Excellency's future requisitions from this State will be "directed to him." And later, in the Journal of the same day, the following entry appears: "His Excellency, George Clinton, duly elected Governor of "this State, appeared in Council of Safety and took the oath of allegiance to the "State, and also the oath of office as Governor, as prescribed by the ordinance "of the Convention of the representatives of the said State, made and passed the "8th day of May last, for organizing and establishing the government agreed "to by the said Convention. The said oaths were administered by the Presi-"dent in Council, and are subscribed on the roll by the Governor in Council." A proclamation was thereupon prepared for declaring the Governor, and an order

was made that Mr. John Holt print five hundred copies of the proclamation. It was further ordered that the said proclamation be made and published by the Sheriff of Ulster County, at or near the Court-house in Kingston, at 6 o'clock this afternoon.

"Resolved and ordered, that Captain Evart Bogardus and Captain John "Elmendorf do cause the companies of militia under their respective commands "to appear at the Court-house in Kingston, at 6 o'clock this afternoon, properly "armed and accoutered, at which time and place his Excellency, George Clinton, "will be proclaimed Governor of this State."

With these notes of preparation, on the evening of this day a hundred years ago, the simple but great ceremonial took place. The principal actor in the scene, of course, was George Clinton. The people of this County, with all the other people of New York, owe a great debt of gratitude to many distinguished men of the Revolutionary era. Their names are emblazoned in the annals of the State and nation, and will live in all future time. But Clinton was a son of this county. Born in our midst, educated upon our soil and ever claiming it as his home, he was the friend and elder brother of our fathers — cast in the most heroic mould, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews. His father was a man of culture, residing near Coldenham, in that part of the County which is now embraced within the limits of Orange, and his personal supervision over the education of his son was aided by the scholarly attainments and discipline of a Scotch minister. The father, and an elder brother of George, James Clinton, gave early proof of military ability. In the old French war George enlisted in a privateering expedition, and on his return from it he accompanied his brother James, as a Lieutenant, in the expedition against Fort Frontenac, Canada. On his return he studied law at the office of the historian William Smith, one of the most conspicuous advocates at the New York bar, who afterward became Chief Justice of Canada. His abilities and character were soon recognized, and beginning with 1759, he held successively the offices of Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, Clerk of the Court of Sessions, and Surrogate in this County. In 1768 he was a member of the House of Assembly, under the old colonial government, and was acknowledged as one of the leaders in debate in the resistance which was interposed by the colonial Legislature to the encroachments of the crown. In all the struggles which followed, equal in constancy and dignity to those of any other province, George Clinton, Philip Schuyler and Nathaniel Woodhull, of Long Island, acted the most distinguished parts.

In 1769 he again entered the General Assembly, and continued a member until the adjournment in 1775, which proved its final dissolution. In the same year he was a member of the first Provincial Convention of this province, which assembled on the 20th of April, and two years afterward he was elected one of the delegates to the Continental Congress. On the 19th of December succeeding he was appointed Brigadier-General of the militia of Ulster and Orange, and in June, 1776, we find him again in the Continental Congress. In the next month he was chosen a deputy to the fourth Provincial Congress, which, on the 9th, became the Convention of the representatives of the State of New York; and in August of the same year he was placed in command of all the levies for the defense of the Hudson River. In March, 1777, he was appointed by Congress a Brigadier-General in the line, with command of the forces in the Highlands, and in May he received the thanks of the New York Convention for his services in

Congress and to the Colony and State. As we have seen, on the 9th of July, 1777, he was elected Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, accepting the former office, and on October 4th he left the Legislature to take command of Fort Montgomery, threatened by the British, which, under his command, was valiantly defended, against a greatly superior force of the enemy, until night came, when the garrison forced its way through and escaped. His great military object at this time was to prevent a union of the British forces at New York and those under Burgoyne, moving south from Ticonderoga. How well he performed this duty may be gathered from a letter written by Burgoyne to the British Minister, Lord George Germain, on the very day that Clinton was inaugurated Governor, in which Burgoyne says: "I have spared no pains to open a correspondence with Sir William Howe. I have employed the most enterprising characters, and offered very promising rewards; but of ten messengers sent at different times, and by different routes, not one has returned to me, and I am in total ignorance of the situation or intentions of that General."

In a letter to Sir Guy Carleton, General Burgoyne says: "I have no news of Sir William Howe. I have only to add, in regard to my future progress, that I shall be obliged to wait some days for the arrival of provisions and batteaux, by which time I think it probable the enemy will have fallen back to Saratoga, where I mean to attack them if they stand."

They *did* stand at Saratoga, and if Burgoyne could obtain no information concerning Sir William Howe, he received full advices regarding the Continental army under Gates.

The crowning success of this campaign, which put the cause of American Independence beyond doubt, both here and abroad, was partly due, in the great sweep of the military operations, to the magnificent ability with which Governor Clinton performed his part of the work. In October, 1780, Clinton led, in person, the militia to repel the invasion of the Mohawk and Schoharie valleys by Sir John Johnston and Brandt, whom he defeated and drove out of the State. But why should I recount his services, or the numerous marks of approbation he received for them from his fellow-countrymen?

In 1783 he was re-elected Governor, and again in '86, in '89, '92 and 1801; and in 1805 he was elected Vice-President of the United States, followed by a re-election to the same office in 1808, and died in Washington on the 20th of April, 1812, being the anniversary of the adoption of the New York Constitution, while administering the second office in the gift of the country, and at the age of seventy-three years.

Gen. Clinton was prepossessing in appearance, not tall, but massive in stature. His demeanor was dignified, and his strongly marked face, indicative of courage, decision and energy, would be taken as a type of the best specimens of our Ulster County farmers, broadened by education and participation in important affairs. His portrait in the New York Historical Society represents a bronzed and manly person, carefully dressed in the costume of the day, with short breeches and buckles, and with ruffles in the bosom and at the cuffs. At the time of his inauguration he was in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Toward evening of the 30th of July, 1777, the bells of the Dutch church, the Court-house and Kingston Academy were heard ringing out as if for a joyous festival. The people, to whom notice had also been given by the Rev. Mr. Doll on the Sunday preceding, wended their way toward the Court-house. On either side of its door, and facing inwards, were ranged the companies of Captains

Bogardus and Elmendorf. The dark mass of the Court-house formed the background of the scene, while across the street was the great pile of the Dutch church, with its separate belfry tower up-rearing far above it. On the front and right stretched away the mounds marking the graves of the fathers of the inhabitants who were present, and on the left the view was bounded by the Vanderlyn mansion. The Council of Safety, having met and organized in the court-room, descended and took their places on the steps of the Court-house and at the head of the square formed by the military companies. There was the accomplished Pierre Van Cortlandt, President of the Council, who became Lieutenant-Governor under Clinton, and subsequently presided in the Senate of this State with recognized ability and dignity. There was Christopher Tappen, whose sister George Clinton had married, who was for long years the leading lay officer of the venerable church of Kingston, and who subsequently sat in the Assembly for three successive years, and was a Senator from the middle district in 1797. There was Zephaniah Platt, afterward first Judge of the County of Dutchess and a State Senator, who founded the town of Plattsburg in 1785, and died there in 1807. There, too, was that noble son of Ulster, who subscribed himself Charles Dewitt of Greenkill, and who, perhaps, after Clinton, was the most prominent man from this County during the whole revolutionary period. As a member of the last Legislature which sat under the royal authority he was one of the nine resolute and patriotic men who voted to approve the proceedings of the Continental Congress then sitting in Philadelphia. He was a member of the Committee to prepare a draft of the Constitution, and after the treaty of peace he was chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress. There, too, was the Christian gentleman, Gilbert Livingston, representing the County of Dutchess, who set one of the earliest examples of practical philanthropy by the liberation of all his slaves. And there were Major Peter Van Zandt and Thomas Tredwell, the latter a graduate of Princeton College, who held successively nearly all the offices in the County of Suffolk, and was reckoned among those of his day who had the best pretensions to scholarship and classical taste.

There, too, were Robert Harper and Matthew Cantine, and next to them Gen. John Morin Scott, who graduated at Yale in 1746, was present with his brigade in the battle of Long Island, and subsequently became Secretary of State of New York. Nor must I pass without special mention the youngest member of the Committee of Safety, for the well-bred figure standing on the left of the little semi-circle surrounding Clinton is that of Robert R. Livingston, who became the first Chancellor of the State of New York, and in this official capacity administered the oath of office to Washington on his inauguration as first President of the United States. In 1781 Livingston was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and in 1801, resigning the Chancellorship, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to France, where he successfully negotiated the treaty for the cession of Louisiana. It is said of him that as an orator and patriot he was so distinguished a person that Franklin in his admiration termed him the Cicero of America.

By the provisions of an act of Congress, each State in the Union is entitled to a place in the Capitol at Washington for the statues of two of its most eminent citizens. The selections have been made, the verdict of posterity has confirmed the judgment of our fathers, and the citizens of New York, whose steps are hereafter guided to the dome of the Capitol, will, in that great companionship of silent heroes, gaze with satisfaction upon the marble features of George Clinton and Robert R. Livingston.

Of the old citizens of this town, who, we find, were not absent with the army of Washington, or at Saratoga, or in the Highlands, we can well imagine the presence of those who bore familiar names. There was the courteous and hospitable Huguenot, Colonel Abraham Hasbrouck, who had just relinquished the command of one of our county regiments. There were Nicholas and Benjamin Bogardus, at the head of the farmers who came from the direction of Hurley. There was Johannis Sleight, Chairman of the Committee of Kingston, and Abraham Hoffman, afterward one of the Judges of the Common Pleas. There was Joseph Gasherie, who became the first Surrogate of the County, and Abraham B. Bancker, for many years the careful and respected Clerk of the Senate.

Colonel Jacobus S. Bruyn was absent with the troops at Fort Montgomery, but the ladies of his family could be distinguished in the group to the left, near the Vanderlyn mansion. There was old Jeremiah Dubois at the head of the residents of Twaalfskill, and Captain Egbert Schoonmaker, of Coxsing in Marbletown, commanding the guard over the prisoners in the fleet. There, too, were Abraham Delamater and Jacob Tremper; Peter Vanderlyn and Abraham Van Keuren; Peter Dumond and Peter Jansen; Tobias Van Buren and Peter Roggen; Peter Marius Groen, Jacob Marius Groen and Henry Schoonmaker; Dr. Luke Kierstedt and Joshua Dubois.

These well-known citizens came with their families and colored servants; and with them came the Mastens, Van Steenburghs, Burhanses, Ten Broecks, Beckmans, Swarts, Newkirks, Snyders, Houghtailings, Persens, Eltinges, Elmendorfs and Vosburgs, and many others whose names are familiar in our early records. And the saucy beauty of the wife of Captain Thomas Van Gaasbeck could be easily distinguished as she came with the matrons and maidens from East Front street. John Vanderlyn, the painter, was still an infant, and if present he must have been carried in the arms of one of his family to witness a ceremonial, some of the actors in which he afterward reproduced on canvas — the likeness of Chancellor Livingston, in the possession of the New York Historical Society, being a specimen of his master hand.

When silence had been commanded by a flourish of the drums of the military companies, Egbert Dumond, the Sheriff of the County, mounted a temporary elevation, and read to the people as follows:

A PROCLAMATION.

IN COUNCIL OF SAFETY FOR THE STATE OF NEW YORK, *July* 30, 1777.

WHEREAS, His Excellency, George Clinton, Esq., has been duly elected Governor of the State of New York, and hath this day qualified himself for the execution of his office, by taking in the Council the oaths required by the Constitution of this State, to enable him to exercise his said office; this Council doth, therefore, hereby, in the name and by the authority of the good people of this State, proclaim and declare the said George Clinton, Esq., Governor, General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Militia, and Admiral of the Navy of this State, to whom the good people of this State are to pay all due obedience, according to the laws and Constitution thereof.

By order of the Council of Safety:

PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT, President.

And then Sheriff Dumond added, in a loud voice, "God save the people."

The authority of the King of Great Britain was paramount in the city of New York and in the whole lower part of the State. The legions of Burgoyne had met with an uninterrupted course of successes, and it did not seem that an adequate force could be raised to prevent the accomplishment of their object — to occupy a line which should divide all the Eastern States from New Jersey and

those south of it. Besides, Col. St. Leger, with a large body of regulars and Indians, was pressing upon our western border and investing Fort Schuyler at the head of the Mohawk. There was not, in fact, during this summer, a county in this State, as it then existed, which escaped a visit from the armies of the enemy. In the midst of this portentous crisis George Clinton was inaugurated Governor. In view of the subsequent events and catastrophe of the Revolutionary war, we may well say: "For ask now of the days that are past, which were before thee, since the day that God created man upon the earth, and ask from the one side of heaven unto the other, whether there hath been any such thing as this great thing is, or hath been heard like it?

"Or hath God assayed to go and take him a nation from the midst of another nation, by temptations, by signs, and by wonders, and by war, and by a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm, and by great terrors."

In the middle watches of this summer night, to the imaginative ear the sound of strange footsteps will be borne. If you listen carefully you will hear the measured step of Peter Stuyvesant, as he comes marching up from Rondout with fifty soldiers to save the Esopus. The stately tread of John Jay and the fathers will be discerned as they seek to revisit the scenes of their patriotic endeavor; but if you descry their forms the most resolute and authoritative figure of them all will be that of George Clinton, of Ulster, seven times Governor of the Empire State and twice Vice-President of the Union.

At the conclusion of Gen. SHARPE's Address, letters of regret were read from numerous distinguished people. The following was from Ex-Gov. HORATIO SEYMOUR:

To the Hon. T. R. WESTBROOK, *Chairman, etc.:*

DEAR SIR—I am glad to learn that the formation of our State Government at Kingston one hundred years ago is to be commemorated. It concerns the honor and interests of New York that this should be done. No people can rise to a high degree of virtue or patriotism who do not know about nor care for the achievements of their fathers. The man who learns the history of the Constitution of this State makes no small advance in knowledge of jurisprudence, of political events and of patriotic action. The Revolution was not merely a martial struggle. Graver doubts and fears than those which grew out of the military power of Great Britain disturbed the minds of leading men when they resolved to sever the ties which bound them to that nation.

They had been trained in the faith that its form of government was the most perfect devised by the wisdom of man, their devotion to its dignity and success had been made deep and strong during the hundred years of struggle with France for the control of this continent. For more than a century the British flag was the standard under which they had fought against the invasions of disciplined armies, or the cruel ravages of savage tribes. The wrongs which drove our fathers to resistance caused less fear of war than of the untried political systems which independence would force them to adopt.

NEW YORK'S CONSTITUTION.

When New York framed its Constitution, amid the confusion of civil war, it gave proof that the men of the State were thoroughly versed in principles of civil liberty and good government. It was hailed throughout the country as a triumph for the cause of independence. It was better than a victory upon a battle field. John Adams expressed the opinions of the best and greatest men of the day when he wrote to John Jay that it excelled all others in its wisdom. It gave strength and confidence to the patriots of the revolution. The superiority of this Constitution was not accidental, nor was it merely the result of the ability of John Jay and his associates, who put it into form. It was due to a series of causes, beginning with the settlement of the Dutch on the Hudson and running through the whole period of our colonial condition. When the Hollanders settled here they were the foremost people in civilization, learning and commerce. They came here in the heroic age of their country. Holland had

maintained its independence in a contest of eighty years' duration against the power of Spain when it overshadowed and threatened the liberties of all Europe. This war with Spain excited the admiration of the world — it should also excite its gratitude. It was a contest for civil and religious liberty in behalf of mankind.

As this was originally a Dutch colony, the character of that people, and their influence upon our institutions, demand particular attention. These colonists came here in the heroic age of Holland. It was the asylum for the persecuted Puritans, as of those of other creeds. Constitutional liberty was introduced into Great Britain by the revolution which placed upon the British throne the Prince of Orange, who had recently commanded the armies of Holland against those of England. The accession of the Dutch monarch essentially modified the character of the British Government, and invigorated sentiments of freedom in all of her colonies. The Hollanders not only tolerated, but invited different nationalities and creeds to their new settlement. More enlightened than their age, they had made great advances in civil and religious liberty. They rejoiced in the cosmopolitan character of their inhabitants. On the other hand, the vigor of character, the appreciation of education and religion, derived from the Puritans, are manifested in every quarter of our land, in public and private enterprises. Our people required and possess the characteristics derived from both of these sources. He who would seek to deprive the Hollanders or the Puritans of their just share of veneration is unworthy to be the descendant of either.

OUR PEOPLE.

The world has never witnessed a scene of greater moral beauty than the Bay of New York presented under the Dutch Government, and at a later day, while its just views of liberty continued to influence the community, it had founded, at a period when rights of conscience were not recognized in Europe, save in the limited territories of Holland, there were clustering around the beautiful harbor of New Amsterdam communities representing different nationalities and creeds, living in peaceful intercourse. The Hollanders and Swedes at Manhattan, the Waldenses upon Staten Island, the Walloons and English upon Long Island, and the Huguenots upon the banks of the Hudson, found here a refuge from religious persecution. What civilized Europe denied them, they sought on this spot, still shaded by primeval forests, and still made picturesque by the gliding canoe of the savage. The exiles from Piedmont, from France, from the banks of the Rhine, and from Britain, lived here in peaceful concord, as strongly in contrast with the bigotry and intolerance which prevailed elsewhere, as was their civilization and refinement to the wild scenes and savage tribes who surrounded them. At a later day the persecuted Germans from the Palatine were settled on the Mohawk. A colony of Scotch Highlanders, banished for their attachment to the Catholic religion and to the romantic fortunes of Charles Edward, found a home, not unlike their native hills and lakes, in the northern part of our State. The Irish established themselves in Otsego county, and there were settlements of French in Northern and Western New York. A small colony of Spaniards once existed near Onondaga Lake, but were destroyed by the Indians. The Welsh came to this country soon after the Revolution. Almost every European tongue has ever been spoken at the firesides of our State, and used on each returning Sabbath in offerings of prayer and praise to the God of all languages and all climes. The names, prominent in the early history of New York and the Union, represent the same number of nationalities. Schuyler was of Holland; Herkimer, of German; Jay, of French; Livingston, of Scotch; Clinton, of Irish; Morris, of Welsh; and Hoffman, of Swedish descent. Hamilton was born in one of the English West India Islands, and Baron Steuben, who became a citizen of New York, was a Prussian.

The breadth, liberality and wisdom of the first Constitution of New York and its adaptation to the wants and interests of the mixed population, not only of our State but of the Union, is due to the remarkable fact that upon the committee of thirteen appointed to draft it there were representatives of seven distinct lineages, namely: Dutch, French, Scotch, Welsh, Irish and Swiss.

FREEDOM.

Not only were the colonists of New York imbued with sentiments of freedom, but they had the earliest and most urgent occasions to assert them. Living without the protection of a charter, for a long time under the control of the private ownership of the Dutch West India Company and the Duke of York, amid the unfavorable influences of great seigniories — as early as 1690 they boldly claimed their legislative rights, and resisted "taxation without consent." The contests with the royal governors were conducted on the part of the colonists with signal ability, and their protests and arguments were pronounced by Attorney-General Randolph, of Virginia, to be the ablest expositions of the rights of popular representation. These controversies involved a wide range of discussion, and thoroughly instructed the people of the colony in the principles of constitutional liberty. The contest which commenced in New York between its legislatures and the royal governors extended to other colonies,

and excited the public mind from time to time until the era of the revolution. The whole of the American people were then united against the aggressions of the crown. The resolutions of the New York Assembly were drawn up with consummate ability, and, to use the language of Pitkin, "breathed a spirit more bold and decided than those from any other colony."

While English character, at the time of the first settlement of its colonies on this continent, made them exclusive in their policy, repelling rather than inviting the citizens of other nations, it still remains true that we mainly owe to them the vigor and mental activity of the American character. After the Dutch King William mounted the British throne, civil liberty and political rights were placed upon a broader and firmer footing. Rapidly gaining commercial supremacy, it acquired not only the wealth and power formerly held by its Dutch rivals, but also its larger and cosmopolitan sentiment with regard to the other nations of the world. To-day its civilization is in many aspects more perfect than that of any other people. But this must not blind the student of history to its low state when its American colonies were first planted on our shores. All must see how fortunate it was for the future of our country that the Hollanders first occupied the banks of the Hudson and threw open this gateway to the interior of the continent to all nationalities and to all creeds. The cosmopolitan character of the population of this State gave it from the outset large and liberal ideas of jurisprudence. There is not in the political records of this Union a finer declaration of political rights than was the act passed by the colonial legislature, in 1691, "declaring what are the rights and privileges of their Majesty's subjects inhabiting within their province of New York."

When England first sent its colonies to this continent, its civilization was comparatively at a low ebb. While it could boast of many great statesmen and scholars, the mass of the people, as is shown by its historians, were narrow in their views. Even yet, there lingers in English minds a dislike of all usages and customs of other people. We are apt to charge former bigotry to religious sects, and to make them alone responsible for acts and opinions which were national. Neither liberty nor toleration had free scope under the Tudors or Stuarts. While Cromwell restored for a while the national vigor, religious freedom could not take root when civil war, embittered by sectarian passions, devastated the realm. The contests were mainly to decide which party should gain the power to persecute the others.

New England.

Great injustice has been done to the first settlers of New England, by charging against them, as peculiarities of theirs, sentiments which pervaded the body of the British people, and which were not merely colonial prejudices nor sectarian bigotries. There has not been in the public mind a just discrimination as to which were colonial and which national errors in policy. This has caused an unjust and widespread prejudice against the founders of the eastern colonies.

When, therefore, an early law-maker, of Massachusetts, declared his detestation of religious toleration, and stigmatized a country filled with different sects as a "hell above ground," he spoke as an Englishman, not as a Puritan, for his co-religionists in Holland held no such opinions. He uttered the pervading sentiment not only of New England, but of Old England as well. Other sects there agreed with him as to his text, however they might differ as to the application. The Churchman in Virginia was as loud in demands for an established creed, in accordance with his views, as was the Puritan of New England. Although the Catholic proprietor of Maryland extended toleration to all religions, when other sects gained the strength they persecuted those of his own faith. In grand contrast with this pervading intolerance was the higher civilization of the Hollanders.

The rebuke given by the directors to one of the governors, who was inclined to persecute the Quakers, is a clear and beautiful illustration of their sentiments: "Let every one remain free as long as he is modest, moderate, his political conduct irreproachable, and as long as he does not offend others or oppose the government. This maxim of moderation has always been the guide of our magistrates in this city (Amsterdam), and the consequence has been that people have flocked from every land to this Asylum. Tread, then, in their steps, and we doubt not you will be blest."

Honor to the Fathers.

At this day in our Union religious intolerance has lost its worst aspects, but it is still our duty to honor the founders of our State in the same loyal spirit which animates the citizens of other sections, when they speak of the virtues of their fathers. This day is more sacred with us as it gives due honor to a people who have lost their control here, and their superior power elsewhere. Our tributes cannot be charged to pride of birth, for but few of our people are of Holland lineage. The writer is proud of his New England descent. Liberal and enlightened sentiments now pervade our land. A people made up of all nationalities cannot

long retain provincial views and prejudices. These are fast dying out, even in those States which are one side of the great currents of human movements which are filling our country with a vast and varied population.

May we not fairly claim that the policy of the men of New York, before and since the Revolution, has done much to give our country the benefit of all forms of civilization, and the vigor and liberality which spring from intercourse among those who look upon social and political problems from different standpoints?

As its legislative halls and its judicial tribunals have at all times been controlled by those of different European lineage, and its laws and jurisprudence have from the first been in harmony with the interests and wants of the States which have come into existence since our Union was formed, New York, for these reasons, has exerted a great influence upon the political organizations, the legislation and the jurisprudence of a large portion of our country.

I am truly yours, etc.,

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

The following was read, from Chief Judge CHURCH:

ALBION, *July* 19, 1877.

MY DEAR JUDGE—I regret that I shall be unable to attend the Centennial Celebration at your place, but I am gratified that it promises to be a success, as I sincerely hope it may be. A strict and rigid observance of written constitutions is indispensable to the perpetuation of free government, and the occasion will furnish a favorable opportunity of impressing this sentiment upon the people.

Yours truly,

S. E. CHURCH.

Hon. T. R. Westbrook.

Letters were also read from President HAYES, WILLIAM M. EVARTS, FRANCIS KERNAN, Governor ROBINSON, General DIX and others.

In the evening a grand display of fireworks was made.

David Williams.

OLD STONE FORT AT SCHOHARIE.

DAVID WILLIAMS.

Ceremonies at the Old Fort in Schoharie.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the monument to David Williams, one of the captors of André, the British spy, took place at the Old Fort in Schoharie, on September 23, 1876. The following description of the Old Fort, with a short account of its history, is from the pen of Dr. Daniel Knower:

"On the 1st of June, 1774, the port of Boston was blockaded. The people of this valley contributed 525 bushels of wheat for their relief. In October, 1780, a strong force of Indians, Tories and soldiers, under the command of Sir John Johnson, the celebrated Indian chief Brant and the Seneca chief Corn Planter, attacked this place. The inhabitants fled to the Fort. The Fort was attacked, but the enemy were repulsed by a shower of grape-shot and musket balls from the garrison, and retreated. Only two persons in the Fort were killed, but one hundred of the defenseless inhabitants outside the Fort were murdered by the hostiles on that day. Not a house, barn or grain-stack known to belong to a Whig was left standing; and it was estimated that 100,000 bushels of grain were destroyed. The houses and other property of the Tories were spared, but the exasperated Whigs set them on fire as soon as the enemy had gone, and all shared a common fate. The Fort is now in a perfect state of preservation, with the marks of the cannon balls of that day's attack on it. The Legislature of this State donated it to the supervisors of the county on condition that they keep it in repair."

THE PROCEEDINGS.

The proceedings in Schoharie on the occasion of laying the corner stone are well described in the following extracts from the local press:

THE BATTLE AT ORISKANY.

Proceedings of the Celebration,

AUGUST 6, 1877.

A proper celebration of the Battle of Oriskany, upon its one hundredth anniversary, was the spontaneous desire of the residents of the section in which it occurred, and from which its actors were derived. This wish found expression in many quarters of that section early in 1877, the third year of centennial commemoration of revolutionary events. In compliance with numerous suggestions in the public press, and elsewhere, that the Oneida Historical Society, at Utica, was the appropriate organization to inaugurate a systematic plan for the desired celebration, a special meeting of that body was held for the purpose, at Utica, on the 8th day of June, 1877, at which the following resolutions were adopted:

One hundred years from August 6, 1877, there occurred, near the junction of the Oriskany and Mohawk streams, the most desperate and sanguinary and one of the most important battles of the American Revolution. On that spot the whole military force of the Mohawk Valley, proceeding to the relief of besieged Fort Stanwix, encountered the invading army, and nearly one-half laid down their lives in defense of home and country. This conflict prevented the union of the invaders with Burgoyne, at the Hudson, and contributed to his surrender.

It is eminently proper, in this era of centennial celebrations of the Revolution, that this event should be suitably commemorated. The battle of Oriskany is the prominent feature of revolutionary history in this section. It seems to devolve upon the Oneida Historical Society, as nearest to the locality, to take the initiative steps, and to invite the co-operation of other organizations and individuals throughout the Mohawk Valley in an appropriate and worthy celebration of this memorable conflict, upon its hundredth anniversary; therefore,

Resolved, That a meeting be held on the 19th day of June, at 2 P. M., at the Common Council Chamber, in Utica, to make arrangements for the centennial celebration of the Battle of Oriskany, on the battle ground.

Oriskany.

NICHOLAS HERKIMER

THE BATTLE AT ORISKANY.

Proceedings of the Celebration,

AUGUST 6, 1877.

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Resolved, That all organizations, desirous of participating, are cordially invited to send representatives to said meeting.

Resolved, That the chair appoint a committee of arrangements to represent this society, and that it shall be the duty of this committee to issue all proper invitations, and make all necessary arrangements for such meeting.

The following committee was appointed:

S. DERING, R. S. WILLIAMS, C. W. HUTCHINSON, T. P. BALLOU, M. M. JONES, Utica; GEORGE GRAHAM, Oriskany; D. E. WAGER, S. G. VISSCHER, Rome; E. NORTH, Clinton; E. GRAVES, Herkimer; WEBSTER WAGNER, Palatine Bridge.

The invitation was warmly responded to throughout the Mohawk Valley. Meetings of citizens and organizations were at once held, and delegates appointed to represent them on the 19th of June. At that meeting a programme of the necessary committees for the celebration was adopted. Ex-Governor HORATIO SEYMOUR was chosen, by acclamation, President of the day, and the following general committee of arrangements was appointed:

Utica — CHARLES W. HUTCHINSON, S. S. LOWERY, HARVEY D. TALCOTT, SYLVESTER DERING, P. F. BULGER.

Rome — JOSEPH PORTER, S. G. VISSCHER, D. E. WAGER, D. L. STEVENS.

Whitestown — PHILO WHITE.

Oriskany — GEORGE GRAHAM, DAVID S. LANDFEAR, ALONZO I. KING, ISAAC FONDA.

Clinton — O. S. WILLIAMS.

Lewis County — GARRETT L. ROOF.

Herkimer County — SAMUEL EARL, A. M. MCKEE, C. A. MOON, PETER F. BELLINGER, ELI FOX, GEORGE TIMMERMAN, W. H. H. PARKHURST.

Madison County — C. A. WALRATH.

Montgomery County — SIMEON SAMMONS, JOHN H. STARIN, WEBSTER WAGNER, DOW A. FONDA, JEPTHA R. SIMMS, ALFRED WAGNER, STEPHEN SANDFORD.

Fulton County — MCINTYRE FRASER, JOHN A. WELLS.

Schenectady — WILLIAM WELLS.

Sub-committees on invitations, monument, military, firemen, grounds, transportation, reporters, etc., were also named. At a subsequent meeting of the general committee of arrangements, ALFRED J. WAGNER, of Fort Plain, was unanimously chosen Grand Marshal, and DANIEL T. EVERTS, of Utica, was made Chief of Staff.

It is unnecessary in this place to mention the many subordinate meetings and proceedings, which occupied the public attention down to the memorable day. The records of these may be found in the files of the public journals in the Mohawk Valley. It is sufficient to state that all the details requisite for a complete and satisfactory result

were carefully and industriously perfected in the several localities interested, and by the officers and the committees charged with the respective duties. The historic grounds were thrown open to the public, and duly prepared for its reception. Invitations were sent to those who from official station or personal association with the event, were considered appropriate guests for the occasion.

So much is necessary simply to introduce the celebration itself. Nothing can show more conclusively the patriotic ardor of the people in these celebrations than an account of the manner in which they were conducted.

THE PROCEEDINGS.

From the official account published by the Oneida Historical Society, we take the following account of the general scenes of the celebration:

"Nature never provided a more favorable day for such an entertainment than Monday, August 6, 1877. It opened with a cloudless sky and an invigorating temperature. With the dawn of that matchless day thousands, doubtless, first resolved to participate.

"At sunrise the salutes fired from the guns on the battle-field and all along the Valley of the Mohawk, awakened the people to prepare for the glorious day. From this hour until late in the day they poured into Utica, Rome and other places *en route* to Oriskany by hundreds and thousands, on foot, horseback, by wagons, carriages, boats, steamers and rail. Men, women and children, old and young, rich and poor — all classes went 'on to Oriskany.' The roads, lanes, by-ways, hills, valleys, were black with people who were brown and begrimed with dust. There was no end to the stream of humanity until nearly dark, many visiting the grounds even at dark.

"Shortly after 7 A. M., Grand Marshal WAGNER, with Chief of Staff EVERTS and aids, left head-quarters at BAGGS' Hotel, Utica, for Oriskany. They had a pleasant ride to prepare them for the work of the day. Chief EVERTS immediately sent out couriers to the places of rendezvous of the various divisions and detachments, to find if all was in readiness. Prompt returns were made; the first from the battle-ground camp to report was Colonel GEORGE YOUNG and his cavalry corps, admirably mounted and equipped; Whitestown, Marshal MILLS, the Herkimer County Fire Department, the Kirkland Division, and other organizations followed in order.

THE GRAND PROCESSION.

At 11:10 A. M., precisely, the grand military and civic procession marched from Oriskany village along the road to the battle-field in the following order:

Chief ASBY and Police.
Grand Marshal A. J. WAGNER and Staff.
Young's Independent Cavalry Corps, escort to the Grand Marshal.
Sherman's Band, New Hartford.
Twenty-sixth Battalion Band.
Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR, President of the Day.
Flag in possession of Mrs. ABRAHAM LANSING, granddaughter of Col. Gansevoort.
Rev. Dr. VAN DEUSEN, Chaplain of the Day, and Orators.
Portrait of General Herkimer, in charge of a Descendant.
Veterans of 1812, in Carriages.
Chairman JOHN F. SEYMOUR and Committee of Arrangements.

MONTGOMERY AND FULTON COUNTIES.

Commodore JOHN H. STARIN and Staff.
General E. A. BROWN and Staff.

FIRST DIVISION.

Johnstown Cornet Band.
First Separate Company of Infantry, Johnstown.
Johnstown Artillery.
Commodore Starin's Gun Squad.

SECOND DIVISION.

Thirteenth Brigade Band, Amsterdam.
Second Separate Company of Schenectady.
Descendants of Oriskany Veterans.
Canajoharie Drum Corps.
Post Farrel, G. A. R., Canajoharie.
Montgomery and Fulton Committees, in Carriages.
Veterans of 1812, in Carriages.

HERKIMER COUNTY.

Marshal A. M. MILLS and Staff.

FIRST DIVISION.

Herkimer's Old Brass Band.
German Flats Minute Men.
Taylor's Lightning Battery, of Ilion.
Ilion Veteran Gun Squad.
Veterans of 1812.
Descendants of Oriskany Veterans.
G. A. R. Drum Corps.

Galpin Post, G. A. R., Commander BROWN.
Chismore Post, G. A. R., Ilion.

SECOND DIVISION.

Little Falls Cornet Band.
Officers Little Falls Fire Department.
Protection Engine and Hose Company.
Officers Herkimer Fire Department.
Fort Dayton Engine and Hose Company.
Mohawk Cornet Band.
Frankfort Fire Department.
Chief BUDLONG and Assistants.
Columbian Engine Company.
Tiger Hose Company.
Veterans of Oriskany and 1812.
Committee, Village Officers and Distinguished Citizens.

ONEIDA COUNTY.

KIRKLAND DIVISION.

Marshal J. T. WATSON and Staff.
Kirkland Minute Men, Mounted.
Veterans of the War, Mounted.
Clinton Cornet Band.
Veterans of the War of 1812.
Clinton Fire Department.
Chief Engineer Benedict and Assistants.
Excelsior Fire Company.
St. Patrick's M. B. & L. Society.
150 Carriages of Citizens.
Village Trustees, Committees and Guests, covering nearly three miles of road.

WHITESTOWN DIVISION.

Marshal WETMORE and Staff.
Oriskany Cornet Band.
Grand Army Veterans.
Vice-President-at-large Hon. PHILO WHITE.
Trustees of Village and Committees.
Whitesboro Fire Department.
Column of Mechanics from Babbitt's Whitesboro Iron Works, Mounted.
Norman Stallion Monarch, Jr., Mounted on Wagon.
Banner — "We Honor the Heroes of Oriskany's Battle."
New York Mills Band.
Post Ross, G. A. R., New York Mills.
Minute Men, Mounted.
Clergy, Committee, Citizens.

WESTMORELAND DIVISION.

Marshal JAMES DEAN and Staff.
Westmoreland Band.
Veterans of 1812.

Minute Men, Mounted.
Masonic Lodges, Mounted.
I. O. G. T. Lodges, in Carriages.
Committee and Citizens, in Carriages.

ROME DIVISION.

Marshal FRANK B. BEERS and Staff.
Chief WILDS and Police.
Old Rome Band.
Skillin Post, G. A. R., No. 4.
Veterans of Army and Navy.
First Ward Minute Men.
Second Ward Minute Men.
Third Ward Minute Men.
Fourth Ward Minute Men.
Fifth Ward Minute Men.
Oneida Indians.
Rome Cornet Band.
Chief Engineer SHANLEY and Assistants
Rome Fire Department.
General Ganesvoort Steamer Company.
Stryker Hose Company.
Fort Stanwix Steamer Company.
Ætna Hose Company.
Washington Hose Company.
Mohawk Hose Company.
Committee, Citizens, Clergy and Guests.

UTICA DIVISION.

Brigadier-General SYLVESTER DERING and Staff.
Old Utica Band.
Utica Citizens' Corps escorting Governor Robinson's Staff, Mayor GAFFIN and Common Council of Utica.
Adjutant Bacon Cadets, escorting Veterans of 1812.
Twenty-first Brigade.
First Separate Troop Cavalry.
Fort Stanwix Guards.
Armstrong Guards.
Battalion Band.
Twenty-sixth Battalion.
Lieut.-Col. P. F. BULGER and Staff.
Hutchinson Light Guards.
Utica Conkling Corps.
Utica Veteran Zouaves.
Utica Dering Guards.
Post Bacon, G. A. R., Commander BRIGHT.
Post Curran, G. A. R.
Veterans of 1812.
Veterans of the Army and Navy.
Clergy, Committee and Citizens, in Carriages.

The various divisions not reporting at the village were in readiness at the places of rendezvous assigned to them, as follows:

Whitesboro and New York Mills on the farms of Messrs. Roberts and Yoxel, just west of the Church. Kirkland Division at the main street, Oriskany. Westmoreland Division at Cider street. Rome Division on the right side of the lane leading from Betsinger's bridge to the main road. Brigadier-General DERING and 21st Brigade upon the Hill south of the Rome division. The Utica Division upon the south side of the main road on J. Betsinger's farm, and many independent organizations at other points along the route.

As the head of the column reached the military organizations located along the route, salutes were fired and troops came to a present. Both sides of the road were lined with people, who cheered enthusiastically the carriage containing Governor SEYMOUR, Mrs. LANSING, and the old flag of Gen. Gansevoort.

The location of the 21st Brigade, the Utica Citizens' Corps and Adjutant Bacon Cadets was an admirable one on the north hillside. General DERING and the Rome Cavalry Troop came riding over the hill as the column approached. The 26th Battalion remained back on the hill, while the Corps stood at a "present" in the front and center of the field, the Adjutant Bacon Cadets on the left, and the Rome Division on the north side of the road. An elevation in the road gave all a magnificent view of the grand panoramic beauty of the Mohawk Valley and the hills beyond, brilliant with emerald hues. Salutes, cheers and waving handkerchiefs greeted the column from all directions. So admirably were all the arrangements perfected that little, if any delay, was caused by the filing into line of the separate divisions.

In passing the ravine, where so many of General Herkimer's brave men fell one hundred years ago, all the troops honored the spot by coming to a carry, and colors were dipped. These honors were the occasion of still more enthusiastic cheering.

The head of the column reached the entrance to the battle-field west of the ravine at 12:20 P. M., or one hour and ten minutes after leaving Oriskany. It led on over the route taken by General Herkimer in 1777 to the west of the field, wheeled to the north and moved on to the line of the grand marshal's field quarters, then to the east past the grand stand, where Governor SEYMOUR, Mrs. LANSING with the old flag, the orators and distinguished guests alighted — the column moving around the amphitheater to the south and west again, until a hollow square was formed around the amphitheater and grand stand. The column occupied just an hour in passing a given point near the field.

From the grand marshal's tent the view presented at the time of the moving of the column on the field was one that never can

be forgotten. The amphitheater seemed to be formed for the occasion. It commanded a view of the whole of the grounds, with the exception of the center of the southern portion of the ravine. The eminence on the east side, with Camp Seymour, the camps on the south side of the road, the village of booths and tents, the brilliant display of moving uniformed and armed men, their arms and trappings dazzling the eyes in the sunlight, and — more imposing than all, the constantly moving mass of humanity that covered every portion of the field and all its surrounding, formed a panoramic view that has never been surpassed, if equaled, in this State. The best estimate formed by comparing the notes of men of experience makes the number present between 60,000 and 75,000. It was a hard task to estimate by counting groups, because the people were constantly moving. In addition to the masses within view on all parts of the field, the road between Oriskany and Rome was filled with people. All the fields for miles around were occupied at noon.

To complete the picture of the celebration it is only necessary to add a few items taken from the newspaper accounts, indicative of the manner of the celebration and the ardor of the people. The Utica *Observer*, an afternoon daily, says on the day of celebration:

"Utica is to-day a deserted city. Every imaginable form of locomotion has been taxed to its utmost to convey the vast crowds from this city, which make up a respectable portion of the assembled concourse. Over all roads bearing west, there has been continuous travel for the last nine hours, carryalls, hacks, private vehicles of every form, date and description thronged the highways. The speedy little steamers and their larger and more significant sisters have puffed up and down between the canal banks, groaning beneath the unaccustomed weight of thousands. It is impossible to even approximately estimate the number which Utica has contributed to make the celebration an overwhelming success.

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Saturday evening will be long remembered in Utica. It is always a night which presents unusual attractions to a large class, but seldom, if ever, has Genesee street been so crowded of an evening as it was then. To this the circus contributed somewhat, but it was chiefly due to the general sense of the approaching celebration, which seemed to fill the very air. Most of the stores were brilliantly lighted, and the wide sidewalks were crowded to the utmost.

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Sunday was spent on the grounds very quietly. It is true that

bands played at intervals. A company of Post Avenue singers traversed the ground, and drum corps marched about, while people in crowds tramped from point to point in continuous procession—but, save one fight, no disturbance took place.

Still the day did not savor at all of Sunday. Rev. Mr. SKEEL, of Whitesboro, preached a brief sermon in the near vicinity of the Cadets' camp, and obtained a large audience and respectful hearing, but aside from this, religious exercises were *non est.*

The Battalion observed the day quietly, having a dress parade at 5 P. M., which was creditably performed.

The Cadets had a dress parade in the morning and another at sunset.

Young's Cavalry Corps had a dress parade in the evening. Sherman's Band, of New Hartford, gave them an open-air concert later. The dress parade was done with military precision and effectiveness. The concert was well worth hearing.

This morning, Monday, the village of Oriskany was thronged—nay, crowded with people. There was scarcely room to walk in the streets. On this account the pretty decoration of the village homes passed unnoticed by very many. Nevertheless, they were very fine, and from the bridge westward there was one almost continuous line of pretty things on the houses and in the yards.

The Utica *Herald* of the day following contained the following items:

THE RAILROAD ARRANGEMENTS.

Superintendent PRIEST and his employees were kept busy yesterday in providing railroad transportation to the battle-field. All the available coaches on the division were pressed into service and yet every train was crowded from the locomotive to the rear platform. From 8:15 A. M. to late in the afternoon the special and regular trains going west were run as rapidly as possible for safety and to keep out of the way of through trains. During the morning seven or more ticket offices were opened in the Utica depot, General PRIEST, Agents ANDREWS and JONES, Clerk EARL, ex-conductor HADCOCK, Roadmaster ANGELL, Depot Master LINSMAN and others being pressed into service to deal out pasteboards in exchange for thirty cents. Not one in five could get tickets as fast as they wanted them, and the majority paid on the trains. This came from disregarding Agent ANDREWS' advice to procure tickets Saturday. Finally the supply of battle-ground tickets gave out, and the agents had to fall back on cards to Rome, Oneida and other stations. Passengers rode on the roofs of the coaches and in all other places to which they could hang, and fortunately all escaped injury as far as reported.

Branch ticket offices had to be opened in all the stations east of this city. General PRIEST paid his entire attention to the running of the trains, and in the afternoon remained at the battle-ground station so as to see that every thing possible was done to accommodate the multitude. He frankly admitted that the crowd was seventeen times larger than he had calculated upon and did not cease wondering about where all the people came from.

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One of the important incidents of the battle of one hundred years ago was the occurrence of a terrible storm during the night of the engagement. This proved to be of great service to General Herkimer's army and aided in demoralizing the enemy. The general committee arranged for a similar storm at a late hour in the afternoon, so as to have every thing complete, but there was some hitch in the programme, and, strange to say, every one except the stragglers got home without a wetting, but—we had the storm. About 9 P. M a lively storm came up, with splendid electrical displays and salvos of thunder claps, which awakened the echoes like the artillery of the morning. The storm purified the air, laid the dust, and perfected the programme, so that all should be satisfied.

THE LITERARY EXERCISES.

The literary exercises of the celebration began promptly after the arrival of the procession on the battle-field. The vast concourse was called to order by JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Chairman of the General Committee of Arrangements. Chief of Staff EVERTS announced the immediate order of exercises, and Rev. Dr. E. M. VAN DEUSEN, rector of Grace church, Utica, offered prayer.

Ex-Governor HORATIO SEYMOUR was then introduced by Mr. GRAHAM, and was received with hearty applause. His point of address was from under a stout spreading tree, where a platform had been erected, while the people sat on benches arranged in a semi-circle in front, though a much larger crowd was compelled to stand in the aisles and the rear.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR.

All who care for the glory of our country, all who love to study the history of events which have shaped our civilization, government and laws; all who seek to lift up the virtues of our people by filling their minds with lofty standards of patriotism, will rejoice that we meet to-day on this battle-field to honor the courage and devotion displayed here one hundred years ago. The sacred duty in which we are engaged does not merely concern the memories of the dead; it

teaches the duties and elevates the character of the living. The command that we honor our fathers is not only a religious requirement, but it is a grave maxim of jurisprudence. Those who think and speak of virtue and patriotism sow in their own and in the minds of others the seeds of virtue and patriotism. The men of the valley of the Mohawk will be wiser and better for this gathering upon the spot where their fathers fought and suffered, and bled to uphold the cause of this country.

EFFECT OF THE CELEBRATION.

The preparation for this celebration, the events of the day, the facts which will be brought to light, the duties which will be taught, will in some degree tell upon the character of every man before me. They will do more. They will revive the legends of the past in every household in this valley. They will give them currency among all classes, and weave them into woof and warp of popular knowledge. Much that was dying out will be revived and stamped upon the memories of the oncoming generation. This celebration makes our hills and streams teachers of virtue. It gives new interest to the course of our river and our valley. For, henceforth, they will recall to our minds more clearly the events of the past. Every spot noted for some stirring act will hereafter, as we pass them by, remind us of the deeds of our fathers. The old churches and homes built when Britain ruled our country, and which were marred by war when this valley was desolated by torch and tomahawk, will grow more sacred in our eyes. Their time-worn walls will teach us in their silent way to think of suffering, of bloodshed, of ruthless ravages, more dreadful and prolonged than were endured elsewhere during the revolutionary struggle.

NEW YORK IN HISTORY.

We are this day bringing out the events of our country in their true light. Historians have done much and well in making up the records of the past. But their recitals have not yet become, as they should be, a part of the general intelligence of our people. Views are distorted by local prejudices. Events are not seen in their just proportions or in proper perspectives. This is mainly due to the neglect of its history by New York. There is a dimness in the popular vision about this great center, source and theatre of events which have shaped the civilization, usages and government of this continent. This is not only a wrong to our State, but to our Union. It has left the annals of other sections disjointed from their due relationships to the great body of our traditions. This want of an understanding of the affairs of New York has been to the history of our country what the conquest by Britain of its strongholds during the Revolution would have been to the American cause. It has broken its unity.

OUR DUTY.

Let us who live along the course of the Mohawk now enter upon our duty of making its history as familiar as household words. Let us see that the graves of dead patriots are marked by monuments. Let suitable structures tell the citizens of other States and countries, when they pass along our thoroughfares, where its great events were enacted. And let all this be done in a way that shall stir our hearts and educate our minds. Let it not be done by virtue of an act of Legislature, but by virtue of our own efforts and patriotism. Let us not look elsewhere

for aid when we would honor the memories of those who here served their country in the heart of our State. To my mind, this would be as unfit as for that family whose circle has been broken by death to let strangers come in and perform the last sacred office to their departed kindred. Let our colleges teach their students the history of the jurisprudence of New York, and it will make them wiser citizens when they enter upon the duties of life. Let our more youthful scholars be taught the events and traditions which make our hills instinct with glowing interest. Let the family circle by the fireside learn the legends of our valley, and let the mother with glowing pride tell to her offspring what those of their own blood and lineage did for their country's welfare, so that patriotism should be kindled at each hearthstone. Let the rich man give of his abundance, and the poor what he can, with a willing heart, and then when monuments shall stand on this field or on other spots consecrated by the ashes of those who perished for their country, such monuments will not only show that the memories of the dead have been honored, but that the living are intelligent, virtuous and patriotic.

THE IMPORTANCE OF NEW YORK.

When Europeans first came to our shores they found the region stretching from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, from the great lakes to the center of the present State of North Carolina, under the control of the Iroquois. They gained their power by their possession of the strongholds in this State. From these they followed the diverging valleys, which gave them pathways into the country of their enemies, who were divided by the chains of mountains which separated the rivers after they had taken their courses from the highlands of New York. For more than a century a contest in arms and diplomacy was carried on between Great Britain and France for the control of that system of mountains and rivers of this State, which made the Iroquois the masters of all adjacent tribes. Albany, at the confluence of the Mohawk and Hudson, became the colonial capital of the British settlements. It was the point from which, during the long years of the French war, most of the military expeditions were sent forth. It was the place at which were held the meetings of the agents of the several colonies, and at which they learned the value of co-operation and conceived the idea of a union of the colonies. Most of the revolutionary struggle was marked by the same continuous effort of the contending parties to gain control of the commanding positions of this State.

The battles of Oriskany, Bennington and Saratoga, gave to our fathers the victory in the contest. When our independence was achieved, the valleys, which had been the war-paths of the savage and civilized armies, became the great thoroughfares through which the still mightier armies of immigration from Europe and the East filled the interior of our continent. At our feet are railroads and water routes that have been for a series of years the thoroughfares for a vast current of commerce, and the greatest movement of the human race recorded in its history. All other movements, in war or peace, are insignificant in comparison with the vast numbers that have passed along the borders of this battle-field to find homes in the great plains of the West, to organize social systems and to build up great States. The histories of our country, which fail to set forth clearly the events of this great central point, are as obscure and as defective, as would be an attempt to describe the physical aspects of the country, and yet should omit a mention of the great streams of our land on the highlands of our State which flow from them into the cold waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, into the tepid currents of the Gulf of Mexico, or the great bays of New York, of the Delaware and Chesapeake. The

currents of events which distinguish our history, like the currents of our rivers, have largely had their origin in our territory.

To the ceremonies of this day in honor of those who battled for American liberty in the past, and in the faith that this day's proceedings will promote virtue and patriotism in the future, we extend a welcome to all in attendance here. To the State officials who honor us by their presence; to citizens and soldiers who manifest their gratitude to those who sacrified so much on the ground for the public welfare. It is with no ordinary feelings that we meet the descendants of those who fought at the battle of Oriskany, one of the most fierce and bloody contests of the Revolution. As we saw them coming along the course of the Mohawk the past seemed to be recalled. When we look at the array from the upper valley and those who sallied from Fort Stanwix to join us here, we feel reinforced by friends, as our fathers, from the same quarters. We welcome all to this celebration of patriotic service and sacrifice. When it is closed we shall bid you God-speed to your several homes, with the prayer that in your different walks of life you will do your duty as manfully and serve your country as faithfully as the men who battled so bravely on this ground one hundred years ago.

The audience listened with marked attention and appreciation, often interrupting the speaker with hearty applause.

UNFURLING THE FLAG.

When the applause had subsided, GOV. SEYMOUR said he had something more to say, and spoke as follows:

It is a just source of patriotic pride to those who live in this valley that the flag of our country (with the stars and stripes) was first displayed in the face of our enemies on the banks of the Mohawk. Here it was baptised in the blood of battle. Here it first waved in triumph over a retreating foe. When the heroic defenders of Fort Stanwix learned in that remote fortress the emblems adopted by the Continental Congress for the standards to be borne by its armies, they hastened to make one in accordance with the mandate and to hang it out from the walls of their fortress. It was rudely made of such materials cut from the clothing of the soldiers as were fitted to show its colors and its designs. But no other standard, however skillfully wrought upon silken folds, could equal in interest this flag of our country worked out by the unskilled hands of brave men, amid the strife of war and under the fire of beleaguering foes. It was to rescue it from its peril that the men of this valley left their homes and marched through the deep forest to this spot.

It was to uphold the cause of which it was the emblem that they battled here. Time has destroyed that standard. But I hold in my hand another banner hardly less sacred in its associations with our history. It is the flag of our State which was borne by the regiment commanded by Colonel Gansevoort, not only here at the beginning of the revolutionary war, but also when it was ended by the surrender of the British army at Yorktown. The brave soldier who carried it through so many contests valued it beyond all other earthly possessions. He left it as a precious heirloom to his family. They have kept it with such faithful care that again, after a century has rolled away, its folds can be displayed in this valley to

another generation, who will look upon it with a devotion equal to that felt by those who followed it on the battle-fields of the Revolution. When it is now unfurled, let it receive the military honors accorded it a hundred years ago; and let us reverently uncover our heads in memory of the dead who watched and guarded it through the bloodshed and perils of ancient war.

Hon. JOHN F. SEYMOUR then lifted the flag which floated proudly in the breeze. At the sight of it the vast audience gave three rousing cheers and lifted their hats. All the military presented arms, and the bands played the "Star Spangled Banner." The Fultonville battery belched forth a salute which shook the hills, and cheer upon cheer went up. The effect was thrilling. Three hearty cheers were given for General Peter Gansevoort and his descendants.

HISTORY OF THE FLAG.

This flag was the standard of the Third New York regiment, commanded by Colonel Peter Gansevoort, who at the disbandment of the army retained it in his own possession and handed it down to his son, the late Peter Gansevoort, from whom it descended to his daughter, Mrs. Abraham Lansing, in whose hands it is now preserved with the greatest care. The flag consists of a piece of heavy blue silk, of very fine quality, and which has preserved its color remarkably. Its present dimensions are those of a square, being nearly seven feet each way, but it is probable that it was originally somewhat longer and better proportioned. The outer edge is hemmed, but on the upper and lower margin the fringe, which no doubt was once very rich and extended all around, still remains. The design upon the flag represents the arms of the State of New York, but not as at present, nor yet like the seal adopted in 1778. It is probable that it was painted while the design of 1778 was under consideration, as it bears some resemblance to it. In the center there is an oval shield upon which is depicted the sun rising from behind a mountain peak, the foot of which reaches down to water; above the shield is the eagle standing upon a hemisphere. The shield is supported on either hand by female figures about twenty-five inches high, on the left Liberty, on the right Justice holding the even balance, beneath all a scroll bearing the word "Excelsior."

Notwithstanding the care which has been bestowed upon it, this sacred relic shows the ravages of time, the painting being somewhat cracked, and the silk rent with many a gash. So much as remains, however, will be handed down to posterity, to be regarded by each generation with deeper reverence and affection.

THANKS TO MRS. LANSING.

GOV. SEYMOUR then spoke of the lady who had kindly consented to allow the flag to be exhibited. He said:

We owe it to the kindness of a lady, the granddaughter of the heroic Gansevoort, that the interest of this occasion has been heightened by the exhibition of the banner which was just displayed. As I have stated he left it as an heirloom to his descendants. It now belongs to his granddaughter, Mrs. ABRAHAM LANSING, of Albany. We could not ask her to surrender it even for a short time into

our hands, for we felt that no one of the lineage of Colonel Gansevoort would surrender a flag. The effort to get him to do that was unsuccessfully tried by St. Leger, although he had an army to enforce his demands. We therefore urged her to honor us by her presence at this time and to bring with her as its guardian the banner which has just been exhibited. I know I express the feelings of this assemblage when I say that in complying with our request, she has conferred upon us a favor which will long be remembered in the valley of the Mohawk. In behalf of this assembly, I thank her for her kindness and for her presence on this occasion.

The audience expressed its appreciation by three hearty cheers and continued applause for General Gansevoort and his descendants.

An intermission of one hour was then announced, and the thousands of people went in search of dinner.

AT THE WEST STAND

At 2:45, when the exercises at the West Stand were opened, a dense throng was congregated, packed around on all sides. The platform was in a hollow, in the scanty shade of an apple tree, the people closing around as in an amphitheater, only pressing closely upon the arena. The Old Utica Band, stationed under a neighboring apple tree, opened the exercises.

JOHN F. SEYMOUR called the assemblage to order. He said: We have the pleasure of having with us Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER, Major DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, Judge BACON and ELLIS H. ROBERTS, who will address us on this occasion. Before the speaking, however, he read a number of letters received from gentlemen invited to be present, but who have been unable to attend. Among these were letters from RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, President, and WILLIAM A. WHEELER, Vice-President of the United States, Secretary EVARTS, Ex-Secretary FISH, Gen. GEO. B. MCCLELLAN, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, Gov. LUCIUS ROBINSON, BENSON J. LOSSING, the historian, BAYARD TAYLOR, and other prominent gentlemen. At the conclusion of the reading, Mr. SEYMOUR introduced HON. WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, Lieutenant-Governor of the State.

ADDRESS OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR DORSHEIMER.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS: You have assembled here not only to celebrate a noted historical event, but also to indulge the pride which all men feel in the honorable acts of their ancestors. The victory at Oriskany was the contribution which the German emigrants made to American independence. We are too apt to forget that all nations have a share in our country's history. An Italian sailing under the Spanish flag discovered the new world, and another Italian gave his name to the continent. A Frenchman discovered the St. Lawrence, while a Frenchman and a Spaniard were the first to see, the one the southern and the other the northern reaches of the Mississippi. A Portuguese, on his way around the world, disclosed the outlines of South America. Spanish eyes first beheld the Pacific, an Englishman first sailed along the dreary coast of Labrador, and an Englishman sailing under the Dutch flag first came into the Bay of New York, and gave his name to the picturesque river into which the waters which shine before our eyes will flow on their way to the sea. The enterprise of all the nations gave America to the world.

The settlement of the continent was the work of all the great European nations. France, with characteristic energy, took possession of the Canadas and pushed her colonies so vigorously, as to make it probable she would control the continent. Spain held Florida, the mouths of the Mississippi and most of the vast region which lies to the west of that river. England laid claim to Virginia, Massachusetts, the Carolinas and Pennsylvania, and Holland planted a colony in the valley of the Hudson.

Those who came here were not greatly influenced by the causes of emigration at present. It was not poverty which forced the first settlers to come. Europe had been for generations given over to wars which had their origin in religious hate, and which were continued for various dynastic and political considerations. Puritans fled from the tyranny of Charles, and Huguenots from the tyranny of Louis. Dissenters came here to escape Episcopalian intolerance, and non-conformists to escape Presbyterian persecution; Round Heads and Cavaliers, Quakers and Catholics; the representatives of all parties and sects.

Among the most notable instances of cruelty in war during the seventeenth century was the desolation of the Palatinate by the armies of Louis XIV. The traveler who walks through the ruined castle at Heidelberg beholds, perhaps, the only witness now remaining of the rapacity with which the French king laid waste not only the palace of the monarch, but also the cottage of the peasant. Driven from their homes, some of the people of the Palatinate came to America, and settled in the valley of the Mohawk, to which they may have been led because of its resemblance to their own land of beautiful rivers and fertile valleys. But, I have been told that they were induced by the Dutch magnates to settle on the Mohawk, because it was in the Indian country, and they would protect the other colonies to the east, and that they were best suited to such a service because they were accustomed to have their homes pillaged and burned. From whatever cause, they settled here on the outposts. They were well placed; for here they dealt the first blow at the most formidable expedition which England organized for the conquest of the colonies.

I will not weary you by going into a detailed account of the battle. But, you will pardon me, if I indulge a kinsman's pride, and dwell for a moment upon the conflict which raged here a century ago.

Herkimer and his men were ambuscaded by the Indians. That was a favorite device in Indian warfare. It was in such a conflict that Braddock fell, and the young Washington won his first laurels. It had generally been successful. But it did not succeed with those sturdy Germans. True, that, then as always, there were some who, irresolute and cowardly, took to flight. But most, although they were simple farmers without military training, not only stood their ground, but quickly adapted themselves to the occasion, adopted the Indian tactics, posted themselves behind trees, and fought with such skill and endurance all through the summer day, that the Indians, to use the language of one of their chiefs, had enough and did not want "to fight Dutch Yankee any more."

You Germans who hear me, you have abundant reason for pride. No more important battle has ever been fought in this country. Nowhere, with an opportunity for escape, have troops endured so severe a loss; never has a battle which began with disaster been turned into victory more complete. And this was a German fight. The words of warning and encouragement, the exclamations of passion and of pain, the shouts of battle and of victory, the commands which the wounded Herkimer spoke, and the prayers of the dying, were in the German language. I say you may well be proud of it, for it is the contribution which men of your race have made to the work of American independence.

Perhaps, at some time, the deeds of American valor will be celebrated, as the military glories of France are celebrated in the stately galleries of Versailles, and certainly no more impressive scene will be offered to the artist's pencil than Herkimer wounded to the death, seated upon his saddle which he had placed upon the ground, and smoking his pipe throughout all that dreadful fray.

The course of history is often determined by the conduct of one man. Who can tell how much that simple hero, by his example of calmness in the midst of turbulence and disorder, contributed to the victory? And, therefore, who can estimate the debt which the country owes to him?

My fellow citizens, I have to-day traveled through the valley of the Mohawk, from near its mouth to this place where the river gathers the streamlets from the hills, and surely a fairer scene never rested under human eyes. The land stood in the mature beauty of the summer, and the harvest crowded the broad levels like a mighty host.

These, the crops which cover your fields, are the creations of your own hands working in harmony with natural laws. But, do not forget that your other and more valuable possessions, the prizes which are held out to honorable ambition, freedom of thought and worship, the peace which here covers the sleep of innocence and the helplessness of infancy and age — all these, the priceless possessions of a free and enlightened community, are also the creations of your own hands working in harmony with liberty and with law. To establish these for you Herkimer and his men strove here a hundred years ago. Be sure they will not be maintained for yourselves nor transmitted to your children without sacrifice and battle. In some way you will be compelled to make good your title to this great inheritance. We will hope that when the peril shall come to you, and the sudden foe shall spring from his ambush, you may do your duty as well as they did theirs.

At the conclusion of Governor DORSHEIMER's speech three cheers were called for and heartily given.

Mr. JOHN F. SEYMOUR—I now have the honor of introducing one who might better introduce me, Judge BACON.

ADDRESS OF HON. W. J. BACON.

The thoughtful—and more especially the reverent student of history, cannot fail to have been often struck, if not indeed profoundly impressed, by the evidence presented of the power of an unseen, but most potent hand in human affairs. That interposition is sometimes exhibited on a scale of such wide and magnificent proportions, so manifestly controlling great events, as not only to arrest observation, but to compel belief. Sometimes it sets in operation a succession of minute causes, none of them having in themselves apparently any potential influence, but in their combination, succession and outcome, conducting to results that affect the destinies of men and nations for uncounted ages.

It is, indeed, quite reasonable to look for and anticipate such results. If, as we are taught by the most infallible authority, "There's a Providence in the fall of a sparrow," we should most naturally expect that influences and forces, that are to affect the highest order of beings that inhabit our planet, would be under the same guiding hand that directed the flight, and witnessed the fall of the bird that but for a short season floated in the atmosphere above us. The antecedents of far-reaching results may, as has been suggested, be of the most humble and obscure character, and have apparently little relevancy to what followed in their train, or was affected by them; for we are taught, and taught truly, by the great dramatist, that "There's economy, even in heaven." But we have only to put ourselves teachably in the attitude of disciples in the school of history, and reverently sit at the feet of our master, to be taught the wonderful lessons that reach to depths that man's mere hair-line wisdom never could have fathomed.

It was, apparently, a small thing, most insignificant, indeed, when measured against the overwhelming scale of the opposing forces, that three hundred men should have planted themselves in the pass of Thermopylæ, to dispute the passage of the vast army of the Persian invaders. But what an illustrious example it was, not to Greece only in her crucial hour, but to "all nations and people that on earth do dwell," or ever will in the ages to come, of the power of self-sacrifice that an exalted patriotism inspires. How much it conduced to prove that strength is not always, and necessarily in battalions though they be in numbers like the sands of the sea, if they be poorly led, and have not the inspiration that possesses those who

> "Strike for their altars and their fires;
> Strike for the green graves of their sires,
> God and their native land."

This very resistance, hopeless though it was to prevent the ultimate advance of the serried hosts that confronted them, gave Greece time to rally and combine her forces, gave heart and hope to those whose expectations of successful resistance had almost perished before the struggle had even begun, and was a perpetual

reminder that no man was to shrink from any peril, however great, to avoid no duty on however small a scale, and with whatever disparity in force it was to be performed, and, above all, to be animated by the spirit that was ready to dare all things, to do all things, and then, if need be, cheerfully to die for the land it loved, and would to the last extremity defend. Poetry has canonized the memory of the gallant "six hundred" that "rode into the mouth of hell," but history has immortalized on one of her best and brightest pages the "three hundred" that fell at the gateway of Greece; and what an invaluable lesson it was to the student of history of the great and unexpected results that stand connected with apparently trivial causes, and that what men chiefly have to do in this world is to perform the duty right before them, and leave the result to be molded, fashioned and controlled by the hand that is ever on the helm through storm as well as sunshine.

The history of the world affords numberless instances of the truth I have been rather hinting at than elaborating, and it might be copiously illustrated in the whole narrative of the history of this continent from the time it first revealed itself to the straining eyes of the world-seeking Genoese to the days in which we live. But there was one incident occurring during the recent fratricidal struggle which we have, as we may trust, happily and hopefully closed, which I may be pardoned for briefly alluding to. I do it, you may well believe me, for no personal or partisan purpose, nor to awaken any sentiment, or revive any recollection that is not in perfect harmony with such a hallowed day as this, but simply to illustrate the principle of which I am speaking.

The 8th of March, 1862, was a gloomy day in our national horizon. The sun in the heavens came forth, indeed, with brightness and beauty. But his beams fell upon the result of a work which silently and secretly had converted the beautiful Merrimac of our navy into the confederate ram Virginia, clad in iron armor which no ordinary artillery could penetrate, and a beak whose stroke no wooden vessel could resist. Steaming out of the harbor of Norfolk, she at once singled out her victims, and ere the sun went down the Cumberland was beneath the waters of the James, the Congress had surrendered, and was in flames, the Minnesota was helplessly aground, and the rest of the fleet that flaunted the stars and stripes was put to ignominious flight, or sought safety under the protecting guns of fortresses. Alarm filled the public mind. A new and unexpected source of danger was revealed. The Potomac would be ascended, and the Capital itself bombarded by hostile guns. Even the harbor of New York, it was conceived, might be sought by this new and destructive visitor whose coming nothing was prepared to resist. Swiftly the telegraph bore the news to all parts of the land, and all loyal faces gathered blackness. How shall this great peril be averted, and where shall we look for help, was the question on every lip.

But with equal silence and secrecy another, and still more wonderful, naval machine had been developed and constructed. She was completed at New York on the very day the Virginia received her armament, and while the latter was doing her work of destruction in the waters of the James, the Monitor was slowly steaming toward them, bent, however, upon an entirely different mission. Near the close of that day of terror her commander heard the noise of distant artillery, and could faintly distinguish the shouts of victory borne on the breeze. Instantly the course of the vessel was changed, and in the night the gallant captain moored her under the lee of the stranded Minnesota, rightly concluding that the morning would witness the return of the iron monster, to secure her remaining prey. Nor

did he judge amiss, for with the sun came again the Virginia, under her equally gallant captain. But as she approaches her apparently helpless victim, what strange apparition is this that emerges from the side, and almost from beneath the Minnesota. "It is a Yankee cheese box on a raft," exclaims a bewildered spectator. The cheese box revolves, and an iron turret is disclosed, holding the most deadly and powerful missiles, which it discharges with such effect that ultimately the hitherto invincible Virginia retires from the conflict, and seeks the harbor from which she never again emerged. I need say no more in regard to this most wonderful interposition, than that it lifted a mountain's weight from off the heart of the nation, and impressed more deeply the lesson that all history has been teaching us, that deliverance often comes as well from most unexpected quarters as from apparently insignificant agencies, and that, when the hour has struck for their appearance, they come forth, under the Divine hand, to execute their mission.

The application of these somewhat desultory remarks and illustrations to the subject of this day's commemoration, is so obvious as not to require or permit any extended discussion. Doubtless the men who, on the 6th of August, 1777, stood upon these hillsides, or were struggling through this ravine, were as little aware of the extent of the peril they were encountering, as of the magnitude of the issue that was suspended on the doings of that and the immediate following days. Whatever of suspicion, or even of prevision, was cherished or possessed by those who were then defending these outposts, they could not well have known that upon their successful resistance to the advance of St. Leger the entire result of the campaign of Burgoyne depended. They could not appreciate, and yet it was substantially true, that they stood at the pass of a modern Thermopylæ, for the little fortress of Stanwix was the gateway of the Mohawk Valley, down which St. Leger, with his conquering hordes, would have carried both fire and sword, and gathering strength, as all such unopposed raids invariably do, would have brought to Burgoyne a contingent most acceptable, as it was most needed. Whatever ignorance of the general plan of the enemy then prevailed, we now know with reasonable certainty that that plan contemplated the movement of Sir Henry Clinton, with all his available forces, up the Hudson from New York, the union of all the strength that St. Leger could bring from the West, and the combination of all these forces with Burgoyne, which, had it been achieved, would have constituted a strength of military power that all that Gates commanded, or could have summoned to his aid, would have been unable to resist. What might have happened had this combination been effected, no man is competent to tell; but this may with certainty be said, there would have been for us, at this day, no 17th of October in which to celebrate the unconditional surrender of the strongest British army then in the field, and the first grand act of the Revolution would not have closed, as it did, in the triumph of the American army at Saratoga.

Let us rejoice, then, that if it was not given to our fathers to see the far-reaching consequences of their action, a heart was given them that beat truly and fervently for that infant liberty whose cradle they then were rocking, and a courage that survived the shock of apparent present defeat, ending in ultimate victory. In view, then, of these and other parallel incidents in our colonial, revolutionary and recent history, we may well take up the jubilant strain of Macaulay, when celebrating the triumph of Henry of Navarre, he sung,

"Now glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
For our God hath crushed the tyrant — our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsels of the wise, and the valor of the brave."

Citizens of Central New York, as we stand here to-day, and gaze around on the fair land our fathers won for us, can we fail to ask ourselves how different all this might have been had they faltered in duty? Of us it can as truthfully be said as of any people, "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage." But how came it to be ours, and whence, under the blessing of Almighty God, was it derived? Was it not from the toil and sweat and blood of a patriotic and self-sacrificing ancestry?

And yet, no public and conspicuous memorial tells the passing traveler that here was fought one of the early battles of the Revolution; a battle that, in its immediate effects, but much more in its remote influences and connections, had much to do with the question of independence then at stake, and with our present existence as a nation. Nothing has, as yet, been done to redeem the pledge given by the Continental Congress a hundred years ago, that on this historic spot a monument should be erected, to perpetuate the memory of those who equally with them perilled "life and fortune and sacred honor," in the cause of their country. Shall this sacred duty be still longer neglected? Let the Congress of the United States be reminded emphatically of that unperformed promise — the State of New York of its character as a trustee of the fund so sacredly and solemnly pledged, and adding its contribution, call upon the people who, to so large an extent, have been benefited and blessed by the result of those transactions we this day commemorate, to supplement the fund by a gift sufficient to erect upon this ground a column, which, if it shall not like that, which on Bunker Hill, meets the sun in his coming, whose head "the earliest beams of the morning shall gild, and parting day linger and play upon its summit," at least declare that on this day, one hundred years ago, something was done which the people of free, united and happy America, shall not willingly suffer to perish from the memory of those who now inhabit this pleasant land, or the generations that are to follow us.

Mr. SEYMOUR said he thought it well at this point to give the people a hint of the good things in store for them, and would hastily sketch the programme. First we have Mr. ROBERTS. He will give you more facts about the battle and its bearings than you have yet heard or thought of. Then we have some interesting reminders of the day we celebrate — a snare drum taken from the enemy near here, a musket which did duty on this field, and other relics of like nature. Then we will show you Major DOUGLASS CAMPBELL, grandson of Col. Samuel Campbell, who took part in the Battle of Oriskany. Besides we have a poem by Rev. Dr. HELMER. I now have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. ELLIS H. ROBERTS.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY HON. ELLIS H. ROBERTS.

The fault attaches to each of us, that the share of the valley of the Mohawk in the events which gave birth and form to the American republic, is not better understood. Our prosperity has been so steady and so broad that we have looked forward rather than backward. Other States, other parts of the country, have been recalling the scenes which render their soil classic, and from the end of the century summoning back the men and the deeds of its beginning. A duty long neglected falls upon those whose lot is cast here in Central New York. These hills and these valleys in perennial eloquence proclaim the story of prowess and of activity. To translate from them, to gather the scattered threads of chronicle and tradition, to hold the place that has been fairly won by the Mohawk valley, is a task which has yet been only partially done. Some time or other it will be fulfilled, for achievements have a voice which mankind delights to hear. The privilege of this hour is to revive the memories and to celebrate the heroism of the Battle of Oriskany.[1] Without any thing of narrow local pride, with calm eye and steady judgment, not ashamed to praise where praise was earned, nor unwilling to admit weakness where weakness existed, let us recall that deadly fight, and measure its significance and its relations to the continental strife in which our republic was born.

THE SITUATION BEFORE THE BATTLE.

For in the autumn of 1777, it was clear that the American colonies were fighting not for rights under the British crown, but for free and separate life. The passionate outbursts of 1775 had discharged their thunder and lightning. The guns of Lexington had echoed round the world. The brilliant truths of the Declaration had for a year blazed over the battle-fields of the infant nation. They had been hallowed by defeat; for Montgomery had fallen at Quebec, Sullivan had met with disasters at Flatbush, the British occupied New York, and Washington had retreated through the Jerseys, abandoning Long Island and the Lower Hudson. Sir Guy Carleton had swept over Lake Champlain, fortunately not holding his conquest, and Burgoyne had captured the noted stronghold Ticonderoga. But the nation had also tasted victory. In the dread December days of 1776, Washington had checked the tide of despair by his gallant assault at Trenton, and General Howe had been forced to concentrate his army against Philadelphia. Boston had seen its last of the soldiers of George the Third. Better than all, the States were everywhere asserting their vitality. Far off Tennessee, indignant at his use of Indians in war, had taken sides against the British king. Georgia had promised if Britain destroyed her towns, that her people would retire into the forests. The splendid defense of Fort Moultrie had saved Charleston, and proved South Carolina's zeal for the republic which it was afterward to assail. Virginia had furnished many of the civil leaders and the commander-in-chief to the republic, and had formally struck the British flag which had floated over its State house. If Maryland hesitated, New Jersey joined hands with Pennsylvania and New York, and all New England had pledged itself to the contest which had begun. In New York as well as in other States, a State constitution had been adopted, and George Clinton had been inaugurated as Governor at the close of that

[1] See appendix, at close of the proceedings at Oriskany, for reference numbers from 1 to 18.

disastrous July. The tide of battle surged wildest in that critical summer in Northern New York. So in trying hours, the blood courses most swiftly at the heart. Great results were expected. The British fleet sailed up the Hudson. A British general, favorite of the muses, and in after years notably fortunate,* came down Lake Champlain to meet it at Albany. A column formidable in its elements and led by a commander chosen by the king for the purpose, was to come from the north and west to complete the irresistible triad. Tory bands were ravaging the country southward in Schoharie and toward Kingston. Cause of alarm there was to the patriots; ground of confidence to the invaders. The war hung on the events in this field; and the scales of destiny inclined to the side of the king.

The combatants had learned to understand each other. The burning words of Junius had long rankled in the British mind. Burke's magnificent plea for conciliation had borne no fruit. Chatham had two years before "rejoiced that America had resisted," and told the ministers they could not conquer America, and cripple as he was, he cried out: "I might as soon think of driving the colonies before me with this crutch;" but in the next spring he still clung to the hope that Britain would yet prevent separation. The insolence of Lord North had shattered the unanimity which King George boasted the Declaration had produced, and Fox had said if the dilemma were between conquering and abandoning America, he was for abandoning America. The citizens of London had appealed to the King to stop the "unnatural and unfortunate war." General Howe had already written to his brother (April 2, 1777,) "My hopes of terminating the war this year are vanished." In Britain, wise men had learned that the war would be desperate. In America the magnitude of the contest was felt. The alliance of France had been diligently sought, and LaFayette had arrived and been appointed major-general, while Kalb's offer had not been accepted. More than one general had been tried and found wanting in capacity, and the jealousies of the camp were working mischief. The financial burdens weighed heavily, and paper money had begun its downward career. Criticism of Washington's slowness was heard, and speculators were making profit of the country's necessities. Bounties had been offered and the draft employed for raising troops. The loyalists were making the most of the hardships. The land was rocking in "times that try men's souls." The earlier part of the military campaign of 1777 had not been propitious to the patriots. The darkness rested especially on New York. Burgoyne had penetrated from Canada to the Hudson with a loss of only two hundred men. Clinton from the bay threatened to advance up the river, as he finally did, but fortunately not at the critical moment. The success of the corps moving inland from Oswego would shatter the center of the American position.

THE OBJECT OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1777.

The fight was for the continent. The strategy embraced the lines from Boston to the mouth of the Chesapeake, from Montreal even to Charleston. Montgomery's invasion of Canada, although St. John's and Montreal were taken, failed before Quebec, and the retreat of the American forces gave Burgoyne the base for his comprehensive campaign. Howe had been compelled to give up New England, which contained nearly one-third of the population and strength of the

*General Burgoyne before the war sat in Parliament. He was agreeable and clever as a dramatic poet. He became commander-in-chief of the British forces in Ireland.

colonies. The center of attack and of defense was the line of New York and Philadelphia. From their foothold at New York, on the one hand, and Montreal on the other, the British commanders aimed to grind the patriots of the Mohawk valley between the upper and nether mill-stones. The design was to cut New England off from the other States, and to seize the country between the Hudson and Lake Ontario as the vantage ground for sweeping and decisive operations. This was the purpose of the wedge which Burgoyne sought to drive through the heart of the Union. In the beginning of that fateful August, Howe held all the country about New York, including the islands, and the Hudson up to Peekskill; the British forces also commanded the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and their southern shores, finding no opposition north of the Mohawk and Saratoga lake. The junction of Howe and Burgoyne would have rendered their armies masters of the key to the military position. This strip of country from the Highlands of the Hudson to the head of the Mohawk was the sole shield against such concentration of British power. Once lost it would become a sword to cut the patriots into fragments. They possessed it by no certain tenure. Two months later Governor Clinton and General Putnam lost their positions on the Hudson. Thus far Burgoyne's march had been one of conquest. His capture of Ticonderoga had startled the land. The frontier fort at the head of the Mohawk was to cost him the column on whose march he counted so much.

FORT STANWIX AND ITS GARRISON.

For Stanwix (known in this campaign to the patriots as Fort Schuyler) was built in 1758 against the French. The next year, the French met with those disasters which in 1760 gave Canada to the English, and thereafter Fort Stanwix served only for purposes of Indian trade, and as a protection to the carry between the Mohawk and Wood Creek. It had been a favorite place for peaceful meeting with the Indians.[3] Naturally it had lost its military strength, and when in April, 1777, Colonel Gansevoort occupied it with the third regiment of the New York line, it was sadly out of repair. The plans for its reconstruction were yet in progress when St. Leger appeared before it. But care and labor had been so effectual that the broken walls had been restored, and the ruins which the invader came to overrun had given place to defenses too strong for his attack. Col. Peter Gansevoort, who was in command, was a native of Albany, now twenty-eight years of age. He had been with Montgomery before Quebec, and there won his rank as colonel. His conduct here was admirable. The courage of youth did not prevent on his part a wisdom worthy of much riper years. With him as Lieutenant-Colonel was Marinus Willett, a native of New York city, aged thirty-seven, trained in the French war and the invasion of Canada, a dashing soldier, ready for any adventure, and shrewd in all the ways of border war. He had been in the expedition for which the fort had been erected, and now helped to save it. The Chaplain of the garrison was Samuel Kirkland, that sainted missionary to the Six Nations, to whom Central New York is so much indebted in every way. He was probably absent at the time, on service for the Congress, for he was trusted and employed on important missions by the patriot leaders.

The garrison consisted of seven hundred and fifty men. It was composed of Gansevoort's own regiment, the Third New York, with two hundred men under Lieutenant-Colonel Mellon of Colonel Wesson's regiment of the Massachusetts line. Colonel Mellon had fortunately arrived with a convoy of boats filled with supplies, on the second of August, when the enemy's fires were already in sight

only a mile away. This was the force with which Gansevoort was to hold the fort.

The British advance appeared on the second of August. The investiture was complete on the fourth, The siege was vigorously prosecuted on the fifth, but the cannon "had not the least effect on the sod-work of the fort," and "the royals had only the power of teazing."

ST. LEGER'S INVASION.

The corps before Fort Stanwix was formidable in every element of military strength. The expedition with which it was charged was deemed by the war secretary at Whitehall of the first consequence, and it had received as marked attention as any army which King George ever let loose upon the colonists. For its leader Lieutenant-Colonel Barry St. Leger had been chosen by the king himself, on Burgoyne's nomination. He deserved the confidence, if we judge by his advance, by his precautions, by his stratagem at Oriskany, and the conduct of the siege, up to the panic at the rumor that Arnold was coming. In the regular army of England he became an ensign in 1756, and coming to America the next year he had served in the French war, and learned the habits of the Indians, and of border warfare. In some local sense, perhaps as commanding this corps, he was styled a brigadier. His regular rank was Lieutenant-Colonel of the thirty-fourth regiment. In those days of trained soldiers it was a marked distinction to be chosen to select an independent corps on important service. A wise commander, fitted for border war, his order of march bespeaks him. Skillful in affairs, and scholarly in accomplishments, his writings prove him. Prompt, tenacious, fertile in resources, attentive to detail, while master of the whole plan, he would not fail where another could have won. Inferior to St. Leger in rank, but superior to him in natural powers and personal magnetism, was Joseph Brant — Thayendanegea — chief of the Mohawks. He had been active in arraying the Six Nations on the side of King George, and only the Oneidas and Tuscaroras had refused to follow his lead. He was now thirty-five years of age; in figure the ideal Indian, tall and spare and lithe and quick; with all the genius of his tribe, and the training gained in Connecticut schools, and in the family of Sir William Johnson; he had been a lion in London, and flattered at British head-quarters in Montreal. Among the Indians he was pre-eminent, and in any circle he would have been conspicuous.

As St. Leger represented the regular army of King George, and Brant the Indian allies, Sir John Johnson led the regiments which had been organized from the settlers in the Mohawk Valley. He had inherited from his father, Sir William, the largest estate held on the continent by any individual, William Penn excepted. He had early taken sides with the king against the colonists, and having entered into a compact with the patriots to preserve peace and remain at Johnstown, he had violated his promise, and fled to Canada. He came now with a sense of personal wrong, to recover his possessions and to resume the almost royal sway which he had exercised. He at this time held a commission as colonel in the British army, to raise and command forces raised among the royalists of the valley. Besides these was Butler — John Butler, a brother-in-law of Johnson; lieutenant-colonel by rank, rich and influential in the valley, familiar with the Indians and a favorite with them, shrewd and daring and savage, already the father of that son Walter, who was to be the scourge of the settlers, and with him to render

ferocious and bloody the border war. He came from Niagara, and was now in command of tory rangers.

The forces were like the leaders. It has been the custom to represent St. Leger's army as a "motley crowd." On the contrary it was a picked force, especially designated by orders from head-quarters in Britain.[4] He enumerates his "artillery, the thirty-fourth and the King's regiment, with the Hessian riflemen and the whole corps of Indians," with him, while his advance, consisting of a detachment under Lieutenant Bird, had gone before, and "the rest of the army, led by Sir John Johnson," was a day's march in the rear. Johnson's whole regiment* was with him, together with Butler's tory rangers, with at least one company of Canadians.† The country from Schoharie, westward, had been scoured of royalists to add to this column. For such an expedition, the force could not have been better chosen. The pet name of the "King's regiment" is significant. The artillery was such as could be carried by boat, and adapted to the sort of war before it. It had been especially designated from Whitehall.‡ The Hanau Chasseurs were trained and skillful soldiers. The Indians were the terror of the land. The Six Nations had joined the expedition in full force§ except the Oneidas and the Tuscaroras. With the latter tribes the influence of Samuel Kirkland had overborne that of the Johnsons, and the Oneidas and the Tuscaroras were by their peaceful attitude more than by hostility useful to Congress to the end.[5]‖ The statement¶ that two thousand Canadians accompanied St. Leger as axemen is no doubt an exaggeration; but, exclusive of such helpers and of non-combatants, the corps counted not less than seventeen hundred fighting men.** King George could not then have sent a column better fitted for its task, or better equipped, or abler led, or more intent on achieving all that was imposed upon it. Leaving Montreal, it started on the nineteenth of July from Buck Island, its rendezvous at the entrance of Lake Ontario. It had reached Fort Stanwix without the loss of a man, as if on a summer's picnic. It had come through in good season. Its chief never doubted that he would make quick work with the Fort. He had even cautioned Lieutenant Bird who led the advance, lest he should risk the seizure with his unaided detachment. When his full force appeared, his faith was sure that the fort would "fall without a single shot."†† So confident was he that he sent a dispatch to Burgoyne on the fifth of August, assuring him that the fort would be his directly, and they would speedily meet as victors at Albany.‡‡ General Schuyler had in an official letter expressed a like fear.[6]

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* British Annual Register for 1877. See the fourteenth section of Appendix to this address.

† Impartial History, (London, 1780, p. 499.)

‡ Burgoyne's State of the Expedition, p. 67, and section fourth of Appendix.

§ Colonel Guy Johnson wrote, November 11, 1777, to Lord Germain, "The greater part of those from the Six Nations with my officers in that country, joined General St. Leger's troops and Sir John Johnson's provincials, and were principally concerned in the action near Fort Stanwix." Colonial History of New York, vol. 8, p. 727. This was in accordance with a dispatch from Brant to Sir Guy, in June or July, that the "Six Nations were all in readiness (the Oneidas excepted,) and all determined, as they expressed it, to act as one man." Colonial History, vol. 8, p. 713.

‖ William Tracy, in his lectures, p. 14, gives much credit for this result to James Dean. See Appendix, for a characteristic letter of Rev. Samuel Kirkland.

¶ Dawson's Battles of the United States.

** Gordon's History, (London, 1787) vol. 2, p. 477, says St. Leger's "whole force did not probably exceed 800 men;" p. 529, he credits him with "700 Indian warriors." This is loose talk. President Dwight (Travels, vol. 3, p. 191) who visited Fort Stanwix in 1799, places the number from 1,500 to 1,800.

†† Colonel Claus had so promised the Indians. Campbell's Annals of Tryon county, p. 68. Upon Arnold's approach, when St. Leger urged the Indians to stay, the chiefs replied: "When we marched down, you told us there would be no fighting for us Indians; we might go down and smoke our pipes; but now a number of our warriors have been killed, and you mean to sacrifice us." Thacher's Military Journal, p. 90.

‡‡ Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution, vol. 1, p. 243.

THE PATRIOT RISING IN TRYON COUNTY.

St. Leger was therefore surprised as well as annoyed by the news that the settlers on the Mohawk had been aroused, and were marching in haste to relieve the fort. He found that his path to join Burgoyne was to be contested. He watched by skillful scouts the gathering of the patriots; their quick and somewhat irregular assembling; he knew of their march from Fort Dayton, and their halt at Oriskany. Brant* told him that they advanced, as brave, untrained militia, without throwing out skirmishers, and with Indian guile the Mohawk chose the pass in which an ambush should be set for them. The British commander guarded the way for several miles from his position by scouts within speaking distance of each other. He knew the importance of his movement, and he was guilty of no neglect.

THE AMBUSCADE.

From his camp at Fort Stanwix St. Leger saw all, and directed all. Sir John Johnson† led the force thrown out to meet the patriots, with Butler as his second, but Brant was its controlling head. The Indians were most numerous; "the whole corps," a "large body," St. Leger testifies. And with the Indians he reports were "some troops." The presence of Johnson, and of Butler, as well as of Claus and Watts, of Captains Wilson, Hare and McDonald,† the chief royalists of the valley, proves that their followers were in the fight. Butler‡ refers to the New Yorkers whom we know as Johnson's Greens, and the Rangers, as in the engagement in large numbers. St. Leger was under the absolute necessity of preventing the patriot force from attacking him successfully. He could not do less than send every available man out to meet it. Quite certainly the choicest of the army were taken from the dull duty of the siege for this critical operation. They left camp at night and lay above and around the ravine at Oriskany, in the early morning of the sixth of August. They numbered not less than twelve hundred men under chosen cover.

GENERAL HERKIMER'S RALLY.

The coming of St. Leger had been known in the valley for weeks. Burgoyne had left Montreal in June, and the expedition by way of Lake Ontario, as the experience of a hundred years prophesied, would respond to his advance. Colonel Gansevoort had appealed to the Committee of Safety for Tryon county, for help. Its chairman was Nicholas Herchkeimer, (known to us as Herkimer,) who had been appointed a brigadier-general by Congress in the preceding autumn.§ His family was large, and it was divided in the contest. A brother was captain with Sir John Johnson, and a brother-in-law was one of the chief of the loyalists. He was now forty-eight years of age,‖ short, slender, of dark complexion, with black hair and bright eyes.¶ He had German pluck and leadership, but he had also

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* The information came on the fifth from Brant's sister, who was a mistress of Sir William Johnson. See Claus' Letter in the Appendix.

† Captain McDonald, of Johnson's Greens, and Captains Wilson and Hare of the Rangers, are reported by Colonel Butler among the killed. Other captains must have been on the field. While the title was perhaps loosely used, it signifies prominence, and some followers.

‡ Stone's Life of Brant, p. 243.

§ Stone's Life of Brant, vol 1, p. 181. His commission to this rank by the New York convention, bearing date September 5, 1776, is in the possession of the Oneida Historical Society, at Utica.

‖ Benton's Herkimer county, p. 168.

¶ Newspaper report of tradition in the Wagner family.

German caution and deliberation. He foresaw the danger, and had given warning to General Schuyler at Albany. On the seventeenth of July he had issued a proclamation, announcing that the enemy, two thousand strong, was at Oswego, and that as soon as he should approach, every male person being in health, and between sixteen and sixty years of age, should immediately be ready to march against him. Tryon county had strong appeals for help also from Cherry Valley and Unadilla; General Herkimer had been southward at the close of June to check operations of the tories and Indians under Brant; and Frederick Sammons had been sent on a scouting expedition to the Black river country, to test the rumors that an invasion from Canada was to be made from that direction.* The danger from these directions delayed and obstructed recruiting for the column against St. Leger. The stress was great, and Herkimer was bound to keep watch south and north as well as west. He waited only to learn where need was greatest, and he went thither. On the thirtieth of July, a letter from Thomas Spencer, a half-breed Oneida, read on its way to General Schuyler, made known the advance of St. Leger. Herkimer's order was promptly issued,† and soon brought in eight hundred men. They were nearly all by blood Germans and low Dutch, with a few of other nationalities. The roster,[18] so far as can now be collected, indicates the presence of persons of English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and French blood, but these are exceptions, and the majority of the force was beyond question German. They gathered from their farms and clearings, carrying their equipments with them. They met at Fort Dayton, near the mouth of the West Canada Creek. This post was held at the time by a part of Colonel Wesson's Massachusetts regiment,‡ also represented in the garrison at Fort Stanwix. The little army was divided into four regiments or battalions. The first, which Herkimer had once commanded, was now led by Colonel Ebenezer Cox, and was from the district of Canajoharie; of the second, from Palatine, Jacob Klock was colonel; the third was under Colonel Frederick Visscher, and came from Mohawk; the fourth, gathered from German Flats and Kingsland, Peter Bellinger commanded.§ [18]

General Herkimer's Advance.

Counsels were divided whether they should await further accessions, or hasten to Fort Stanwix. Prudence prompted delay. St. Leger's force was more than double that of Herkimer; it might be divided, and while one-half occupied the patriot column, the Indians under tory lead might hurry down the valley, gathering reinforcements while they ravaged the homes of the patriots. The blow might come from Unadilla, where Brant had been as late as the early part of that very July. Herkimer, at Fort Dayton, was in position to turn in either direction. But the way of the Mohawk was the natural and traditional war-path. The patriots looked to Fort Stanwix as their defense. They started on the fourth, crossed the Mohawk where is now Utica, and reached Whitestown on the fifth. Here it was probably that a band of Oneida Indians joined the column. From this point or before Herkimer sent an express to Colonel Gansevoort arranging for

* The narrative of this expedition is in the hands of Colonel Frederick Sammons of Fonda, and the writer has been kindly permitted to peruse the original manuscript.

† All authorities agree that on receipt of Spencer's letter, Herkimer acted vigorously. Stone's Brant, p. 233; Annals of Tryon county, p. 73; Ramsey's History of the Revolution (1789), vol. 2, p. 38, says he "collected" his men by the third of August; Lossing's Field-Book, vol. 1, p. 243; Benton's History of Herkimer county, p. 76.

‡ Benton's Herkimer county, p. 80.

§ Calendar of New York Manuscripts, vol. 1, p. 123 (revised).

co-operation. He was to move forward when three cannon signaled that aid was ready. The signal was not heard; the messenger had been delayed. His chief advisers, including Colonel Cox and Paris, the latter a member of the Committee of Safety, urged quicker movements. Fort Stanwix might fall, while they were delaying, and the foe could then turn upon them. Herkimer was taunted as a coward and a tory. His German phlegm was stirred. He warned his impatient advisers that they would be the first in the face of the enemy to flee. He gave the order "march on!" Apprised of the ambuscade, his courage which had been assailed prevented the necessary precautions.

THE FIGHT.

He led his little band on. If he had before been cautious, now he was audacious. His course lay on the south side of the river, avoiding its bends, where the country loses the general level which the rude road sought to follow, when it could be found. For three or four miles hills rose upon valleys, with occasional gulleys. The trickling springs and the spring freshets had cut more than one ravine where even in the summer, the water still moistened the earth. These run toward the river, from southerly toward the north. Corduroy roads had been constructed over the marshes, for this was the line of such travel as sought Fort Stanwix and the river otherwise than by boat. Herkimer had come to one of the deepest of these ravines, ten or twelve rods wide, running narrower up to the hills at the south, and broadening toward the Mohawk into the flat bottom land. Where the forests were thick, where the rude roadway ran down into the marsh, and the ravine closed like a pocket, he pressed his way. Not in soldierly order, not watching against the enemy, but in rough haste, the eight hundred marched. They reached the ravine at ten in the morning. The advance had gained the higher ground. Then as so often, the woods became alive. Black eyes flashed from behind every tree. Rifles blazed from a thousand unexpected coverts. The Indians rushed out hatchet in hand, decked in paint and feathers. The brave band was checked. It was cut in two. The assailants aimed first of all to seize the supply train. Colonel Visscher, who commanded its rear-guard, showed his courage before and after* and doubtless fought well here, as the best informed descendants of other heroes of the battle believe. But his regiment, driven northward toward the river, was cut up or in great part captured with the supplies and ammunition. In the ravine and just west of it, Herkimer rallied those who stood with him. Back to back, shoulder to shoulder, they faced the foe. Where shelter could be had two stood together, so that one might fire while the other loaded. Often the fight grew closer, and the knife ended the personal contest. Eye to eye, hand to hand, this was a fight of men. Nerve and brawn and muscle were the price of life. Rifle and knife, spear and tomahawk, were the only weapons, or the clubbed butt of the rifle. It was not a test of science, not a weighing of enginery, not a measure of caliber nor an exhibition of choicest mechanism. Men stood against death, and death struck at them with the simplest implements. Homer sings of chariots and shields. Here were no such helps, no such defenses. Forts or earthworks, barricades or abattis, there were none. The British force had chosen its ground. Two to one it must have been against the band which stood and fought in that pass, forever glorious. Herkimer, early wounded and his horse shot under him, sat on his saddle beneath a beech tree,

* Stone's Life of Brant, vol. 2, pp. 74, 75.

just where the hill rises at the west a little north of the center of the ravine, calmly smoking a pipe while ordering the battle. He was urged to retire from so much danger; his reply is the eloquence of a hero: "I will face the enemy."

The ground tells the story of the fight. General Herkimer was with the advance, which had crossed the ravine. His column stretched out for nearly half a mile. Its head was a hundred rods or more west of the ravine, his rear-guard reached as far east of it. The firing began from the hills into the gulf. Herkimer closed his line on its center, and in reaching that point his white horse was shot under him. The flag-staff to-day on the hill marks his position. Then, as to-day, the hills curved like a cimeter, from the west to the east on the north side of the river. Fort Stanwix could not be seen, but it lay in the plain just beyond the gap in the hills, six miles distant. The Mohawk, from the mouth of the Oriskany, curves northward, so that here it is as far away in a right line, perhaps a mile in each case. The bottoms were marshy, as they yet are where the trees exclude the sun. Now the New York Central Railroad and the Erie Canal mark the general direction of the march of the patriots from their starting-place hither. Then forests of beech and birch and maple and hemlock covered the land where now orchards and rich meadows extend, and grain-fields are ripening for the harvest. Even the forests are gone, and the Mohawk and the hills and the ravine and "Battle Brook," are the sole witnesses to confirm the traditions which have come down to us. The elms which fling their plumes to the sky are young successors to the knightly warriors who were once masters here. Through the forests Herkimer, from his elevation, could catch the general outlines of the battle. Some of his advance had fallen at the farthest point to which they had marched. Upon their left the enemy had appeared in force, and had closed up from the southward, and on the east side of the ravine. The patriots had been pushed to the north side of the road, away from the line which the corduroy still marks in the ravine, and those who fled sought the river. Skeletons have been found in the smaller ravine about two hundred rods west, and at the mouth of the Oriskany, an extent of a mile and a half; and gun-barrels and other relics along the line of the Erie Canal, and down toward the river. These are witnesses of the limits of the battle. They mark the center here. Here gathered the brave militia without uniforms, in the garb of farmers, for their firesides and their homes, and the republic just born which was to be. Against them here, in the ravine, pursuing and capturing the rear-guard on the east of the ravine or down in it, and thence toward the river, rushed from the forests, uniformed and well equipped, Johnson's Greens, in their gay color, the German Chasseurs, Europe's best soldiers, with picked men of British and Canadian regiments, and the Indian warriors decked in the equipments with which they made war brilliant. Some of this scene Herkimer saw; some of it extent of space and thickness of forest hid from his eye. But here he faced the enemy, and here he ordered the battle.

During the carnage a storm of wind and rain and lightning brought a respite. Old men preserve the tradition that in the path by which the enemy came a broad windfall was cut, and was seen for long years afterward. The elements caused only a short lull. In came at the thick of the strife a detachment of Johnson's Greens; and they sought to appear reinforcements for the patriots. They paid dearly for the fraud, for thirty were quickly killed. Captain Gardenier slew three with his spear, one after the other.* Captain Dillenback, assailed by

* Stone's Life of Brant, vol. 1, pp. 239, 240.

three, brained one, shot the second and bayoneted the third. Henry Thompson grew faint with hunger, sat down on the body of a dead soldier, ate his lunch, and refreshed, resumed the fight. William Merckley, mortally wounded, to a friend offering to assist him, said: "Take care of yourself, leave me to my fate."* Such men could not be whipped. The Indians, finding they were losing many, became suspicious that their allies wished to destroy them, and fired on them, giving unexpected aid to the patriot band.† Tradition relates that an Oneida maid, only fifteen years old, daughter of a chief, fought on the side of the patriots, firing her rifle, and shouting her battle cry.‡ The Indians raised the cry of retreat, "Oonah! Oonah!" Johnson heard the firing of a sortie from the fort. The British fell back, after five hours of desperate fight.§ Herkimer and his gallant men held the ground.

THE SORTIE.

The sortie from Fort Stanwix, which Herkimer expected, was made as soon as his messengers arrived. They were delayed, and yet got through at a critical moment. Colonel Willett made a sally at the head of two hundred and fifty men, totally routed two of the enemy's encampments, and captured their contents, including five British flags. The exploit did not cost a single patriot life, while at least six of the enemy were killed and four made prisoners. It aided to force the British retreat from Oriskany. The captured flags were floated beneath the stars and stripes, fashioned in the fort from cloaks and shirts; and here for the first time the flag of the republic was raised in victory over British colors. ‖

THE LOSSES.

The slaughter at Oriskany was terrible. St. Leger claims that four hundred of Herkimer's men were killed and two hundred captured, leaving only two hundred to escape. No such number of prisoners was ever accounted for. The Americans admitted two hundred killed, one-fourth of the whole army. St. Leger places the number of Indians killed at thirty, and the like number wounded, including favorite chiefs and confidential warriors. It was doubtless greater, for the Senecas alone lost thirty-six killed, and in all the tribes twice as many must have been killed. St. Leger makes no account of any of his whites killed or wounded. Butler,¶ however, mentions of New Yorkers (Johnson's Greens) killed, Captain McDonald; Captain Watts dangerously wounded and one subaltern. Of the tory Rangers Captains Wilson and Hare (their chiefs after Butler) were killed.

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* Simms' Schoharie, pp. 263, 264.

† President Dwight (Travels, vol. 3, p. 193), who, in 1799, heard the stories of persons living near the battle-field, relates this incident.

‡ Newspaper report of a tradition in the family of George Wagner, a survivor.

§ Dr. Moses Younglove, who was taken prisoner at the battle, fixes the time:

> "Then we with equal fury joined the fight
> Ere Phœbus gained his full meridian height,
> Nor ceased the horrors of the bloody fray,
> Till he had journeyed half his evening way."

Appendix to Campbell's Annals of Tryon county, p. 32.

‖ Lossing, Field-Book, vol. 1, p. 242, says the blue was taken from a camlet cloak of Captain Swartwout, and the white from cotton shirts. General Schuyler Hamilton, in the Historical Magazine, for July, 1877, p. 420, states, on the authority of his grandmother, a daughter of General Philip Schuyler, that the stripes were made from a scarlet cloak belonging to one of the women of the garrison. Willett says the blue cloak had been captured from the British at Peekskill; Narrative, p 42. All that relates to this flag, the first ever lifting the stars and stripes in battle and in victory, has lasting interest.

¶ Claus agrees substantially, and speaks of two or three privates killed. Letter to Secretary Knox, in London; New York Colonial History, vol. 8, p. 721; see Appendix to this Address.

With such loss of officers, the death list of privates must have been considerable. The Greens alone lost thirty. In Britain it was believed as many of the British were killed by the Indians as by the militia.* The loss of British and Indians must have approached a hundred and fifty killed. Eye-witnesses were found who estimated it as great as that of the Americans.† The patriot dead included Colonel Cox, and his Lieutenant-Colonel Hunt, Majors Eisenlord, Van Slyck, Klapsattle and Blevin; and Captains Diefendorf, Crouse, Bowman, Dillenback, Davis, Pettingill, Helmer, Graves and Fox; with no less than four members of the Tryon county Committee of Safety, who were present as volunteers. They were Isaac Paris, Samuel Billington, John Dygert and Jacob Snell. Spencer, the Oneida, who gave the warning to the patriots, was also among the killed. The heads of the patriot organization in the valley were swept off. Herkimer's glory is that out of such slaughter he snatched the substance of victory. In no other battle of the revolution did the ratio of deaths rise so high. At Waterloo, the French loss was not in so large a ratio to the number engaged, as was Herkimer's at Oriskany; nor did the allies suffer as much on that bloody field.

Frightful barbarities were wreaked on the bodies of the dead, and on the prisoners who fell into the hands of the Indians. The patriots held the field at the close of the fight, and were able to carry off their wounded. Among these was the brave and sturdy Herkimer, who was taken on a litter of boughs to his home, and, after suffering the amputation of his leg, died on the sixteenth of August like a Christian hero. Of the dead some at least lay unburied until eighteen days later. Arnold's column rendered to them that last service. ‡

After the battle, Colonel Samuel Campbell, § afterward conspicuous in Otsego county, became senior officer, and organized the shattered patriots, leading them in good order back to Fort Dayton. The night of the fight they bivouacked at Utica. Terrible as their losses had been, only sixteen days later Governor Clinton positively ordered them to join General Arnold on his expedition with one-half of each regiment.[2] In his desperation, Sir John Johnson "proposed to march down the country with about two hundred men," and Claus would have added Indians; ‖ but St. Leger disapproved of the suggestion. Only a raid could have been possible. The fighting capacity of St. Leger's army was exhausted at Oriskany, and he knew it.

THE SIEGE. ¶

St. Leger's advance was checked. His junction with Burgoyne was prevented. The rising of royalists in the valley did not occur. He claimed indeed the "completest victory" at Oriskany. He notified the garrison that Burgoyne was victorious at Albany, and demanded peremptorily the surrender of the fort, threatening that prolonged resistance would result in general massacre at the hands of the enraged Indians. Johnson, Claus and Butler issued an address to the inhabitants of Tryon county, urging them to submit, because "surrounded by victorious armies." Colonel Gansevoort treated the summons as an insult, and held his post

* Gordon's History (London, 1787), vol. 2, p. 530.

† A. D. Quackenboss who was in the fight so believed. Stone's Brant, p. 461; Neilson's Burgoyne p. 56.

‡ Jones' History of Oneida County, p. 361; Tracy's Lectures, p. 15.

‡ Letter of his grandson, Hon. W. W. Campbell, in Utica *Herald*, July 27, 1877.

‖ Claus' letter to Knox; London Documents in Colonial History, vol. 8, p. 721, and section seventeenth of this Appendix.

¶ For a sketch of the siege of Fort Stanwix presented to Colonel Gansevoort by L. Fleury, and with a map of the village of Rome overlaid upon it, see Hough's Memoir of M. Pouchot.

with sturdy steadiness.* The people of the valley sided with Congress against the King. For sixteen days after Oriskany, St. Leger lay before Fort Stanwix, and heard more and more clearly the rumblings of fresh resistance from the valley.

THE RELIEF UNDER ARNOLD'S LEAD.

Colonel Willett who led the gallent sortie, accompanied by Major Stockwell, risked no less danger on a mission through thickets and hidden foes, to inform General Schuyler at Albany of the situation. In a council of officers, bitter opposition arose to Schuyler's proposal to send relief to Fort Stanwix, on the plea that it would weaken the army at Albany, the more important position. Schuyler was equal to the occasion, acting promptly, and with great energy. "Gentlemen," said he, "I take the responsibility upon myself. Where is the brigadier who will command the relief? I shall beat up for volunteers to-morrow."† Benedict Arnold, then unstained by treason, promptly offered to lead the army. On the next day, August ninth,‡ eight hundred volunteers were enrolled, chiefly of General Larned's Massachusetts brigade. General Israel Putnam ordered the regiments of Colonels Cortlandt and Livingston from Peekskill to join the relief "against those worse than infernals."[8] Arnold was to take supplies wherever he could get them, and especially not to offend the already unfriendly Mohawks. Schuyler enjoined upon him also "as the inhabitants of Tryon county were chiefly Germans, it might be well to praise their bravery at Oriskany, and ask their gallant aid in the enterprise." Arnold reached Fort Dayton, and on the twentieth of August issued as commander-in-chief of the army of the United States of America on the Mohawk river, a characteristic proclamation, denouncing St. Leger as "a leader of a banditti of robbers, murderers and traitors, composed of savages of America and more savage Britons." The militia joined him in great numbers. On the twenty-second, Arnold pushed forward, and on the twenty-fourth he arrived at Fort Stanwix. St. Leger had raised the siege and precipitately fled.

St. Leger had been frightened by rumors of the rapid advance of Arnold's army. Arnold had taken pains to fill the air with them. He had sent to St. Leger's camp a half-witted royalist, Hon. Yost Schuyler, to exaggerate his numbers and his speed. The Indians in camp were restive and kept track of the army of relief. They badgered St. Leger to retreat, and threatened to abandon him. They raised the alarm, "they are coming!" and for the numbers of the patriots approaching, they pointed to the leaves of the forest.

ST. LEGER'S FLIGHT.

On the twenty-second of August, while Arnold was yet at Utica, St. Leger fled. The Indians were weary; they had lost goods by Willett's sortie; they saw no chance for spoils. Their chiefs killed at Oriskany beckoned them away. They began to abandon the ground, and to spoil the camp of their allies. St. Leger deemed his danger from them, if he refused to follow their counsels, greater than from the enemy. He hurried his wounded and prisoners forward; he left his tents, with most of his artillery and stores, spoils to the garrison.§ His men threw

* The British Impartial History says "Colonel Gansevoort behaved with great firmness," p. 475.

† Lossing's Life of Schuyler.

‡ Letter of Schuyler in Annals of Tryon County, p. 88.

§ Gordon's History, vol. 2, p. 534, who cites Reverend Samuel Kirkland "who was part of the time at the fort," as his direct informant.

away their packs in their flight. He quarreled with Johnson, and the Indians had to make peace between them. St. Leger indeed was helpless. The flight became a disgraceful rout. The Indians butchered alike prisoners and British who could not keep up, or become separated from the column.[14] St. Leger's expedition, as one of the latest became one of the most striking illustrations to the British of the risks and terrors of an Indian alliance.[10]

The siege of Fort Stanwix was raised. The logic of the Battle of Oriskany was consummated. The whole story has been much neglected, and the best authorities on the subject are British.* The battle is one of a series of events which constitute a chain of history as picturesque, as exciting, as heroic, as important, as ennoble any part of this or any other land.

THE WEIGHT AND MEASURE OF THE BATTLE.

Oriskany it is our duty to weigh and measure. Wherein was the stand of Greeks at Thermopylæ braver than this march of Herkimer into the ravine? Wherein have Norse vikings shown sturdier stuff in fight? Tell me when panoplied crusader ever made more light of death than those unmailed farmers of the Mohawk. Cite from verse of ancient or modern poet the elan of truer courage, the steadiness of sterner determination, the consecration of more glowing patriotism than held the pass at Oriskany.

THE STRATEGY HISTORIC.

The strategy of the British campaign of 1777 was comprehensive, and it was traditional. With Canada hostile to the country south of it, the plan of Burgoyne was as natural as it is for a pugilist to strike with both fists. Fronting southward, indeed, the blow by Lake Champlain the Canadian forces deliver with their left fist; the route by Lake Ontario through Oswego inland, invites the blow of the right hand. As early as 1687 the French government received from Canada a memorial which recommends: "The Iroquois must be attacked in two directions. The first, and principal attack must be on the Seneca nation, on the borders of Lake Ontario; the second by the river Richelieu and Lake Champlain, in the direction of the Mohawks."† The French authorities never abandoned this purpose until they were driven from the continent. Frontenac wrote his name in fire and blood in the way Burgoyne sought to travel. The co-operation of the fleet at the mouth of the Hudson, was proposed by Mons. Callierres in 1689.‡ Montcalm § led the French by these paths in 1756, when DeLery penetrated to Fort Bull, at the carry near the Mohawk, and the English power yielded up Champlain and Lake George to the invaders. Holding the southern shores of Lake Ontario, it was from Lake Champlain, with co-operation by a force brought up the St. Lawrence, that the English dealt the return attack in 1759, when Wolfe fell before Quebec. At Ticonderoga and Crown Point, on the path to the Hudson, and at Niagara on Lake Ontario, the French power in America breathed its last.

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* For portions of the record, Stone's Life of Brant must be excepted, as a faithful and accurate chronicle.

† Paris Documents, p. 321.

‡ Paris Documents, p. 420

§ See the Memoir of the French War of 1755-60, by M. Pouchot, translated by F B. Hough. M. Pouchot, who was with Montcalm, could learn of no routes from Canada to the English possessions except, 1, by way of Lake Champlain; 2, by the St. Lawrence to Oswego and the Oswego river; 3, by Lake Ontario to the Genesee river; and 4, by way of Niagara to the Ohio river.

Lith. by Weed Parsons & Co. Albany, N.Y.

SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF ORISKANY, AT PRESENT DAY.

East Ravine

In October, 1776, Sir Guy Carleton had swept over Lake Champlain, and taken Crown Point, and only waited for another season to carry his conquests southward. It was, perhaps, because in London Burgoyne criticised the neglect to send a corps by way of Oswego, through the Mohawk valley, to assist in the campaign, that he, instead of Carleton, led the invasion which ended so disastrously for Britain.

But the British government had earlier precedents than these for choosing these routes for the campaign of 1777. The French migration came by them into the wilderness which is now New York, and it was by them that, at intervals for a hundred years, the Iroquois and their allies carried terror to the walls of Montreal and Quebec. The campaigns of the war of 1812 renewed the traditions of the military importance of the line of Lake Ontario. What took place at Oswego and Plattsburgh, and McDonough's victory perpetuate the series of contests in this historic field. The key to the heart of the original union lies in the heights from which flow the Mohawk and the Hudson.

ST. LEGER'S EXPEDITION A VITAL PART.

In the original plan, St. Leger's expedition is stated as a "diversion," both by Burgoyne and in the official letter of Lord George Germaine, the secretary of state for war. The command was given to St. Leger from Whitehall, on Burgoyne's nomination, so that it was an independent expedition. The troops were in like manner selected, because much depended on the movement. Upon his success, as it proved, the campaign hung. When Burgoyne explained his failure, he laid much stress on the defeat of St. Leger, and one of the chief points to account for his own slowness, is: "the time entitled me to expect Lieutenant Colonel St. Leger's corps would be arrived at Ticonderoga, and secret means had been long concerted to enable him to make an effort to join me, with probability of success." And because St. Leger "had been obliged to retreat," he assigns as removing "the first plausible motive in favor of hazardous battle," when he was near Saratoga. In the campaign of 1777, the expedition to the Mohawk was one of the two wings without which success was impossible, which once clipped, crippled every thing. The battle of Bennington was brought on by a British movement, having two objects in view; first, to obtain supplies, and second, to create a diversion to aid St. Leger.* Every historian who writes of Burgoyne's operations treats the expedition to the Mohawk as in a military sense a vital element in them.[11]

EFFECT OF ORISKANY ON THE VALLEY AND THE INDIANS.

But we get a faint view of the purpose of the expedition, and of the significance of Oriskany, if we look only at military considerations. Its moral influence was great and far-reaching. Sir John Johnson boasted that the tories were as five to one in the Mohawk valley, and when he came at the head of a British army, they would rise for the king. Through Johnson and Brant, the design was fostered of holding the Six Nations closely to the royal cause, and thus crushing out the whole patriot influence west of the Hudson. Both purposes were shrewd, and had fair grounds. The patriots knew of these dangers. In the summons which had aroused Tryon county, they had been told: "one resolute blow would

*Stedman's History of the Revolution (one of the British records of the struggle); Bancroft, vol. 5, p. 287.

secure the friendship of the Six Nations." The Committee of Safety knew the efforts it cost to maintain the authority of Congress. Herkimer fought at Oriskany against a tory rising at Johnstown, against the complete enlistment of the Iroquois with the British. His victory is measured only when we remember that no tory rising ever disgraced the Mohawk valley, and that from that hour the Indians were a source of terror and of weakness to the forces of King George.

EFFECT ON THE COUNTRY.

The effect of Oriskany on the Americans was electric. Washington said "Herkimer first reversed the gloomy scene" of the campaign. General Gates wrote of "the severe blow General Herkimer gave Johnson and the scalpers under his command." General Schuyler, in replying to General Herkimer's report, said: "The gallantry of you and the few men that stood with you and repulsed such a superior number of savages, reflects great honor upon you." Governor George Clinton expressed "the highest sense of the loyalty, valor and bravery of the militia of Tryon county, manifested in the victory gained by them under the command of their late worthy General Herkimer, for which, as the chief magistrate of the free and independent State of New York, they have my most hearty thanks."[12]

The defense of Fort Stanwix led John Adams to declare that "Ganesvoort has proved that it is possible to hold a post," and the Oneida Spencer had warned the Tryon patriots not to make a Ticonderoga of Fort Stanwix.

These wise leaders estimated the battle better than writers like Irving,* who intimates that "it does not appear that either party was entitled to the victory," or Dr. Thacher,† who can only claim that "St. Leger's victory over our militia was purchased at a dear price," or Lossing,‡ who bluntly speaks of "the defeat of Herkimer." The patriots held the ground, and carried off their wounded at leisure. Of the tory wounded Major Watts lay two days uncared for. By the battle St. Leger was bottled up in his camp; by it, the forces ordered with Arnold, and probably also, the Massachusetts troops who took part in Willett's sortie, were able to join in the operations against Burgoyne, and were in the first battle of Stillwater.§ The whole valley of the Mohawk cast itself into the scales for the victory of Saratoga.[13]

Herkimer started for Fort Stanwix, and his force, except a few scouts, did not reach it. His little army was broken up. But its sacrifice, costly as it was, saved the valley. The frightful slaughter of their leaders at first paralyzed the settlers, but they rallied without delay and joined Arnold's relief army in large numbers.‖ The battle penned St. Leger and Johnson and Brant before Fort Stanwix. It raised the spirits of the beleaguered garrison to a high pitch.[9] With Bennington which came afterward, the Americans felt it gave them "great and glorious victories,"[14] and "nothing exceeded their exultation" over them; and the "northern militia began now to look high, and to forget all distinctions between themselves and regular troops." This confidence was worth armies. Congress voted a monument to Herkimer, not yet erected save in the hearts of the people, and no one questioned that the gallant chief had earned the distinction. To Colonel Willett

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* Life of Washington, vol. 3, p. 176.

† Military Journal, p. 89.

‡ Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution, vol. 1, p. 250.

§ Lossing's Field-Book, vol. 1, p. 51, enumerates at Stillwater all the regiments which marched up the valley with Arnold, and Colonel Wesson's Massachusetts regiment, of which was the detachment which reached Fort Stanwix on the second of August.

‖ Arnold's letter to Colonel Gansevoort, August 22, 1777.

a sword was presented by Congress for his noble exploit, and Colonel Gansevoort received the thanks of Congress, a colonel's commission, and a special designation as commandant of the fort which he had so bravely defended.

AIMS AND ESTIMATES ON BOTH SIDES.

The Battle of Oriskany and the defense of Fort Stanwix are Siamese twins. Separate events, they are so conjoined that they must be treated as inseparable in fact. The battle so paralyzed St. Leger and demoralized his army, that the siege became a failure. It is notable that British historians nearest to the event give to Oriskany a degree of prominence which our own writers have hardly equaled. The defeat of St. Leger's expedition British writers of that day recognize as one of the pivots on which Saratoga was lost and won, and British sentiment agrees that "Saratoga was indeed the turning point of the American struggle."* The British Annual Register, noteworthy because established by Edmund Burke, and because its historical articles were still revised if not written by him, in the volume for 1777, published the next year, clearly indicates that the valley of the Mohawk was the very eye of the campaign.[14] This judgment is the more important because the identical text is embodied in the History of the War printed in Dublin, 1779, and has become standard in England. In the Impartial History, after Burgoyne's arrival at Ticonderoga, the author says: "It is not to be wondered at, if both officers and private men (in Burgoyne's army) were highly elated with their fortune, and deemed that and their prowess to be irresistible; if they regarded their enemy with the greatest contempt, and considered their own toils to be nearly at an end; Albany to be already in their hands, and the reduction of the northern provinces to be rather a matter of some time, than an arduous task full of difficulty and danger."† Erroneously referring to Bennington, the same author uses words justly applicable to Oriskany:‡ "This was the first instance in the present campaign, in which fortune seemed even wavering, much less that she for a moment quitted the royal standard. The exultation was accordingly great on the one side; nor could the other avoid feeling some damp to that eagerness of hope, and receiving some check to that assured confidence of success, which an unmixed series of fortunate events must naturally excite." The shield had been fully reversed, within a single month.

St. Leger claimed that Johnson won "the completest victory," but this was on the assumption "that the militia would never rally."[15] He miscalculated the blow; it was not fatal to the patriots; its consequences were fatal to his plans. The check which he received at Oriskany, and its consequent delay, forced Burgoyne to take the risk which brought on him the defeat at Bennington. Although second in importance as well as in order of time, Stedman,[16] one of the best British authorities, names the Vermont fight first in order, as does the British Impartial History (London, 1780), fixing Bennington properly on August 16th, but for the affair on the Mohawk, naming no date until St. Leger's flight on the twenty-second of August. The "History of the War," published in Dublin, 1779, places the Battle of Oriskany on the sixteenth of August, on the same day as that of Bennington.§ In spite of this reversal of the order of time, all these authorities concede to the affair at Oriskany a measure of importance

* English Cyclopedia, article on Burgoyne.
† Impartial History of the War in America, London, 1780, p. 460.
‡ The same, p. 472.
§ Pages 291-293.

which the occupants of the historic field only begin to assert. As the first blow of the campaign, Oriskany has, to the campaign of 1777, the primacy which Lexington has to the whole war.

The failure of St. Leger cut off the right arm of Burgoyne. Burgoyne, still clinging to his hopes, believed if Sir Henry Clinton had reached the Highlands earlier, as he did when too late, he "should have had his way."* But his own detailed statement proves that he felt that the grave of his campaign was dug when a royalist rising was prevented in the Mohawk valley;[13] and that was the achievement of Herkimer and the heroes of Oriskany.

The success of St. Leger at Oriskany and Fort Stanwix would have been fatal. The Mohawk valley would have been overrun by the tories. Albany would have fallen, and Gates been overpowered. Defeat, decided and prompt, would have turned St. Leger back to Oswego, and enabled him with the remnant of his corps, to open a retreat for Burgoyne, as the latter intimates had been contingently concerted.† For the emergency of a defeat which closed the Mohawk valley, and of a siege which held him for three weeks before Fort Stanwix, no calculation had been made. It was this combination which proved so fortunate for the republic.

DIVISIONS IN THE VALLEY: DANGERS AVERTED.

The dangers to the American cause in the valley were peculiar. To the German settlers King George had always been a foreign king. They owed him neither affection nor allegiance. It was easy for them to sustain Congress and to fight for independence. They had been jealous of the influence of the Johnsons over the Indians, and over the valley, and that pique was fully reciprocated. Besides the ties of family favor and apparent interest, the Johnsons clung all the more closely to the royal cause, because the Germans took the other part. Something of religious feeling entered into the division, for the Johnsons stood for the Church of England, and Kirkland and other dissenting ministers had been pressing for independence in faith and practice.‡ The interior of New York had felt little or nothing of the burden of taxes which had stirred the other colonies. No royal charter had ever been in force over the State. The settlers who came from Britain hither lacked the causes for separation which stirred New England and the South, and when the immigrants from other lands enlisted for Congress, the tory leaders confidently trusted that they could carry the British colonists for King George. Many causes prevented. The patriot leaders were shrewd and diligent, and they were on the soil, while the tory chiefs were absent. For no long time is it possible that New York shall be alien from New England and the States on our southern borders. But the fight at Oriskany came at the right time to kindle the patriot fires, to draw the lines between the belligerents, to merge old world antagonisms into American patriotism. In the blood shed in that historic field, New York was baptised as a State, and as a State in an enduring republic, in a united nation.

SIGNIFICANCE FROM LOCATION.

The battle of Oriskany was the more significant because it was fought near the center of the Long House of the Iroquois. Indian phrase had so styled the val-

* Defense, p. 17.

† Burgoyne's Defense (London, 1780), p. 15.

‡ See Lothrop's Life of Rev. Samuel Kirkland, p. 233, for a notable illustration.

ley, for which they placed the western door at the opening of the waters at Niagara, and the eastern door where the Mohawk seeks the Hudson.* It was held with its approaches, when the white men came, by the Six Nations, the master tribes among the Indians. They had discovered its fitness for the path of empire and the seat of dominion. Cadwallader Colden, in 1738, in an official report,† noted the peculiar feature that here "some branches of the largest rivers of North America, and which run contrary courses, take their rise within two or three miles of each other;" the Mohawk flowing into the Hudson, the St. Lawrence finding affluents to carry northward, the Susquehanna to add to Chesapeake bay; and from the western walls of the Long House, waters seek the Mississippi and the Gulf. This configuration gave, naturally, political and military significance to what is now the center of New York.‡ The Iroquois from it became little less than lords of the continent. Into it the French missionaries early came to spy out the land, with that devotion which led Father Jogues§ to "write the name of Jesus on the barks of trees in the Mohawk Valley," in 1642, and that foresight which for generations prompted the French Governors of Canada to aim to expel the English by the instrumentality of the Iroquois.‖ In critical periods the British found the Iroquois, by their fidelity and prowess, a sufficient bulwark against French encroachments. ¶ From Manhattan the Dutch had reached out and planted Fort Orange at Albany, and had made friends and kept friends with the Iroquois. Over from the New England settlements the English crowded into lands whose advantages they clearly saw, and the English Governors at Manhattan were glad to frame treaties to grant to the Iroquois the same advantages which they had enjoyed from the Dutch.** Yet the first permanent settlers in a portion of the valley were Germans from the Palatinate, who came hither in 1712–13, after stopping on the Hudson. †† Sir William Johnson, himself an Irishman, took great pains to gather British colonists about him, and was in large measure successful, and the Scotch colony was influential and self-asserting. As from the Long House of the Iroquois waters flow in all directions, so into it tended currents of population from all directions. The Dutch proprietors could not stop this cosmopolitan drift. The German immigration prevented tendencies so distinctively British as prevailed in other colonies. The large share of northern New York in the Anglo-French wars continued its traditional importance.‡‡

Here between Ontario and Champlain, it was decided that the nascent State should be cosmopolitan and not Dutch.§§ Here in large part it was decided, if not that the political relations of the State should be British and not French, that the language, the civilization, the social tendencies should be cast in the mold of Hampden and Milton and Shakespeare, rather than in those of Paris and Versailles. This whole region had indeed been included in New France. Louis

* Morgan's League of the Iroquois, p. 40.

† Documentary History of New York, vol. 4, p. 112.

‡ DeWitt Clinton's Address on the Iroquois. Campbell's Life of Clinton, p. 210 Brodhead's History of New York, vol. 2, p. 8.

§ Bancroft, vol. 2, p. 310.

‖ Paris Documents, Documentary History, vol. 9, pp. 954, 958.

¶ Bancroft, vol. 2, p. 152.

** Brodhead's History of New York, vol. 1, p. 744.

†† Certain Germans who had sought England for a refuge, it is said, became interested in the Mohawks who visited Queen Anne, and were by the chiefs induced to migrate to America.

‡‡ Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, in his lecture on the History and Topography of New York, has admirably presented the relations of the State growing out of its natural situation.

§§ August 1, 1802, Rev. John Taylor, a missionary from New England, visited Utica on his way west, and says of it: "Utica appears to be a mixed mass of discordant materials. Here may be found people of ten or twelve different nations, and of almost all religions and sects."

XVI and his ministers watched events here with especial interest, and naturally desired that Britain should not continue to possess what France had lost. If St. Leger was beaten where Frontenac and Montcalm had swept in victory, the infant republic, with French aid, might stand and grow a rival to British power. Here large impetus was given to the decision that this continent should be American and not British.

The location of Oriskany rendered the battle controlling in determining the attitude of the Mohawk valley, and in putting an end to British hopes of royalist uprising there. It shattered and rendered useless the British alliance with the Indians. It helped to insure French co-operation with the colonies, and brought us the fleet of D'Estaing the next summer. It paved the way to the victory over Burgoyne. Without Oriskany, there could have been no Saratoga. Herkimer laid in blood the corner-stone of that temple of unwinged victory, which was completed on the heights where Burgoyne surrendered. Afterward through the long contest, although local raids and savage butcheries were perpetrated, no operations of grand war were attempted in these historic regions. While nominally British purposes were unchanged, the colonies north and east of New York bay escaped the ravages of broad conflict, and entered upon their career of national growth and prosperity.

CONCLUSION.

Extravagant eulogy never honors its object. Persistent neglect of events which have molded history is not creditable to those who inherit the golden fruits. We do not blush to grow warm over the courage which at Platæa saved Greece forever from Persian invasion. Calm men praise the determination which at Lepanto set limits to Turkish conquests in Europe. Waterloo is the favorite of rhetoric among English-speaking people. But history no less exalts the Spartan three hundred who died at Thermopylæ, and poetry immortalizes the six hundred whose leader blundered at Balaklava. Signally negligent have the people of Central New York been to the men and the deeds that on the soil we daily tread have controlled the tides of nations, and fashioned the channels of civilization. After a hundred years we begin to know what the invasion of St. Leger meant. A century lifts up Nicholas Herkimer, if not into a consummate general, to the plane of sturdy manliness and of unselfish, devoted patriotism, of a hero who knew how to fight and how to die. History begins to appreciate the difficulties which surrounded Philip Schuyler, and to see that he appeared slow in bringing out the strength of a patriot State, because the scales of destiny were weighted to hand New York over to Johnson and Burgoyne and Clinton and King George. His eulogy is, that when popular impatience, and jealousies in other colonies, and ambitions in the army, and cliques in Congress, superseded him in the command of the northern armies of the United States, he had already stirred up the Mohawk valley to the war blaze at Oriskany; he had relieved Fort Stanwix and sent St. Leger in disgraceful retreat; Bennington had been fought and won;* he had thus shattered the British alliance with the Indians, and had trampled out the tory embers in the Mohawk Valley; he had gathered above Albany an army flushed with victory, and greatly superior to Burgoyne's forces in numbers, and it was well led and adequate to the task before it.

Oriskany, the Indians interpret as the Place of Nettles. Out of that nettle

* General Gates took command of the army before Burgoyne, August 14, 1777, but had nothing to do with Bennington.

danger Herkimer plucked for the Mohawk Valley, and through it for the republic, the flower safety. In that Place of Nettles, Central New York may find much to stir it to deeper knowledge of its history and its relations, to greater anxiety to be just to those who have served it worthily, to keener appreciation of the continental elevation which nature has reared for us, and upon which we may build a structure more symmetrical and more beneficent than the Parthenon,—a free State based on equal justice, strong in the virtue of its citizens devoted to all that is best and most beautiful in mankind, inspired by the noblest achievements in history, manfully meeting the humblest duties, and struggling upward to the highest ideals. Names and deeds that live a hundred years, change hills and valleys into classic ground. The century which runs backward is only the dawn of those which look into the future. Central New York must have a worthy career before it to justify the traditions of the Long House of the Iroquois; of the real statesmanship of the League of the Six Nations, and of the eloquence of their chief men; of the Jesuit missionaries and the Samuel Kirklands and the Lutheran clergymen, who consecrated its waters and its soil and its trees; of those who saved it from French occupation; of those who kept out the Stuarts and drove out King George.

At the conclusion of Mr. ROBERTS' speech, Mr. SEYMOUR exhibited the revolutionary relics. Among these was the brass snare drum, sent up from Albany by Mrs. LANSING. On the brass coat of the drum was the following inscription:

"Presented
by Peter Gansevoort, of the city of Albany, counsellor-at-law, to the Albany Republican Artillery Company, on the 22d February, 1832."

"Taken from the enemy on the 22d Aug., 1777, when the British army under Gen. St. Leger, raised the siege of Fort Stanwix, which fortress had been valiantly defended by the garrison under the command of Colonel Peter Gansevoort for 21 days."

A powder horn which had come down from the old days was exhibited, also an English musket taken from the enemy on that self-same field, and now the property of Dr. J. D. CLYDE, of Cherry Valley. A card attached related that with that musket Colonel Clyde was knocked down at the battle of Oriskany. These relics, or mementoes, were viewed with curious interest by the people, as many as possible pressing up to make personal examination of them.

The chairman introduced Major DOUGLASS CAMPBELL, of New York, a great-grandson of Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Campbell, of Cherry Valley, who was second in command of Colonel Cox's regiment, which bore the brunt of the fight. After the wounding of Gen. Herkimer and the death of Colonel Cox, Colonel Campbell was left in command, and led off the victorious American forces from the battle-ground.

ADDRESS OF MAJOR DOUGLASS CAMPBELL

More than two thousand years ago the mountain fastnesses of Greece witnessed a battle which history has made immortal. The force engaged upon the Grecian side numbered but three hundred, and yet while history shall be read and poetry sung, fame will perpetuate the memory of the little band that held the passes of Thermopylæ. Leonidas was defeated, but in defeat he taught his enemy that while a drop of Grecian blood coursed through a Grecian heart, the hordes of the Persian invader could gain no foothold on the sacred soil.

We meet to-day to celebrate a victory won by eight hundred men, eight hundred gallant yeomen of New York, a victory as creditable to the valor of the men who won it as any recorded in history, and withal a victory the most important in its results, of any gained in the revolutionary struggle.

I do not propose, Mr. President, again to rehearse the events of that summer day a century ago. The gentleman who has just sat down, and the music of whose voice still lingers in our ears, has drawn for us a picture which would be only weakened by any further touches. Besides this, I came to listen and not to speak. But a soldier, the descendant of soldiers should know how to obey orders, and when an hour since you told me for the first time that I must make a speech, I regretted your selection, but at once cast about to think what I should say.

Fortunately my inspiration was before me in a sea of upturned faces. As I saw this audience drinking in with eager ears the tale before unknown to most of them, of what their heroic ancestors did here a hundred years ago, I could but think of the great wrong which has been done to our State by the way in which our common histories are written.

How strange and inexcusable has been the neglect of this battle of Oriskany you have already heard, but this is only a specimen of the mode in which our whole Colonial record has been penned. All this is coming to an end, and my greatest pleasure in such gatherings as this is found in the fact that here I see the earnest of the righting of this wrong. The presence of this countless multitude shows that at length the people of New York are waking up to realize the grandeur of the history of their native State. I have read some histories of the United States, which I have laid down after a perusal, with the question in my mind, was there any such colony as New York, were there any colonies of the Revolution except Massachusetts and Virginia, Virginia, the mother of Presidents, Massachusetts, the maker of our school-books? As Governor SEYMOUR has eloquently said to-day, the history of New York has yet to be written, and when that history is written, the world will see that in the struggle for the rights of freemen, extending over more than a hundred years prior to the Declaration of Independence, New York led the van of the thirteen colonies.

The first fact which gave to New York her vast importance in colonial times was that which has largely led to her present greatness, namely, her geographical position. On this I need not dwell; you before me, who in your time have seen untold thousands pouring through this valley for the peaceful conquest of the west, can readily understand the importance of the Mohawk and the Hudson before the days of canals and railroads. They gave to New York the key to the continent, a costly honor, however, for it involved her in endless wars.

The next marked feature of the colony was the character of her population. In

this she differed from all her neighbors. They for the most part were settled by a homogeneous people, but New York was always cosmopolitan. Her population in the colonial days was composed of as diverse elements as now make up the people of this great city.

First in time stand the Dutch — heroic men who came in an heroic age. We never can overrate their influence in the history of American liberty. Their New England neighbors sometimes sneered at the Dutchmen, but an American historian has taught the whole world to do them honor. While Henry Hudson was on his memorable voyage, the inhabitants of the United Netherlands took their place among the nations of the earth as an independent people. For forty long years they had carried on a war with Spain and had grown great in the struggle. At the outset they only demanded religious liberty as subjects. For answer their country was overrun by Alva and his Spanish butchers, the Council of Blood covered the land with gibbets and the inquisition sacrificed its victims by thousands. Then they became a nation of warriors worthy of their Batavian ancestors whom Tacitus has immortalized. "Other nations," said he, "go to battle — they go to war." In the open field they defeated the trained legions of Philip; besieged in their cities they surrendered only to famine, and at times, to sweep the invader from their soil, they cut their dykes and gave the land back to the sea from which it had been rescued. In 1581, thirteen years after the outbreak, they proclaimed their independence of Philip, and thenceforth fought for civil as well as religious liberty. On the 9th of April, 1609, while the *Half Moon*, Hudson's vessel, was on the ocean after forty years of continuous war, Philip the Third signed a twelve years' truce at Antwerp, by which he recognized the United Netherlands as "free countries, provinces and states." It is to this people, restless and undaunted, successful by the land and by the sea, whose motto was "Taxation only by consent," who founded the first great republic and who enforced the doctrine of universal religious toleration, that the Empire State of New York owes its origin.

Next in point of numbers and of time came another race, who, however, need no eulogy, for history has always done them justice. They were the men who chanted psalms as they went into the battle of Ivry with Henry of Navarre, who for years had by their virtues kept France from sinking into unutterable depths of public and private vice.

Then came accessions from New England of the more liberal thinkers, who fled from that new hierarchy to find a home where they could be free to worship God as they saw fit. Later on came Protestants, driven out of the Palatinate by the cruelties of Louis the Fourteenth, Scotch-Irish who had borne the horrors of the siege of Londonderry, Catholic Highlanders who had fought with the Pretender.

Thus the people were gathered from all nations, Dutch, French, English, German, Irish and Scotch, and yet they had one bond of union.

They had all suffered for their religion, and all had a keen sense, not only of their religious, but of their civil rights. Is it any wonder that a people so composed should have loved liberty as they loved their lives?

They obtained their first Legislature in 1683, and they wrung it from the reluctant Duke of York, by refusing any longer to pay taxes unless imposed by their own consent. The Duke's collector of revenue attempting to levy duties was arrested, thrown into prison, and tried for treason by the indignant populace.

When the assembly came together a majority of its members were found to be men of Dutch descent. The fact is noteworthy, for their first act was one which

should endear their memory to every native of this State. They passed a bill of rights, entitled a "Charter of Liberties and Privileges," which, by the way, was imitated eight years afterward by Massachusetts, although her historians overlook the fact. In bold, unmistakable language, it asserted that the "supreme legislative power should forever be and reside in the Governor, council and people, met in general assembly," and then went on to enumerate the other rights to which they were entitled; among these were trial by jury, freedom from taxation, except by their own consent, exemption from martial law, and the quartering of soldiers upon citizens, and perfect toleration to all persons professing faith in Christ. Of this noble document, issued in 1683, it may be said that it is surpassed by nothing in American history; no, not by the Declaration of Independence itself, for the boldness and force of language with which it declares the people of New York entitled to all the rights of freemen.

But this act was only an enactment on the statute books; it showed what the Colonists desired; what they did is of more importance. They established the right of petition, freedom of religious worship and freedom of the press. These were established by the great State trials in the colonies, and the sister provinces shared the fruits. In establishing freedom of religious worship in the trial of McKemie, in 1707, they also settled another question, which, so far as I can learn, has been substantially overlooked. McKemie, a Presbyterian clergyman, was arrested for preaching without a license from the Governor, the Governor's instructions providing that no minister should preach in the province without his license. McKemie took the position, in which he was sustained by his three counsel, the ablest lawyers in New York, and all Episcopalians, that the royal instructions had no force as law. Heretofore the royal prerogative had been supreme in the colonies, but when the jury acquitted the prisoner its death knell was sounded.

Then the colonists refused to raise money by taxation, unless it could be disbursed by a treasurer of their own; then they refused to permit amendment to their money bills, and then to make any but annual appropriations for the expenses of government. In all these struggles the New Yorkers were successful, but they fought out the fight alone.

At length the English Government saw that nothing could be done with such a refractory people, and resolved that Parliament itself should tax the colonies. This resolution, proclaimed in respect to New York as early as 1711, was not practically enforced, however, till fifty years thereafter. Then the famous stamp act was passed, and the continent was all aflame — still, however, New York led the van of opposition. The first organized resistance by the non-importation agreement among the merchants was started in New York, next followed Philadelphia and last came Boston. This effected the repeal of the detested act. Then came the tea bill and the revolution, and how well New York did its part therein seems to be known to few. If you would know what I mean turn to the common histories of the revolution, written by men who photograph the breakers on the shore, and call their work a map of the mighty ocean. There you will read that New York had a large tory element among her population, and you will find little else besides. Well, this is true, but it is only a fraction of the truth.

We have seen already some of the peculiarities of New York's geographical position, but glance at them again, and you will wonder that she was not hopelessly impotent before the enemy. The rebellious colonies had no navy, England was mistress of the seas. Her fleet swept up our harbor without resistance, the city

was captured, it was surrounded by no commanding heights from which the foe could be dislodged, and, until the close of the war, it remained in possession of the enemy. The influence of this can readily be imagined; the venal were purchased, the timid were overawed. Nor was the English occupation confined to the capital alone. They held the whole of Staten Island, and Long Island, and their fleets gave them control of the Sound, and the Hudson river, almost to West Point.

New York had the most powerful aristocracy of any of the colonies — her vast estates, larger than counties, were owned by men, some of them, allied by birth and marriage to the nobility of England. When these men sided with the crown, they carried with them an army of retainers. But, now, carry your mind away from the capital, left in possession of the enemy, and glance here at the center of the State. Almost from Albany to Niagara stretched the wigwams of the relentless Six Nations, the allies of Great Britain. They were the Romans of the Indian race — sage in council, wily in diplomacy and fearless in battle. In their midst, owning an estate as large as a principality, dwelt the great Sir William Johnson, one of the most remarkable men in American history. The dispenser of official patronage, the commander of the militia of his county, numbering fourteen hundred men, he was looked up to by the whites, but revered by the red men, as vicegerent to the king. Dying in 1774, his sons and sons-in-law succeeded to his influence with the Indian tribes, and hated American independence with the bitterest hatred. Brandt and his savage warriors, Butler and his still more savage tory rangers, swept the Mohawk Valley and its adjacent hillsides as with the besom of destruction; farms were laid waste, whole towns were blotted out, and the wolf howled again where before had curled the smoke of happy homesteads.

And now, would it appear strange if New York had failed to send her full quota of soldiers to the continental army? Look at the tories swarming in her midst, her capital ground under the heel of the invader, her populous districts cowering under the guns of a British fleet, and her borders, where the father, when he left his home, never hoped to see his wife or children more, would it be strange, I say, if, upon the rolls of the regular army, New York had been found deficient?

The fact is that out of the thirteen States only three furnished their full quota of troops to the continental army; of these New York was one; out of the thirteen only two furnished their full quota of money and supplies, and of these New York was one. She was the only one of the thirteen that furnished her full quota of men, money and supplies. In the light of these facts it seems to me that when the historians talk so much about New York's tories, they might add a word or two about her soldiers. It would be but justice, although we take no discredit from the one, and we claim no especial honor from the other. As Hamilton pointed out long ago, the preponderance of our soldiers was due simply to our geographical position. Some of the outlying Colonies which never felt the foot of the invader, took no interest in the war, save as a sentiment. But New York was the Flanders of America. To her the war was a bitter, stern reality. During the year 1777, when the Colony became the State, there was not a county within her borders that did not re-echo to the tread of British troops, and yet this year ushered in by misfortune was the turning point of the Revolution. And here just at the turning point stands the battle which we commemorate to-day.

The war thus far had brought a series of disasters to the armies of the rebellious colonists. The English cabinet determined to make a grand effort and terminate the struggle. New York was then as always the key of the continent. It was

resolved to send out three expeditions for its capture; one under the commander-in-chief, to start from New York and follow the Hudson, one under Burgoyne, to march from the North by the way of Lake Champlain, and the third under St. Leger, to start from Oswego and go down the Mohawk Valley. The three armies were to unite at Albany when their work was done. None of them ever reached their destination.

When the news was sounded through these valleys that St. Leger with a force of British troops, tories and Indian allies was on the march, the whole population were at once aroused. On the way from Oswego stood Fort Schuyler (the old Fort Stanwix of the French and Indian war). St. Leger saw that he must take this fort or nothing could be gained. When he encamped before it a summons went out to the loyal men of New York to hasten to its aid.

How they obeyed the summons you have already heard. Here along this valley lived the men whom the tories had counted on for allies. They were not loud talkers, but in 1775 early in the struggle they had said with quiet determination, "It is our fixed resolution to be free or die." Now the time had come for them to redeem the pledge, and nobly was it done. Each farmer seized his old trusty musket and hastened to the place of meeting. The need was urgent and the time was so brief that the Scotch-Irish of Cherry Valley, always foremost in patriotic work, almost lost the honor of sharing in the battle. Two of their number, however, Colonel Samuel Campbell, and Major, afterward Colonel Samuel Clyde, were in attendance at a meeting of the Committee of Safety held at Palatine. Lieutenant Robert Campbell, a brother of the Colonel, lived half way up the Cherry Valley hills. At the first summons he hurried to the Mohawk and was just in time to join his brother and Major Clyde. Together they fought in the regiment of Colonel Cox, which crossed the ravine before the attack and there bore the brunt of the battle. Lieutenant Campbell was left dead upon the field, the other two lived to render good service in the coming years when Brant and his tory allies so cruelly avenged the disaster of Oriskany.

Of the events of the battle I need not speak; you have heard them already. Officers and privates fought together, each handled the rifle, and from behind a friendly tree, picked off the savage Indians or the still more savage tories. When the day closed, the expedition of St. Leger had received its death blow. His Indian allies faded into thin air, the Mohawk Valley was saved, its patriotic soldiers flocked to Saratoga, and the grip around the throat of Burgoyne was tightened, till his army dropped like a lifeless corpse. Then came assistance from France, in money, soldiers and supplies, and the fortunes of war were turned.

Have we not the right to say that New York should be proud of its record in the revolutionary struggle? Have not the descendants of these men who fought at Oriskany a right to be proud as they tread the soil made sacred by the blood of their fathers?

But gatherings like this serve a higher purpose than merely to foster local pride. A people, like an individual, may live so entirely in the past as to be useless in the present, as a man may expend all his energies in nursing his ancestral fame — but we have swung to the opposite extreme.

"History," says Bacon, "makes men wise;" but it does much more, it makes them patriotic. The Greeks fought more bravely as they thought of Thermopylæ and Marathon. We shall live more nobly as we think of our heroic ancestors, who, by a contest extending over nearly two centuries, laid broad and deep the foundations of our freedom.

At the close of Major CAMPBELL's address, Mr. SEYMOUR called upon Mr. FREDERICK PFEIFFER, drummer of the Old Utica Band, to show what the captured snare drum above alluded to was capable of. Mr. PFEIFFER came on the platform and made the old drum show to the best possible advantage.

On the stand, among the veterans of the War of 1812, was PHILO WHITE, a grandson of Hugh White, the founder of Whitestown, who made the following address:

ADDRESS OF PHILO WHITE.

Mr. PRESIDENT:—It may seem presuming for an humble individual to obtrude his voice upon the attention of the immense assemblage of our fellow-countrymen by whom we are now surrounded, especially in the presence of so many of the eminent men of our Empire State, illustrious alike for their talents, their virtues, and their expansive patriotism. But, honored as a comrade of the conscript veterans of our second War of Independence, and standing here as the sole representative of my town and my lineage among them, I may crave the privilege of reverently offering my aspirations to heaven for having been mercifully spared with life and health to witness, and to participate in, this magnificent and impressive American jubilee, so appropriately inaugurated on this the one hundredth anniversary of the ever glorious battle of Oriskany.

And I am sure I correctly interpret the sentiment of all my fellow-townsmen, in giving expression to their grateful emotions for the distinguished honor this day's impressively grand demonstration imparts to our good old town of Whitestown, whose territorial expansion whilom stretched from the German Flats to the Great Lakes, her first town meeting having been held at the Cayuga Ferry. She was the primeval town of all Western New York, and the nucleus of the earliest permanent civilized community within that broad region of our now Empire State. It was within the area of Whitestown's present circumscribed limits, that the memorable battle of Oriskany was fought, and her sons have been the nursing custodians of that ensanguined field. The soil of that battle ground was enriched by a suffusion of the blood of the patriot heroes who fell thereon; and to their indomitable prowess the primal liberties of our common country are essentially indebted. The fame of their courageous achievements consequently fills a notable page in Whitestown's historic annals.

Animated by the recital of these inspiring reminiscences, re-exhilarated by inhaling the patriot atmosphere that pervades the vast concourse of a grateful people who have to-day come up to this consecrated battle-field, to honor the heroism, and to embalm a remembrance of the thrice glorious deeds of their ancestors, I may be pardoned as a journalist of "auld lang syne," for proposing that all the essential proceedings connected with this great Centennial Anniversary Jubilee, including the very masterly address of ex-Governor SEYMOUR, the president of the day, and the inspiringly eloquent speeches of the other distinguished gentlemen who have addressed this vast auditory, be printed in pamphlet or book form,

so as to impart to the battle of Oriskany, in an enduring shape, that prominence in the calendar of the ever-living achievements incident to our first War of Independence, to which its universally conceded importance entitles it; and whereby the rectitude of history may be vindicated, and the name of Oriskany be ranged alongside of those of Saratoga and Yorktown, as theaters of the most momentous events in the great revolutionary struggle of our grandsires, that gave birth to ours, the empire republic of the American hemisphere.

With these discursive remarks, Mr. President, I beg to submit my proposition to the consideration of this meeting, or the general Permanent Committee, deferring the manner and form of disposing of the matter to those who are younger and more expert in modern journalism than myself.

The exercises were closed by the reading, by Mr. SEYMOUR, of the following poem, prepared for the occasion by Rev. Dr. CHARLES D. HELMER, D. D., of Chicago:

PÆAN TO ORISKANY.

POEM BY REV. CHARLES DOWNES HELMER, D. D.

Beleaguered men of Stanwix, brave as those
Who faced a million of their foes
At old Thermopylæ;
Good cheer to you upon the wild frontier!
For citizens in arms draw near
Across Oriskany.

But hark! amidst the forest shades the crash
Of arms, the savage yell—with flash
Of gory tomahawk;
For Johnson's Royal-Greens, and Leger's men,
And Brant's Red Fiends, are in that glen
Of dark Oriskany.

From down the valley, where the Mohawk flows,
Were hurrying on to meet their foes
The patriot yeomanry;
For Gansevoort within his fortress lay,
In peril and besieged that day,
Beyond Oriskany.

As men who fight for home and child and wife,
As men oblivious of life
In holy martyrdom,
The Yeomen of the Valley fought that day,
Throughout thy fierce and deadly fray—
Blood-red Oriskany.

From rock and tree and clump of twisted brush
The hissing gusts of battle rush—
Hot breathed and horrible!
The roar, and smoke, like mist on stormy seas,
Sweep through thy splintered trees—
Hard-fought Oriskany.

Heroes are born in such a chosen hour;
From common men they rise and tower,
Like thee, brave Herkimer!
Who wounded, steedless, still beside the beech
Cheered on thy men, with sword and speech,
In grim Oriskany.

Now burst the clouds above the battle roar,
And from the pitying skies down pour
Swift floods tumultuous;
Then fires of strife unquenched flame out again,
Drenching with hot and bloody rain
Thy soil, Oriskany.

But ere the sun went toward the tardy night,
The Valley then beheld the light
Of freedom's victory;
And wooded Tryon snatched from British arms
The empire of a million farms—
On bright Oriskany.

The guns of Stanwix thundered to the skies;
The rescued wilderness replies;
Forth dash the garrison!
And routed Tories, with their savage aids,
Sink reddening through the sullied shades—
From lost Oriskany.

Behold, Burgoyne! with hot and hating eyes,
The New World's flag at last o'erflies
Your ancient Heraldry;
For over Stanwix floats triumphantly
The rising Banner of the Free—
Beyond Oriskany.

A hundred years have passed since then;
And hosts now rally there again—
To crown the century;
The proud posterity of noble men
Who *conquered* in the bloody glen
Of famed Oriskany.

AT THE EAST STAND.

The amphitheatre in which this platform was situated rises from the ravine where the contest took place. The stand faces the east, the brook flowing immediately in front of it. On the other side of the brook a goodly number of seats were placed, and directly beyond them rises the steep side of the hill, curving around to the right. The sun shone brightly, and umbrellas were about as numerous as the ladies. The uniforms of the soldiery, and the red jackets of the fire laddies, served to add variety and brilliancy to the scene.

At 2.30 P. M. the meeting at the east stand was called to order by Hon. JAMES STEVENS, Mayor of Rome, chairman. A number of the veterans of the war of 1812 occupied chairs directly in the rear of the speakers.

Mr. STEVENS first introduced to the audience Hon. CLARKSON N. POTTER, of New York.

ADDRESS OF HON. CLARKSON N. POTTER.

I was born in the Mohawk Valley, and feel therefore a natural interest in this celebration of an event upon which the peace and preservation of that valley depended; in which the men of the valley bore such noble part; and from which resulted so largely the success of the American revolution. And yet I confess that it was only within the last few years that I was at all aware of the importance of the battle of Oriskany. One day at dinner in Washington some reference was made to the battle of Saratoga as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, when my friend, Judge Campbell, called attention to the importance of the battle of Oriskany, and its effect upon the result at Saratoga.

Then for the first time I properly understood how the third of the great movements which comprised the British plan for separating and subjugating the colonies — a plan ably conceived, and so far triumphantly executed — had been frustrated by the courage and tenacity and devotion of the men of the Mohawk valley.

I subsequently sought — as Judge Campbell had sought some years before — to obtain from Congress a suitable appropriation to carry into effect the resolution of the Continental Congress directing the erection of a monument to the memory of General Herkimer. I regret that my effort was not successful. I trust that your celebration of that important engagement will furnish the occasion for another and more successful movement in that regard.

When we recall the power and influence, the wealth and numbers of New York — when we remember that she has a population of over five millions of people, that she stands far away the first of all the States in her capital, in her commerce,

in her exchanges, and is even first in the value of her manufactures, and in the value of her agricultural products as well, it is, indeed, difficult to realize that within a period but little more than the life-time of some now here, she was a poor colony of less than 200,000 people, inferior in numbers and importance to Virginia, or Pennsylvania, or Massachusetts, or North Carolina.

This prodigious growth she owes in part to her possession of the only great water way between the ocean and the lakes, and in part to her great seaport and to her central position between New England and the South, which have given her people a vast commerce and developed in them a great activity, and at the same time a large liberality of thought and opinion.

But holding this great natural way within her borders it was early foreseen what greatness was in store for her. She might have kept aloof from the revolutionary struggle to which many of her people were opposed, and seated upon this highway she might have levied tolls upon the rising traffic between the seaboard and the West, until she had amassed riches beyond the tales of the Orient. But she preferred — with a liberality which Sparks, the historian, has said was almost without precedent in history—rather to cast in her lot with her sister colonies, and bear her share in the common struggle and the common risk. And although her commissioners had no authority to join in the Declaration of Independence, it was no sooner communicated to her provincial Legislature then assembled at White Plains, than they at once adopted and proclaimed it.

How large a share in the struggles, the burdens, and the trials of this nation since then New York has had we all know. Is it too much to say that no one of the great crises to which the republic has been exposed would have been successfully and triumphantly passed had not New York been on the side that prevailed? To-day, while she is first of all the States in wealth, in prosperity, and in financial power, if she is not first in her influence in the councils of the nation, it is, I think, because her representatives have failed to appreciate the necessity and the advantage of combination and of union there. One of the most prominent statesmen of the time — himself from New England — said to me not long ago, that "if New York only sent her best men to the national councils and kept them there, and they were united, she might dictate the policy of the United States; that lying as she did between the extremities of the country, in territory and opinion, and with her all-reaching traffic and capital, she might, by proper concert among her people, control ideas as well as trade, and give direction to the legislation of the country."

For myself, then, I welcome every occasion which recalls the sufferings and sacrifices, and the dignity and prosperity of this State. I have, perhaps, overmuch pride in her character and history. There has always been, as it seems to me, a high purpose and a noble liberality in the conduct of New York. Hers were among the first declarations for individual liberty and for the right of the colonies to regulate their local affairs; hers has been always a most earnest devotion to national unity; hers the justest and most catholic course, whether in her treatment of her own people, of strangers coming within her borders, or of her sister States; hers indeed always a large and generous spirit which, it seems to me, may well be emulated.

We do well, then, to renew the memory of our fathers' days — days of want and trial, of courage and devotion, to recall, in these times of luxury and extravagance and speculation, their steadiness, and thrift, and economy, and industry; here upon the field of one of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution to remember their courage and sacrifices, as only a few days since at Kingston we had occasion

to recall their wisdom and judgment and State craft. We do well also to realize how largely and wisely they builded, and how great and noble has become the State which they founded; and, grateful for her past prosperity and worthy history, to resolve to carry forward her greatness, to foster the well being of her people, and their pride in and devotion to the State; so that she may always be found in the van of this great nation — first in numbers, in wealth, in power and in virtue.

At the close of his speech three cheers were proposed for Mr. POTTER, and were given with a hearty good will. Rev. Dr. HAVEN, Chancellor of Syracuse University, was then introduced.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. HAVEN.

One hundred years ago to-day on these grounds was fought a desperate contest. It requires some power of imagination to reproduce the scene. The population of the United States was not then much more than half as great as the present population of the State of New York. The population of New York then was not equal to a single county now. The region round about this spot was mostly a wilderness and a swamp. A few hardy adventurers had found their way to these regions. North of us, along Lake George and by the tributaries of the Hudson, was General Burgoyne, with a thoroughly disciplined army of about 8,000 men, accompanied with thousands of Indians and a few American tories.

West of us, making their way from Oswego toward Fort Stanwix, were Colonel St. Leger and a company of infantry and some eight hundred Indians, and a number of tories, and some regular British soldiery. General Herkimer and about eight hundred American militia hastily armed, were on their way to aid the Americans in Fort Stanwix. All at once, without a moment's warning, they were attacked by the British and Indian foes and a desperate hand to hand conflict followed. Nearly half the Americans fell. General Herkimer himself was wounded, and leaning against a stump cheered on his men. They sold their lives dearly. In the meantime Colonel Willet sallied out of the Fort with two hundred men and destroyed the Indian camp. The darkness of night ended the conflict.

It looked like a success to the British, but it was really a success to the Americans. The British and Indians were both disheartened. They stormed Fort Stanwix but failed, and within two weeks retreated from this part of the State, and in a short time the whole of Burgoyne's army, wearied by failures and beaten on the battle-field, surrendered their arms.

The battle of Oriskany was really one, and a most important one, in the many stubborn conflicts which led to the surrender of Burgoyne, and the discomfiture of the British in the general plan to sweep down from the north, and meet their forces under Howe and Clinton, in New York city, and thus hold the entire country.

The sun has witnessed on this planet many battles. This earth has drunk the blood, and this air has dissolved the corpses of more men and women and children slain by the red hand of war, than now walk or breathe on its surface. Yes, enough, were they resurrected, to populate the earth far more densely than now, to fill every city and to break the silence of every desert with the hum of conversa-

tion and the noise of busy life. If men should celebrate only the centennials of all the battles as great as Oriskany, all mankind would have nothing else to do — except, perhaps, occasionally to break into a new fight to keep up the supply. Why, then, celebrate the centennial of Oriskany?

The value of battles is not to be estimated by their magnitude. There have been contests of large armies, ending in the carnage and death of uncounted thousands, when the object of neither party rose higher than plunder, and when to a wise and impartial observer in the heavens, it would have been a matter of perfect indifference which should gain the victory. All through the days of ancient history a great majority of wars have been waged on the principle that might makes right, and that the physically strong need make no apology for enslaving the weak. The walls of Babylon were cemented with human blood. The Macedonian empire was a hasty conglomerate structure, thrown up by an invading army. Rome sent her standards to the ends of the earth that all provinces might furnish fields for plunder to the chief families of the city. The wars of modern Europe have been struggles to prevent despotism by maintaining a balance of power.

War without just cause is wholesale murder. War that could well have been avoided is criminal manslaughter.

But there have been times when men have been compelled to die — to become slaves — or to arm themselves, submit to discipline and smite down the opposers at the risk of their own lives — and then war becomes just and noble, and the men who show wisdom and bravery and perseverance deserve the plaudits of their fellows, and the eulogy of posterity.

Such was the war of the Israelites for the defense of their country against Rome; such was the war of Great Britain when invaded by France and Spain, and such was the war of our fathers when an attempt was made by the most powerful nation of the earth to rob them of their ancestral privileges and reduce them to vassalage and shame. The battle of Oriskany was not a great battle; but a small sharp blow, well directed between the eyes of an unjust foe, well deserves to be remembered.

For what did our fathers fight? For what did our mothers run the bullets in their homely molds, take down the muskets and putting them into the hands of their husbands and sons, say with tears in their eyes, but courage in their hearts— "Go and drive away the invading foe?"

Did our fathers fight for wages, for bounty, for plunder? Their wages would not meet their immediate wants. Their uniform was rags. There was nothing to plunder in their own half-wilderness home.

They fought for principle. They fought for self-defense. They fought for the freedom which their own ancestors had obtained by immigration to the new world, and had transmitted to them.

It has been asserted by some loose thinkers that the American Revolution was a rebellion, and that Washington was only a successful rebel. This is a libel on history. It is less than half a truth, and, therefore, in effect a total lie. In the beginning of the contest Great Britain rebelled. A solemn compact had been made with the thirteen colonies, one by one, when they were founded, that they should have the right of self-government. This contract was broken by Great Britain. She annulled the charters under which our fathers had been allured into the wilderness. Great Britain and France had waged a fierce contest in which France lost her American colonies, and then the English colonies in America were unjustly called upon to pay a part of the expense. They declined, unless their

own representatives could determine what should be paid and how it should be collected. Their rights were sacrificed. An irrepealable contract was annulled. They were treated as slaves, not as Englishmen. Foreign armies were hired to fight against them. The Indian savages were bribed and coaxed to attack them, and the feeble thirteen colonies found themselves alone in the world, unprotected, unaided. France had not yet come to their help.

Then there was but one alternative — submission, which meant slavery; or resistance, which was called rebellion, but which was really a war for original rights.

Let us not think harshly of the cousins of our grandparents, who lived across the Atlantic ocean. There was a much wider gulf between the government and the people of Great Britain in 1777, than now in 1877. Then the government was a small aristocracy and the mass of the people were unrepresented. The great body of the intelligent people of Great Britain sympathized with the American Colonists. Since that time the English people have passed through a greater revolution at home than the American people did in the war of 1776. Why, even fifty years after the American Revolution the people were in a state of semi-servitude. As a proof of it, let me quote only one sentence from an interesting book just published: The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, by his nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan, M. P., p. 150: "At that time (1830), the press was gagged in England and throttled in Scotland. Every speech or sermon or pamphlet, from the substance of which a crown lawyer could torture a semblance of sedition, sent its author to the jail, the hulks or the pillory."

Fifty years before this time, that is in 1777, the French people, the German people, the Italian people, as well as the Russian people were serfs, and the English people but little better.

That series of little battles, of which Oriskany was one, was fought not merely for America, but for all mankind. It was to maintain the compact of England with the people, for the advantage of the people. Hitherto, sovereigns when in danger would make great promises to the people, but when in safety forget them. The American people were determined that the old compact should be kept. It is an oft quoted proverb:

> "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
> But when the devil was well, the devil a monk was he!"

So when the kings were sick, the kings very kind would be; but when the kings got well — there was a new reckoning!

War is usually founded on an awful mistake. So was it in this case. Great Britain did not know her own colonists. She undervalued them. She practically despised them. She thought them half-civilized or less. She expected with a small, compact, and a well trained army to walk through America from Canada to South Carolina, like a housewife sweeping a kitchen.

Burgoyne was a scholar, and a gentleman, and a brave soldier. He did splendid service for his country before he came to America and afterward. Americans can respect him. But his proclamation made while in command of the British army in America, which surrendered to Gates, was so inflated and bombastic as to remind us of the military bulletins of Turkey or Mexico, or of the declaration made by the king of Dahomey with a trumpet after his dinner, that all the rest of the world may now eat, their master having dined!

Let me quote a few words to verify my criticism:

"At the head of troops in the full powers of health, discipline and valor, determined to strike when necessary," etc.

"Let not people be led to disregard it by considering their distance from the immediate situation of my camp. I have but to give stretch to the Indian forces under my direction, and they amount to thousands, to overtake the hardened enemies of Great Britain," etc.

But again I say, friends, let us have no hard words for the British people of that day. They and our fathers were of one bone and of one flesh. It was simply the lot of our fathers to fight the battle for the whole of their race, and for all mankind. Had they fallen, the hands on the dial of human history would have stopped — nay, been thrust backward more than a century. They succeeded, and all Europe lifted herself up from her abasement, and a many-tongued shout of exultation arose from her people. The star spangled banner took its place among the flags of the nations — representing not despotism, but freedom and a country, first in liberty, and first in progress among the nations of the earth. It is the flag of hope and the flag of promise. It is the ensign of freedom and universal suffrage. Thank God it does not float over a slave, nor over a man not permitted to vote — except he be a violator of the law.

Who were the people upon whom God had imposed this responsibility? By a sifting process the strongest and best specimens of European people were selected and brought to these shores. The religious, the freedom-loving, the adventurous, the strong. They were poor. They lived in log houses and ate from wooden dishes, and their food was primitive and coarsely cooked. They were clad in homespun and with little variety. Pianos were unknown. Spinning wheels were universal. Mowing machines had never been heard of, but sickles were in common use. Wooden ploughs and hand flails helped develop the muscles of the men, and the only sewing machines were vitalized by good human souls, and the men particularly liked to call them their own.

But beneath the rustic simplicity of those days might be seen the truest manhood and womanhood on earth. The men governed the State and the women presided in the family.

A township is the mother of the State, and the family is the primordial element or nucleus of the township.

In 1777, the American people were undoubtedly the best educated and the most religious population on the face of the round earth. One who could not read and write was as rare as an idiot — and indeed, the two were regarded about as one. The school-house and the meeting-house were as universal as the fire-place or the table or any other essential thing. It was a Bible-respecting people. It was a self-respecting people. Such a people cannot consent to yield the God-given privileges of their fathers.

But, friends, the battles were fought and the victory won before we came on the stage of action. Some of us can remember the stories we heard in our childhood from the lips of the old veterans, who seemed to our eyes and ears to belong to another race of men — among us, but not of us. Some of them were poorly clad; some of them, I am sorry to say, did not seem to be wholly ignorant of the nature and effects of hard cider and New England rum. But whether poor or rich, privates or officers, how we used to venerate them, and love to gather around them to hear their thousand time told tales! They were regarded not merely as soldiers, but as saviors; not merely as conquerors, but creators of liberty and life.

It seems so reasonable that a people should choose their own rulers and make their own laws, that it may be fancied that it would have been brought about had Americans not declared and earned their independence. But it surpasses human sagacity to see how it could have been done. After the American Revolution came the fierce and original French Revolution, which shattered the most terrible despotism of earth into fragments that can never be gathered; the quiet English Revolution that has made the limited monarchy of Great Britain almost as free as a republic; revolutions in Italy and Austria and in other lands — and to-day, everywhere the peoples are maintaining that all governments proceed from them and are established for their welfare.

But have we not a work at home to do? What mean these thunder murmurings of a contest, not between labor and capital, but between laborers and the employers of laborers? Statesmen must not quietly assume that "whatever is, is right." The strongest government in the world is a republic, but no government on earth can always repress disorder if the great majority believe that they are wronged. It is a time then for sober thought.

Every generation has its own work. We cannot live by eulogizing our fathers and mothers. Our eyes are not in the backs of our heads. Let us build the monuments of the dead, but let us be quick about it, and spend the most of the time and the most of our money in building houses for the living. "A living dog is better than a dead lion." But let us raise living lions. The intellect of our statesmen should be employed, not in defending the past, but in devising means whereby the present can be improved. Let the American Republic be alive and progressive alike in every part, so that the Bunker Hills and Benningtons and Oriskanies and Saratogas of all time may tell the same story of devotion to principle, to freedom and to right.

At the close of Dr. HAVEN's address, three rousing cheers were given for the speaker, and cries of "good, capital," were heard on every side.

Hon. SAMUEL EARL, of Herkimer, was the next speaker introduced. He prefaced his speech by the remark that in order to be heard well and properly, he would need a voice equal to that of all the Indians and artillery here congregated one hundred years ago.

ADDRESS OF HON. SAMUEL EARL

We have assembled here to-day, upon this historic ground, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the Oriskany battle; and to do honor, also, to the memory of the patriots of the Mohawk Valley, by whose valor and indomitable courage the battle was won. And as a descendant of one of the prominent actors in that fierce and terrible struggle, I take especial pride in joining with you in doing honor to the memory and brave achievements of our patriotic ancestors, who met upon these grounds the cruel and merciless invaders of their soil, and drove them back. To many of you it must be especially interesting, as I confess

it is to me, to view the grounds where, amid the horrid din of savage warfare and savage butchery, your ancestors and mine fought undismayed one of the most important battles in the War of the Revolution.

It was here, upon this spot, that the first great blow was struck, and check given to the grand scheme, inaugurated by the tory ministry of Great Britain for the campaign of 1777, which was intended and expected to accomplish the complete and final subjugation of the American colonies. The scheme was a grand one, and well planned, and it appeared to those planning it and to those intrusted to carry it out, that it would certainly succeed. It was confidently expected that the means set in motion for the campaign of that year would be fully adequate to the task of successfully crushing out the rebellion of the colonies. The plan, in short, was to put in motion a large and overpowering force, well equipped and supplied with materials of war, from different points, under different leaders, and all destined to meet at the same point, which was Albany. St. Leger and his forces were to proceed by way of Oswego to the Mohawk Valley, and thence to Albany, while at the same time General Burgoyne and his army were to proceed by way of Lake Champlain, and join St. Leger at Albany, and to meet there also Sir Henry Clinton, who was to arrive with his forces from New York, by way of the Hudson river. The plan was, by this campaign, to divide the colonies — to cut off New York and New England from the colonies south, and by that means to crush out the spirit of liberty at the north, and finally overpower the colonies south. The success of the campaign would most likely have changed the tide of our affairs. But the expeditions all failed, and the first great blow to that well planned campaign was given upon the spot where we are assembled to-day. That blow was struck by the patriotic militia of Tryon county, under their brave General, Nicholas Herkimer.

It will be remembered that the year 1777 found the inhabitants of the Mohawk Valley desponding and despairing of success. Many of the hitherto ardent supporters of the patriot cause favored giving up the contest. They had endured the struggle for two years, and their first ardor for the cause of liberty had, in a measure, died out; and in all parts of the valley there were disaffected persons. Many had laid down their arms and renewed their allegiance to the crown, and become loyalists. While many others had taken their arms and gone over to the enemy, and become the cruel tories of the Revolution. This defection to the cause of liberty was confined to no particular locality; it divided neighborhoods and even families — brothers and parents often took different sides, and throughout Tryon county there were more or less of tory adherents — of tory sympathy, and of tory hopes and expectations. All this led to frequent outbursts of passion and exasperated feelings between the inhabitants, entertaining different political views and opposing sympathies — and as well may be supposed, an intense feeling of hatred and animosity soon grew up between the inhabitants thus situated, and ties of former friendships, and of consanguinity even, were obliterated and lost amid the savage feeling, suspicions and want of charity engendered between the parties. Just at this time, and when the feeling to which I have referred was at its height, and when many of the bravest men in the valley of the Mohawk began to feel that it was useless to prolong the struggle, St. Leger made his appearance at Oswego, with the motley forces under his command, amounting to about two thousand. The appearance of this formidable force at Oswego, and its destination were no sooner made known to General Herkimer, and to the Committee of

Safety of Tryon county, than he issued a stirring proclamation to the people of the county, well calculated to arouse their faltering patriotism, and to dismay the disaffected. It concluded in these well chosen words: "Not doubting that the Almighty power, upon our humble prayers and sincere trust in Him, will then generously succor our arms in battle for our just cause; and victory cannot fail on our side." It had its intended effect and was responded to by the militia of Tryon county in the same patriotic spirit in which it was issued by their brave and patriotic general. But it must not be understood that all to whom it was addressed obeyed its call or flew to his standard — far from it. Many, and some even of the brave general's own family relatives sought the standard of St. Leger. It is certain that one brother at least had gone over to the enemy, and that an influential brother-in-law was then with St. Leger, and that other near and influential relatives were then open enemies of the patriot cause. But by his exertions, and at his command there assembled at Fort Dayton, now Herkimer village, by the fourth of August, 1777, about eight hundred militia, with their officers, taken from the whole body of the county, from Schenectady westward; and there also the Committee of Safety for Tryon county met and joined the militia. That was their appointed place of rendezvous, and there they met for the well-understood purpose of marching at once to the relief of Fort Stanwix — which, as they were informed, was then invested by St. Leger, with a superior force. They understood that unless relief came, and came quickly, the beleaguered garrison would surrender, and that with its surrender their homes would be sacked by a ruthless and savage enemy, in a victorious march down the Mohawk Valley. This the brave militia and their officers, and the members of the Committee of Safety, who volunteered to accompany them, well understood. And they felt and understood also the supreme urgency of immediately marching to the relief of the fort. The stirring proclamation which had been issued to them, and the appeals of the Committee of Safety, all meant haste to go to the relief of the fort — haste to strike a blow which would turn back the invaders of their soil — and in haste they marched from their place of rendezvous on the fourth of August. They marched with alacrity and with resolute hearts, yearning to drive back the enemy and save their homes from pillage and fire. Their route lay on the north side of the river as far as Utica, where they crossed, and on the night of the fifth they encamped at or near the present site of Whitestown — and there, on the morning of the sixth, occurred the scene between the brave General and some of his officers and members of the Committee of Safety, which is so well known to history. And we do well to-day, as we look back to that period when so many and so great dangers threatened the lives and the homes of our patriotic ancestors, to consider, as well as we can, the situation just as it was, and as it appeared to them, and then to say in our hearts whether they were not right, as they saw the situation, in demanding that they should be led on to meet the enemy. Their general, who had up to this time been urging haste, now proposed to wait for reinforcements; and a counsel of officers and of the members of the Committee of Safety was held, at which the question of delay was vehemently discussed. None can say that the advice of General Herkimer was not, to say the least, prudent; and none ought to say that it was prompted by any thing less than a proper regard for the safety of his neighbors and friends who so promptly answered to his call; and none can say that it was through cowardice or treachery that he preferred to wait for reinforcements. It was seemingly well to do so, as Arnold was at that moment on his way with ample force to join him. But the brave men who dis-

agreed with him, and insisted in such strong language that the onward movement should be made at once, acted in good faith, and from what appeared to them a necessity. They started out to relieve a fort greatly imperilled, and to them it seemed that they should not halt until they had accomplished their purpose. They could not understand why they should wait for reinforcements. They felt and believed they were fully able to successfully cope with the enemy, and were ready to do it. It was unjust, however, to assail the motives of their General because he felt it prudent to wait to be reinforced; and yet when we consider that there were assembled the very best men of the valley, the safest and most intelligent advisers, fathers, sons and brothers who had left their homes and their families unprotected in the rear, we can well see, that as they looked upon themselves, they saw no need of reinforcements. They felt strong enough, and they were strong enough to drive back the enemy, and they were ready to do it, and to do it at once. The subject of delaying was a surprise to them, and they could not understand it in their impatience to save the fort, so important in the defense of their homes. The intelligent members of the Committee of Safety, and the officers there assembled, doubtless knew of the defection of many of the brave General's near relatives, and the fact that some of them were then with St. Leger. To them, in view of all the circumstances, the proposed delay seemed unwise and cowardly. Their impatience could not be restrained by the General, and he gave the command to march, which was instantly obeyed, not by cowards, but by brave, determined and earnest men. In my judgment there was no mistake made in giving the command. It was proper to do so. The mistake made was that the line of march was not formed with such precautions against surprises of the enemy as should have been taken. Who was to blame for this, it is now impossible to tell. We cannot and dare not charge the blame upon the brave General, for we do not know what his orders were upon this subject. But this is certain, that the necessary military precautions against a surprise were for some cause omitted, and to this must we attribute the fearful havoc and loss of life, which that eventful day witnessed upon these historic grounds. That nothing was lost or omitted through cowardice or treachery on the part of the brave General or the officers under him, is equally certain. They were all brave.

The misfortune to the rear guard under Colonel Visscher could not have been prevented by any exertions within his power. They could not, from their position, be looking for surprises, except from the rear. They were the rear guard behind the baggage and ammunition wagons — upon the first assault he and his brave men were cut off from the main body, and between him and the rest of the little army the road, a narrow causeway, was completely blocked up and made impassable, in consequence of the teams and wagons being thrown into inextricable confusion. Thus situated the rear guard was assailed with a superior force upon disadvantageous ground, and routed. No bravery could have prevented the misfortune. The trap set for General Herkimer's forces was sprung, and it struck with terrific force the rear, which was soon thrown into confusion and driven back in disorder. This, under the circumstances, it would seem was inevitable.

I do not believe, and I cannot believe, as has been asserted, that General Herkimer was apprised in advance of the ambuscade which awaited him, and that he expected it here upon this spot on his way to the fort. This is incredible, as it cannot be supposed that the general would have neglected to make ample provision for it. It would have been discreditable in him not to have provided for any emergency of that kind of which he had notice, even though he were forced by

his turbulent officers to give the order to march on against his better judgment. But he had no notice. It was a surprise, planned by St. Leger, and the execution of it placed mainly in the hands of Sir John Johnson, and of that cunning and savage Indian warrior, Joseph Brant. But the question here occurs, how did St. Leger know (for he did know) of the march of the force under General Herkimer for the relief of Fort Stanwix? He knew just when the relieving force left Fort Dayton, and what its strength was. Molly Brant, who had been the faithful Indian wife of Sir William Johnson, was the person who sent the intelligence to St. Leger's camp of General Herkimer's approach. She was the sister of Joseph Brant, the celebrated Indian chief who had command of the Indians. She was a remarkable woman, Indian though she was. It was through her sagacity and influence that Sir William Johnson, with whom she had lived, as his wife, for upward of twenty years, acquired and maintained, to the time of his death, such a controlling influence over the Six Nations. Upon his death she was obliged to leave Johnson Hall, where she had been so long mistress, and returned to live with her own tribe, at the Indian castle on the south side of the Mohawk, about two miles below the residence of General Herkimer. Her keen eye saw every thing that was going on, and she secretly sent an Indian in advance to apprise St. Leger of General Herkimer and his forces going to the relief of Fort Stanwix. By this timely information Sir John Johnson and the Indians had leisure to prepare the ambuscade which here took place. But she paid dearly, as subsequent events proved, for giving the information which cost so many lives of the best men in the upper valley of the Mohawk.

General Herkimer could not have known — and did not know that his march was to be intercepted at this place, otherwise he would have prevented the surprise which led to so great a slaughter of his neighbors and cost him his own life. Colonel Claus, the son-in-law of Sir William Johnson, and who was with St. Leger's forces, wrote to the British Secretary of War under date of October 16, 1777, as follows:

"The 5th of August, in the afternoon, accounts were brought by Indians sent by Joseph's sister (Molly) from Canajoharie, that a body of rebels were on their way and would be within ten or twelve miles of our camp that night. A detachment of about 400 Indians was ordered to reconnoiter the enemy. Sir John Johnson asked leave to join his company of light infantry and head the whole, which was granted. Colonel Butler and other Indian officers were ordered with the Indians."

On November 6, 1777, Colonel Claus wrote to the Secretary as follows:

"The Indian action near Fort Stanwix, happening near a settlement of Oneida Indians in the rebel's interest, who were at the same time in arms against our party, the Six Nations Indians, after the action, burnt their houses, destroyed their field-crops and killed and carried away their cattle. This the rebel Oneidas, after our retreat, revenged upon Joseph's sister and her family (living in the upper Mohawk town) on Joseph's account, robbing them of cash, clothes, cattle, &c., and driving them from their home; then proceeded to the Mohawk's town and dealt in the same manner with the poor women and children whose husbands were in the king's service. Joseph's sister and family fled to Onondaga, the council place of the Six Nations, laying her grievances before that body. The Six Nations, with whom she had always had a great sway during the late Sir William Johnson's life-time, and even now — and I understand the Six Nations to render her satisfaction by committing hostilities upon that tribe of Oneida rebels that committed the outrages."

It will be seen by the testimony here furnished just how the intelligence of Herkimer's advance reached St. Leger's camp before Fort Stanwix, and that the result of that intelligence was the ambuscade by the Indians under Brant, and by the British regulars and tories under Sir John Johnson. Here the blow was

struck, which, while it was at the sacrifice of many lives of the wisest and best men in the valley of the Mohawk, staid the enemy in their progress, and finally resulted in their hasty flight to Canada. It was a terrible blow to the enemy, and while the check here given to them was cause of great thankfulness on the part of the liberty loving people of the valley, yet it brought sadness to many a heart by the loss of parents, sons and brothers. The noble and brave-hearted General Herkimer was among those who made upon these fields at that time the sacrifice of their lives. His life went out nobly and bravely for his country's cause.

General Nicholas Herkimer was the oldest son of John Jost Herkimer, who was among the first to settle upon the German Flats. He was a German, as were all the first settlers. They emigrated from a district of country in Germany, called the Lower Palatinate, on the Rhine, and were called Palatines. The story of their coming to America, and of their wanderings until they settled down on the patent which was granted to them in 1725, is an interesting one, but not important to be given here. They styled themselves high Germans, and were Lutherans. The patent of land granted to them extended on both sides of the river from the Little Falls, westward as far as Frankfort, and was divided into narrow lots facing the river. John Jost Herkimer drew and first lived upon lot No. 36, on the south side of the river. This lot is now owned by James H. Steele, Esq., and George H. Orendorf, and is distant about one-half a mile below the old stone church. Here General Herkimer was doubtless born soon after his father had established his home upon the lot. And upon that lot, and in that vicinity, he spent the days of his childhood and of his youth, following the vocation of a farmer's boy. The house in which he was reared survived the Revolution, and was the only house to which the torch was not applied when the destruction of the settlement in that vicinity took place in the War of the Revolution. This house stood on the easterly side of a knoll projecting beyond the foot of the hill, and near a small rivulet of pure water. The old house, built in primitive style, remained standing until about twenty-five years ago, and there is nothing now to indicate where it stood, save the cavity of the cellar, and that is nearly obliterated. The time will soon come when there will be nothing left to indicate the spot where the brave hero sported when a child and grew to manhood. As early at least as 1730 there was a school-house in which there was a school kept upon or near the site of the old church, which is distant about half a mile from where this house stood. And it is a notable fact that upon the same spot there has been a school-house and a public school kept from that time down to the present. It is altogether probable that at the school kept at this place the young patriot received all the education he ever got in school — which is known to have been limited, and was in German. The only language spoken at the German Flats at that time, or heard from the pulpit, was the German, and in this he was instructed, as I have seen his writing in the German language. At the church, near by his father's residence, he was instructed in the catechism, and there he was taught in the Holy Scriptures, with which he showed himself so familiar in his dying hour. His father was a prominent and influential man among the German settlers. In the church, which was erected upon the site of the present old stone church, he was a leading spirit, as appears from records still in existence. In 1751, when it was proposed to erect a new edifice in the place of the old one, we find him addressing, as sole petitioner, the Colonial Governor, the following petition for a license to circulate a subscription in aid of the church:

To his Excellency, the Honorable George Clinton, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the province of New York and Territories thereon depending in America, Vice-Admiral of the same, and Admiral of the White Squadron of his Majesty's Fleet:

The humble petition of Johan Joost Hercheimer, of Burnet's Field, in the County of Albany, yeoman, in behalf of himself and the rest of the inhabitants, High Germans living there, humbly sheweth:

That your petitioner and sundry other High Germans, to the number of one hundred families and upwards, at present resident at Burnet's Field, in this province, propose, with your Excellency's permission, to erect a Stone Church on the South side of the River, upon a convenient spot of ground already purchased by the Inhabitants, for the Worship of Almighty God, according to the discipline of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church. But finding themselves unable alone to finish and complete the same, your petitioner, therefore, in behalf of the said Inhabitants, humbly prays your Excellency will be favourably pleased to grant a Brief or Lycense to crave the voluntary assistance and contribution of all well disposed persons within this province, for completing the said structure, altogether intended for Divine Worship.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray, &c.

JOHAN JOOST HERCHEIMER.

Fort George,
in
New York.
October 6, 1751.
Be it so.
G. CLINTON.

And at a later day, the building of the church having been interrupted by the French and Indian war, we find him chosen as one of the committee to circulate the subscription, but in consequence of infirmities of age he declined and deputed another in his place. The original appeal is in the following language:

To ALL Christian People to whom this shall come, Whereas, the inhabitants on the south side of the River of Burnet's Field, on the German Flatts, whereas, we are about to erect a Church wherein the High Dutch Language in the Protestant way should be preached. Before the late war, and when the war begun, we was obliged to leave off building, and in the war everything was discharged, as we were desirous to have a place of worship, we have begun to build a Church, but we found ourselfs not able to finish the same, occasioned by the troubles we had in the war, that is to say, all our Houses and Barns, with all we had in them, were burnt, and our Horses and Cattles were killed and taken away, and a great many of our People taken Prisoners by the Enemy, which has unabled us to finish the Church. For them Reasons we have desired two of our members, that is to say, Johan Jost Herkemer and Hendrick Bell to try to collect some money of all good people to enable us to have our Church finished, and we hope all good people will take our cause in consideration, as we have no place of Worship now but a small Log House.

We are, in behalf of the Congregation and ourselfs, Gentlemen,

Your Most Humble Servants,

AUGUSTENIS HESS,
RODOLF SCHOMAKER,
PETER VOLS.

N. B.—I, being old and unable, I therefore send Peter Vols to do the business of collecting for me.

JOHANN JOST HERCHHEIMER, *Just.*

John Jost Herkimer, the father of our hero, was then old. He had become wealthy, and was possessed of various large tracts of land, and had numerous chattels, including negro slaves. He had a large family of children, five sons and eight daughters. At an early day, and before the French and Indian war, and while his children were yet young, he built a stone mansion about three-fourths of a mile west of his first location. This was built a little distance above the old stone church, and it was afterward, and before the year 1756, included within the fort called "Fort Herkimer." It was finely and eligibly located upon the bank of the river, overlooking it and the beautiful valley for some distance both above and below. At that time, and until long after the revolution, the river was

the great thoroughfare for trade and commerce, and often presented a gay and lively appearance, with its batteaux floating upon its surface, laden with merchandise. To the west of the mansion stood "Fort Dayton," about a mile and a half distant, on the opposite side of the river. Between these forts, and diagonally across the flats, ran a road then and still called the "King's road," and almost in a straight line. This road was the only direct line of communication between the forts, and it was then and for a long time afterward used as a public highway.

A plan of the fort surrounding the Herkimer Mansion, as made in 1756, may be seen in 2d. vol. of Doc. Hist. of New York, at page 732, and in Benton's History, at page 52. The house referred to in this plan was the Herkimer Mansion. A description of the house and fort may be found in 1st vol. Doc. Hist. of New York, at page 527. Here it is altogether probable the General lived until his father conveyed to him the five hundred acres whereon he built his fine residence on the south bank of the river, below the Little Falls. This conveyance was made in 1760. The Herkimer Mansion was originally built for a store, and was used as a depot for supplies to Oswego. We may infer from this fact that the General was engaged in traffic at Fort Herkimer, prior to the French war, with his father, and that the wealth and early prosperity of the family may be thus accounted for. And to this, also, may be attributed the fact that he became so generally and favorably known throughout the colony.

This fort was garrisoned, and served as a protection to the inhabitants on the south side of the river, at the time of the French and Indian invasion, and also during the War of the Revolution. It is supposed that the General was in command of the fort in 1758, as senior officer, under his commission as lieutenant in Captain Wormwood's company.

The house continued to be occupied by the Herkimer family until some time after the Revolution, when it, and so far as I can ascertain, all the Herkimer property at the German Flats fell into other hands. The house began soon to show signs of neglect and decay; and, as I remember it, it was an old, neglected and dilapidated stone house, which looked as if it had gone through several wars. It was taken down to make way for the enlarged Erie canal about 1841, and not a vestige of it is left to indicate its sight or its former splendor.

John Jost Herkimer, as I have said, was a prominent and prosperous man. He had great influence over the German population in the upper valley of the Mohawk, and his sons, and particularly the General, shared his influence over his German neighbors. And I hazard nothing in saying that there was not a Palatine descendant in the valley who possessed the confidence and respect of the German inhabitants equal to that possessed by General Herkimer. It is quite certain, also, that next to the family of Sir William Johnson, the Herkimer family was the most prosperous and influential in the valley. The eight daughters of the old patriot were all married, and their husbands were all leading and influential men. Among them I may mention Rev. Abraham Rosecrants, Hendrick Frey, Colonel Peter Bellinger and George Henry Bell, names for a long time potent in the valley. The father of this large family, and of our brave hero, died at his residence August, 1775, and was doubtless buried in the churchyard near by. He made his will April 5, 1771, which I find to have been witnessed by my grandfather, Doctor William Petry, who was his family physician. His will shows that he was possessed of a large estate, and the first bequest in it is to the General, in the following language: "I give unto my eldest son, Nicholas Herkimer, the sum of ten shillings in right of primogeniture."

In the next clause of his will he makes ample provision for his wife, and he declares it is his pleasure that his beloved wife, Catharine, shall remain sole and absolute mistress of whatever estate he may die possessed of, real and personal, during her natural life. He then makes a liberal provision for his son John, who is supposed to have been feeble in body and mind, giving him the farm upon which was the family residence, and one hundred acres of land adjoining in addition thereto — two of his best negroes and a good outfit of stock and utensils for the farm — to take possession on the death of his wife. And he provided that in case this son should die unmarried or without issue, the estate given him should go to his next heir by the name of Herkimer; and he provided that John also should not sell any part of the estate given him without the consent of his executors. The only other provision of the will which I deem it important to notice is contained in the following clause: "I give and devise unto my loving son, George, and his heirs forever, that lot whereon he now lives, commonly known and distinguished by the name Lot No. 36." And here I will recall the fact that Lot No. 36 is the same upon which the old patriarch first settled, and where he resided until he built the stone house, and where, in all probability, all his children were born. He, doubtless, left this son to enjoy his old farm when he removed to his stone mansion in the fort. This son was a true patriot, and next to his brother, the General, was the most conspicuous of the family in the revolutionary contest. He was a leading member of the Tryon County Committee of Safety, and was present with his heroic brother in the battle at this place. He died in 1786, leaving seven children, among whom was the Hon. John Herkimer, who became an active politician and was a member of Congress, elected in 1822. The second son of John Jost Herkimer was Henry, or Hendrick, as he was called. He resided with his father until a few years before the Revolution, when he removed with his family to lands given him by his father at the foot of Schuyler Lake, in Croghan's patent. He came back at the outbreak of the war, and at first went to Stone Arabia and remained with his brother-in-law, Rev. Abraham Rosecrants, a short time and then came to the Herkimer Mansion, where he died before the close of the Revolution. One of his sons, the eldest, it is said, went over to the enemy. He too was possessed of a large estate. He was a joint proprietor with his father, of the Fall Hill patent of 2,324 acres, granted in 1752. I have seen a copy of this son's will, made August 17, 1778, and I deem it important, for my present purpose, to call attention to the following extract only:

"I give and bequeath unto my eldest son, Hon Yost Herkimer, the sum of twenty shillings, New York currency, in right of primogeniture, and in case it should so happen that he becomes the heir to the estate of my father, Han Jost Herkimer, which is now in the possession of my brother, John Herkimer, in that case only he is to have one hundred acres of bush land left me by my father's will along with the said estate, but of his not becoming heir to the said estate then he is to have an equal third part of one thousand acres of land at the Lake Cananderago; part of a patent granted to George Croghan along with his two brothers, George and Abraham, to him and his heirs forever."

It will be seen by this extract of the will of Henry, that he supposed that a contingency might happen, whereby his eldest son should become the next heir by the name Herkimer, and take the estate under his father's will, which was given to his brother John. Descendants of Henry still reside on the ancestral lands at the foot of Schuyler Lake, and one of them, the venerable Timothy Herkimer, is here to-day to help celebrate the event which has made the name of Herkimer renowned in the annals of our local history. John, the brother of the General,

who enjoyed the Herkimer Mansion and lands connected with it, under the will of his father, died in 1817 without issue; and then the question arose who was entitled to the property under the will *as the next heir of the testator by the name of Herkimer*. This question went to the courts, and was determined in the case of *Jackson* v. *Bellinger*, reported in 18 Johnson's Report, at page 369. It was decided that the property, on the death of John, descended to his heirs-at-law according to the statute regulating descents. Upon this decision being rendered, all controversy as to the title was ended, and the property passed out of the name of Herkimer.

The remaining brother of the General, John Jost Herkimer, gave up the contest, went to Canada and took up arms against the colonies. He was attainted under the act of October 22, 1779, together with Sir John Johnson, and other leading tories of Tryon county, and lost his estate.

As to the eight daughters of the old patriarch it is sufficient to say that they were all respectably married, though the husbands of several of them became ardent tories in the Revolution, and by their influence and example did much to bring distress upon the patriotic inhabitants of the valley. I will not name them here. I will say, however, that among the descendants of the tory branches of the family are very many respected and highly honored citizens in our State.

But as to General Herkimer he had no descendants. He never had any children to inherit his virtues, or his good name and fame. Here upon these grounds he exhibited his true character and such virtues, that if he had left descendants worthy of his name, they would be proud to be here to-day, and witness the honor paid to his memory, and to the memory and achievements of the brave men who fought and died by his side.

The General was a kind-hearted and benevolent man and a good Christian neighbor. He was just such a character as would make him beloved by those who knew him. He was without guile or deceit, generous, brave and honest. Among his neighbors and where he was familiarly known he was called "Hannicol" Herkimer. He is called by that name in several places in the will of Sir William Johnson. The name "Hannicol," as is well known, is a nick-name for Nicholas among the Germans in the Mohawk Valley, and was at one time quite common. The General was popular among the German people. The mothers delighted in naming their sons after him, and he stood godfather at many a baptism of children, and in his will he does not overlook the little ones to whom he stood in that responsible and Christian relation.

It must be admitted that he was neither a great nor a skillful General. He had no education or experience for that accomplishment. He had, however, courage and calmness in the midst of the greatest danger. Such was his nature, that amidst the deafening yells of the savages, and while his friends and neighbors were falling around him like autumn leaves, he could remain cool and self-possessed. He was well known throughout the valley and was highly esteemed for the purity and unselfishness of his character. And he was prosperous and rich. His landed estate was large. He had a tenantry and slaves and money. His residence was the most costly and imposing in the upper Mohawk Valley, and is still standing. I should, perhaps, have stated before, that after the battle was ended, here on that ever memorable day one hundred years ago, Dr. Petry, one of the few survivors of the Committee of Safety, who were in that battle, although severely wounded himself, dressed the General's shattered leg on the field and saw

him placed on a litter and leave on his way home. This was the last time Dr. Petry saw him. He did not consider his wound necessarily dangerous, and had no thought of his dying. He often declared to his family and friends that the General's life was sacrificed by an unnecessary and unskillful amputation. Doctor Petry was one of the Committee of Safety, who at the consultation, on the fifth of August, strongly urged the onward movement; and I have no doubt, from what I have heard said of him, he did it in strong language. But I have no reason to doubt that the relations between him and the General remained friendly, and he doubtless would have gone home with the wounded General, had he not been himself disabled by a painful wound. The General was attended by a young surgeon who followed General Arnold up the valley, and who amputated his leg so unskillfully that he bled to death. I cannot better prove this, than by the following account, given by the surgeon who performed the operation:

Dear Doctor — Yesterday morning I amputated General Harcomer's leg, there not being left the prospect of recovery without it. But alas, the patriotic hero died in the evening — the cause of his death God only knows. About three hours before his departure he complained of pain. I gave him thirty drops of laudanum liquid and went to dress Mr. Pettery. I left him in as good a way as I could wish with Dr. Hastings to take care of him. When I returned I found him taking his last gasp, free from spasm and sensible. Nothing more surprised me, but we cannot always parry death, so there is an end of it.

General Arnold left yesterday morning with positive orders to follow him this evening or to-morrow morning. I sent for Scull to take care of the General and Pettery. He is just now arrived. I propose to have Pettery removed to Palatine, where Scull and two regimental mates will take care of him and the other wounded. This evening I will pursue General Arnold, and I suppose will overtake him at Fort Dayton. * * * * *

The place and hour of glory draws nigh. No news from Fort Schuyler. I am, dear doctor, your most obedient and humble servant, ROBERT JOHNSTON.

This letter was addressed to Dr. Jonathan Potts, director of the general hospital for the northern department.*

In his last moments the dying General showed himself to be, as he was, a Christian hero. Not a murmur or a word of complaint seems to have escaped his lips. He turned to his Bible, a familiar book to him, and sought therein consolation to a dying Christian. He gave up his noble life to his country when he was yet in full vigor of health and strength. He was about fifty-five years of age, not older, at the time of his death.

His will, which is dated February 7, 1777, is on file in the office of the clerk of the Court of Appeals. The provisions in it are numerous, and some of them quite interesting as well as characteristic of the brave and kind-hearted man. I will here give only that portion of it relating to his widow, which is in the following language:

Item. I give unto my said beloved wife for her sole property and disposal one of the young negro wenches, named Mya, about one and a half years old. And also I bequeath unto her, her heirs and assigns forever, a certain tract of land in George Clock's patent, containing one hundred acres of woodland, formerly conveyed by release by Severinus Tygert of Stonearaby dec'd unto my first married wife dec'd her heirs and assigns.

(Item. I give unto my said beloved wife Maria, upon this express condition and proviso, that she shall and will during her widowhood of me behave and conduct herself in chastity and other Christian manners, becoming to a decent and religious widow, further, the following devices in the following manner: That is to say, during the natural life of my said beloved wife, she shall have, posses, and enjoy, upon the performance of the heretofore reserved condition and proviso, the room in the north east corner of my present dwelling house, with all the furniture therein being at my disease, and one quarter of one acre in one of the gardens near the house to her choice, and also four apple trees to her choice, free pass and repassing unmolested to the said room, garden

* See New England Historical and General Register (1864), vol. 18, p. 31.

and apple trees, and free wood and water upon my said tenements to her use, one of the negro wenches to her choice, besides the above mentioned already devised unto her, her heirs and assigns. Also to her choice, one horse and one mare, two cows, six sheep, six hogs, three silver spoons, and four silver tea spoons, one half dozen China teacups and saucers, two pots, one copper kettle, two dishes, six pewter plates, four pewter spoons, two bowles, two pewter teapots, one trammel, one pair of andirons, one dozen knives and forks, one half dozen chairs, one table. The moiety of my linen and homespun store, and the other half to be divided by her among my black servants for their clothing, and all the women clothes left at my decease having been her wearing as well as of my first wife deceased ; all these to be and to hold for the use of her, her heirs and assigns upon the performance of the above express proviso and condition.)

But upon the true proof of her conduct against it, all these devises included in the circumflex, shall be void, and then appertain unto the hereafter named possessor of my present dwelling tenement, and to his heirs and assigns.

But during the widowhood of her, my said wife, on the same condition and proviso as aforesaid, she shall have, occupy and enjoy the half of my present dwelling house, and of all the issues and profits of the tenement of five hundred acres of land, whereon I now live, and also of all the issues of my wenches, horses and other cattle, but she shall equally pay the half of all the expenses in behalf of the said issues, which must be extra paid besides the work of my servants and cattle ; but upon non performance of the said proviso, this device shall also be void. Further, it is my express will and order, that if by the providence of God my present beloved wife, and future widow after my decease, should lawfully marry one of my brother's sons, that then they shall have and enjoy the interests and rents of all my lands lying in the patent granted to Edward Holland, now leased to the respective tenants thereof and also one lot of woodland in the same patent not leased, which is adjacent to the Fallbergh patent, to them, their heirs and assigns forever. But if in case she my said wife should after my decease marry with one of my sisters' sons, then the said interests and rents of the said leased lands together with the said one hundred acres of woodland shall be and appertain to them, their heirs and assigns, during both their lives.

Without attempting any explanation of the reasons of the General for contemplating, as he seems to have done, the possibility of the marriage of his widow to one of his nephews, I will say that this event never took place. She did not remain at the homestead of the General long after his death; and it is altogether probable she gave up most, if not all, of the provisions made for her in the will. She soon married and went to Canada, and but little is known of her subsequent history. This is known, however, that the man she married was poor, and far beneath her in social position. She gave up the comforts of a good home for a hard life, and the remainder of her days, which were probably few, it is said, were spent in poverty and want.

During the speech of Mr. EARL an oil portrait of General Herkimer was exhibited to the audience. Also the sword of Major House, which was used upon this battle-field. At the close of Mr. EARL's address three more cheers were given in compliment to the speaker.

M. M. JONES, Esq., of Utica, having been requested to read the commission of General Herkimer, prefaced it with the following sketch :

ADDRESS OF M. M. JONES, ESQ.

You will notice that the commission I am about to read to you is in the name of, and issued by the "Convention of the Representatives of the State of New York," a body of patriots, anomalous in its election and organization, and seldom heard of except by those who have searched its records, or read slight memorials of it upon the pages of our State history. At the commencement of the Revolu-

tion, all branches of government in the Colony of New York, the Governor, Council and General Assembly were loyal to George III and his crown. In the assembly were a few patriotic men like George Clinton, Philip Schuyler, Simon Boerum, Robert R. Livingston, Jr., Abraham Ten Broeck, Nathaniel Woodhull, but they were too few to accomplish more than keeping the people advised of the designs of the British Government.

The incipient machinery for beginning a government in this State was, from the necessity of the case, an emanation from the people. It had no law for its basis, except that natural law which gives man the right of self-government.

The first and subsequent Colonial Congresses of New York were elected as we at this day elect our political conventions. They made laws and passed resolutions, and enforced them. They assumed all the powers and duties of a State government. The men who composed them were patriots, and many of them were statesmen. Several of them became members of the Continental Congress and others became officers and soldiers in the field.

The second Continental Congress was to meet at Philadelphia, May 10, 1775. As the General Assembly of New York had refused to appoint delegates to that body, the Committee of the Sons of Liberty for the city and county of New York, in March, 1775, issued a call to the several counties of the colony, asking them to send delegates to meet in New York City, April 20, to elect such delegates. This body, designated a Provincial Convention, was composed of fifty of the leading men of New York, among whom were Governors George Clinton and John Jay, Messrs. Floyd, Lewis, Livingston and Morris, signers of the Declaration of Independence, Generals Schuyler and McDougal. It met April 20, 1775, and its powers being exhausted by the election of delegates to Congress, dissolved itself, April 22. The next day, Sunday, the news of the battle of Lexington arrived at New York. Electrified by the intelligence the people began the work of revolution with a high hand. The general committee, increased in numbers and powers, called upon the counties to send delegates to a "Provincial Congress," to be held in New York on the 22d of May, 1775.

This first Provincial Congress elected Peter Van Brugh Livingston its first president, and James McKesson, secretary. It held three sessions, May 22, July 26, October 4, and dissolved November 4, 1775.

The second Provincial Congress was elected May 7, 1775, and held three sessions, commencing December 6, 1775, February 12 and May 8, 1776.

The third Provincial Congress was elected in April, 1776, convened in New York May 18, and remained in session until June 30, when it dissolved, as the British troops were about taking possession of the city.

The fourth Provincial Congress assembled at White Plains, July 9, 1776. The Declaration of Independence was read and unanimously adopted. As the colonies had now become States, the style of the Provincial Congress of the Colony of New York, was changed to "the Convention of the Representatives of the State of New York." This was the body, under its new name, and with new powers and aspirations, which granted the commission of brigadier-general to the patriot hero of Oriskany.

This convention removed to Harlem, July 29, to Fishkill, August 29, where it held various short sessions until February 11, 1777, when it adjourned to Kingston. It met at the latter place, March 6, and having formed a State Constitution, the convention was finally dissolved May 13, 1777. The convention had established a temporary government by electing a Council of Safety, with power to act

in all cases under the new constitution until the new government should be elected.

During the recesses of the Colonial Congress, its powers, or those assumed by it, were exercised by Committees of Safety. These bodies took upon themselves all the powers and duties inherent in the people. They raised troops and issued commissions to their officers, they collected and disbursed the taxes, they defined and punished offenses against the government, including treason; they, by resolutions, defined offenses against society and their punishment. The members of these Colonial Congresses were in the main great and good men, and they conscientiously executed the trusts conferred upon them by the people.

In the summer of 1777, the people elected their Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Senate and Assembly, and then the government of the Empire State was set in motion. That good man, George Clinton, who was then in the field at the head of the New York militia, found himself elected both Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. After *due* consideration he chose the former, and was in office from 1777 to 1795, and 1801 to 1804, and died while vice-president of the United States.

Abraham Yates, Jr., who signed General Herkimer's commission, was a delegate from Albany in the four Colonial Congresses. At several times in 1775 and 1776 he was president, *pro tem.*, and was president of the convention from August 28, to September 26, 1776.

John McKesson was secretary until after the adoption of the Constitution of 1777. More than forty years afterward the son of Mr. McKesson was enabled, from his father's memoranda and minutes, to furnish to our State its only authenticated official copy of our Constitution of 1777, and two pages of that copy were supplied from a printed edition.

GENERAL HERKIMER'S COMMISSON.

IN CONVENTION OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

TO NICHOLAS HERKERMER, ESQUIRE, GREETING:

We resposing Especial trust and Confidence in your Patriotism, Valor, Conduct and Fidelity *Do* by these presents Constitute and appoint you the said Nicholas Herkermer Brigadier General of the Brigade of Militia of the County of Tryon Embodied for the defence of American Liberty and for repelling every Hostile Invasion thereof, you are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Brigadier General by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging, and we do strictly charge and Require all officers and Privates under your Command to be Obedient to your orders as Brigadier General.

And you are to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from the present or any future Congress of the United States of America, or from this or any future Convention of the Representatives, or future Executive Authority of this STATE, or from the Commander-in-Chief for the time being of the Army of the United States, or any other your superior officer, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, in pursuance of the Trust Reposed in you, *Provided* such orders and directions of the said Commander-in-Chief, or of such superior officer be grounded on the Authority of the present or any future Congress of the United American STATES, or the present or any future Convention of the Representatives, or other executive Authority of this STATE, or their Respective Committees of Safety. This Commission to Continue of force until Revoked by this or a future Convention of this STATE.

Given at Fish Kills the Fifth day of September in the year of our Lord One thousand Seven hundred and Seventy-six.

By Order,
ABM. YATES, JUNR., *President.*

Attest. JOHN MCKESSON, *Secretary.*

The exercises of this stand were closed by the reading of the poem, written for the occasion by General DEPEYSTER of New York:

POEM BY GENERAL J. WATTS DE PEYSTER.

Old Seventeen hundred and Seventy-seven,
Of Liberty's throes, was the crown and the leaven.
Just a century since, August Sixth, was the day
When Great Britain's control was first stricken away.
Let us sing then the field where the Yeomen of York
Met the Lion and Wolf on their slaughterous stalk;
When Oriskany's ripples were crimson'd with blood;
And when strife fratricidal polluted its flood.
Oh, glorious collision, forever renowned!
While America lives should its praises resound,
And stout Harkeimer's name be the theme of the song,
Who with Mohawk's brave sons broke the strength of the strong.

To relief of Fort Stanwix New Yorkers drew nigh,
To succor stout Gansevoort, conquer or die;
And if unwise the counsels that brought on the fight,
In the battle was shown that their hearts were all right.
If their Chief seemed so prudent that "subs" looked askance,
Still one shout proved their feeling, their courage —"Advance!"

Most unfortunate counsel! The ambush was set,
Leaving one passage *in*, but none *out* of the net,—
Of outlets, not one, unless 'twas made by the sword
Through encompassing ranks of the pitiless horde.
Sure never was column so terribly caught,
Nor ever has column more fearlessly fought:—
Thus Harkeimer's Mohawkers made victory theirs,
For St. Leger was foiled in spite of his snares.

The loud braggarts who had taunted Harkeimer so free,
Ere the fight had begun, were from fight first to flee;
While the stalwart old Chief, who a father had proved,
And his life offered up for the cause that he loved,
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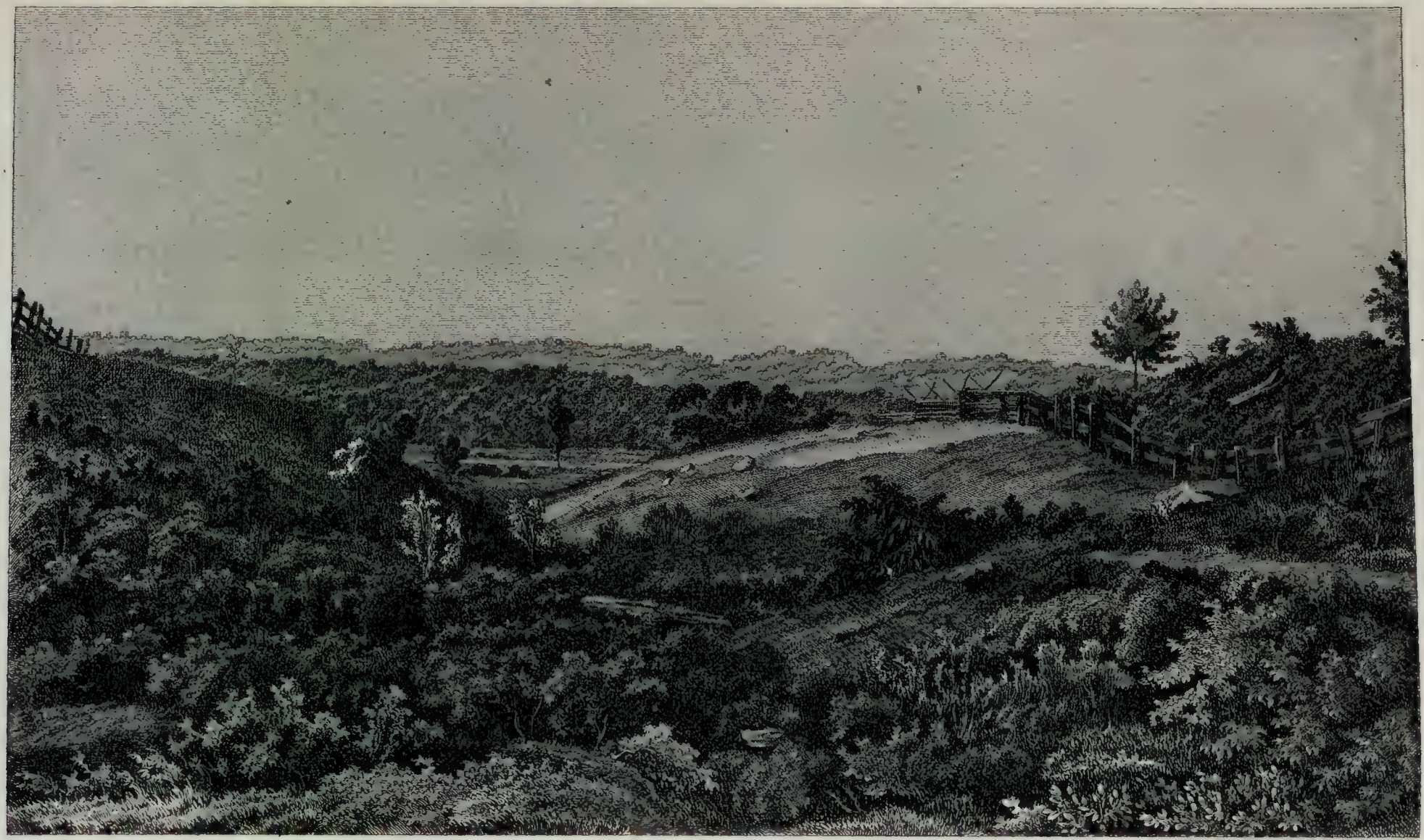

Lith by Weed Parsons & Co. Albany N Y

SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF ORISKANY, AT PRESENT DAY.

West Ravine.

Of the forest and underbrush, Indians and "Greens"—
'Gainst the circle without, took to cover within,
Formed a circle as deadly — which as it grew thin
Into still smaller circles then broke, until each
Presented a *round* that no foeman could breach,
Neither boldest of savage nor disciplined troops:—
Thus they fought and they fell in heroical groups—
But though falling still fighting they wrench'd from the foe
The great object they marched to attain, and altho'
The whole vale of the Mohawk was shrouded in woe,
Fort Stanwix was saved by Oriskany's throe.

No New Birth, no advance in the Progress of Man,
Has occurred since the tale of his sufferings began,
Without anguish unspeakable, deluge of blood.
The Past's buried deep 'neath incarnadine flood.
So, when, at Oriskany, slaughter had done
Its fell work with the tomahawk, hunting knife, gun;
From the earth soaked with blood, and the whirlwind of fire
Rose the living's reward and the fallen's desire.
Independence!
For there on Oriskany's shore,
Was fought out the death-wrestle deciding the war!

If our country is free and its flag, first displayed
On the ramparts of Stanwix, in glories arrayed;
If the old "Thirteen Colonies" won the renown
"*Sic semper tyrannis;*" beat Tyranny down;
There, there, at Oriskany, the wedge first was driven,
By which British invasion was splintered and riven,
Though at Hoosic and "Saratog" the work was completed,
The end was made clear with St Leger defeated;
Nor can boast be disproved, on Oriskany's shore
Was worked out the grim problem involved in the war.

APPENDIX

TO

HON. ELLIS H. ROBERTS' HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

1. THE NAME ORISKANY. (Page 78.)

The orthography of Oriskany has been settled by custom contrary to Indian euphony. St. Leger writes it Oriska; Colonel Willett changes the initial to Eriska; Captain Deygart (Clinton manuscripts) writes Orisco. In London documents (Colonial History, vol. 8, p. 690), we find Oriske.

In a "Chorographical map of the Province of New York," London, 1779, is Ochriscany Patent granted to T. Wenham & Co. In a map of 1790, this becomes Ochriskeney) Documentary History of New York, vol. 1.)

In his League of the Iroquois, L. H. Morgan gives the Indian derivation, showing that the name comes from the Mohawk dialect.

In the several dialects the form is as follows:

Seneca dialect, O-his-heh; Cayuga, O-his-ha; Onondaga, O-his-ka; Tuscarora, Ose-hase-keh; Oneida, Ole-hisk; Mohawk Ole-his-ka; the significance in each case being the Place of Nettles.

The last syllable of Oriskany is a termination signifying a stream, the same as *ana* or *anna*

2. BUILDING OF FORT STANWIX. (Page 80.)

The building of Fort Stanwix, in 1758, is recorded in Documentary History of New York, vol. 4, p. 323, and a topographical map is given of the country between the Mohawk and Wood Creek, from an actual survey in November, 1758. General Abercrombie's order to General Stanwix to erect the fort is there preserved. Fort Williams had at an earlier day stood in the neighborhood. Fort Stanwix was not finished in 1760, when M. Pouchot passed it. (Hough's Translation of his Memoir, p. 138.)

Out of compliment to General Philip Schuyler the attempt was made to change the name of this Fort, but old Peter Schuyler had given the title to the old Fort at Utica, and Stanwix has clung to the historic work at Rome.

3. PEACE COUNCILS AT FORT STANWIX. (Page 80.)

In 1768 it had been the scene of an important council, when thirty-two hundred Indians of the Six Nations assembled to treat with representatives of Virginia, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Sir William Johnson then closed the "Treaty of Fort Stanwix." The original record will be found in the Documents relating to the Colonial History of New York, vol. 8, p. 111, and following.

In 1784 a grand council was held here between the chiefs of the Six Nations and commissioners on the part of the United States, and a treaty of peace was negotiated.

4. ST. LEGER'S TROOPS DESIGNATED IN LONDON. (Page 82.)

This extract from an official letter from Lord George Germaine to General Carleton, dated Whitehall, twenty-sixth March, 1777, is taken from the "State of the Expedition from Canada," published in London, 1780, by General Burgoyne in his own defense: "With a view of quelling the rebellion as quickly as possible, it is become highly necessary that the most speedy junction of the two armies should be effected, and therefore, as the security and good government of Canada absolutely require your presence there, it is the King's determination to leave about 3,000 men under your command, and to employ the remainder of your army upon two expeditions, the one under the command of Lieutenant-General Burgoyne, who is to force his way to Albany, and the other under command of Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger, who is to make a diversion on the Mohawk river.

"As this plan cannot be advantageously executed without the assistance of Canadians and Indians, His Majesty strongly recommends it to your care to furnish both expeditions with good and sufficient bodies of those men; and I am happy in knowing that your influence among them is so great that there can be no room to apprehend that you will find it difficult to fulfill His Majesty's expectations. * * * * It is the King's further pleasure that you put under command of Colonel St. Leger:

Detachment from the 8th Regiment	100
Detachment from the 34th Regiment	100
Sir John Johnson's regiment of New York	133
Hanau Chasseurs	342
	675

together with a sufficient number of Indians and Canadians, and after having furnished him with proper artillery, stores, provisions and every other necessary article for his expedition, and secured to him every assistance in your power to afford and procure, you are to give him orders to proceed forthwith to and down to the Mohawk river to Albany and put himself under the command of Sir William Howe.

"I shall write to Sir William Howe from hence by the first packet; but you will nevertheless endeavor to give him the earliest intelligence of this measure, and also direct Lieutenant-General Burgoyne and Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger to neglect no opportunity of doing the same, that they may receive instructions from Sir William Howe. You will at the same time inform them that until they shall have received orders from Sir William Howe, it is His Majesty's pleasure that they act as exigencies may require, and in such manner as they shall judge most proper for making an impression on the rebels and bringing them to obedience; but that in so doing they must never lose view of their intended junctions with Sir William Howe as their principal objects.

"In case Lieutenant-General Burgoyne or Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger should happen to die or be rendered, through illness, incapable of executing these great trusts, you are to nominate to their respective commands such officer or officers as you shall think best qualified to supply the place of those whom His Majesty has, in his wisdom, at present appointed to conduct these expeditions."

5. KIRKLAND AND THE INDIANS. (Page 82.)

Reverend Samuel Kirkland wrote to the committee at Albany, June 9, 1775: "Colonel Johnson has orders from government (of course the British government)

to remove the dissenting minister from the Six Nations, till the difficulties between Great Britain and th colonies are settled. * * All he has against me I suppose to be this: A suspicion that I have interpreted to the Indians the doings of the Continental Congress, which has undeceived and too much opened the eyes of the Indians for Colonel Johnson's purposes. I confess to you, gentlemen, that I have been guilty of this, if it be any transgression. * * I apprehend my interpreting the doings of the Congress to their sachems has done more real service to the cause of the country, or the cause of truth and justice, than £500 in presents would have effected." Jones' Annals of Oneida County, p. 852.

6. GENERAL SCHUYLER'S FEAR. (Page 82.)

In a letter to the Committee of Safety, dated July 24, 1777, General Schuyler says:

"If Burgoyne can penetrate to Albany, the force which is certainly coming by way of Oswego, will find no difficulty in reaching the Mohawk river, and being arrived there, will be joined by tories not only, but by every person that finds himself capable of removing, and wishes to make his peace with the enemy, and by the whole body of the Six Nations."

7. SIR JOHN JOHNSON THE BRITISH LEADER AT ORISKANY. (Page 83.)

William L. Stone, to whom so much is due for a fair statement of the Battle of Oriskany, insists that Sir John Johnson was not in the battle at all, naming Watts, Butler and Brant, in this order as leaders. And W. W. Campbell, in his Annals of Tryon county, places the "Indians and tories under Brant and Butler." Irving in his Life of Washington follows these authorities. Stone justifies his denial of Johnson's presence in the battle by Colonel Willett's assertion in his narrative, that Singleton, one of the prisoners taken in the sortie, told him that "Sir John Johnson was with him (Singleton) when the camp was attacked." These words of Willett are in the paraphrase by Willett's son (Narrative, page 53), transformed into a statement that Johnson was "in his tent with his coat off, and had not time to put it on before his camp was forced."

In view of the importance of the operations then in progress this statement is intrinsically improbable. It is contradicted by the positive language of St. Leger, who, in his Narrative (Burgoyne's Defense) clearly says: "Sir John Johnson put himself at the head of the party," which went to Oriskany, "and began his march that evening at five o'clock, and met the rebel corps at the same hour next morning." St. Leger attempted a movement against the sortie, but he used Lieutenants only, as he could not have done if Johnson had been in camp. See the tenth section of this Appendix.

In an official letter from Colonel Daniel Claus (St. Leger's superintendent of Indians), he distinctly avers: "Sir John Johnson asked leave to join his company of light infantry and head the whole, which was granted; Colonel Butler and other Indian officers were ordered with the Indians." Colonial History, vol. 8, p. 721.

President Dwight (Travels, vol. 3, p. 194), who made the battle a study in 1799, at Whitestown and Rome, says: "Sir John had scarcely left the ground to attack General Herkimer." And again after the battle: "At the return of Sir John," (p. 195.) This was the clear understanding of the generation to whom about the battlefield and the Fort, the fight was as the alphabet; and it has the weight of authority in its favor.

Indeed, taking the language of St. Leger and Claus together, it is absolutely incontrovertible.

8. GENERAL PUTNAM AIDS IN THE RELIEF. (Page 89.)

In the Clinton Papers at Albany is the original of the following letter :

PECK'S KILL, August 14, 1777.

" Dear Sir :— Received yours of the fourteenth inst. In consequence of it and former orders received from General Washington, have ordered Colonel Cortlandt's and Colonel Livingston's regiments to march immediately to the northward to the relief of Fort Schuyler, or as you shall see fit to direct them.

" I wish them a speedy and safe arrival and you most successful enterprise against those worse than infernals.

" With great respect, I am your obedient humble servant,

" ISRAEL PUTNAM."

" To his Excellency, Governor Clinton."

9. GOVERNOR CLINTON TO THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY. (Page 92.)

The following is the text of a letter from Governor George Clinton, copied from the original in the State Library at Albany:

ALBANY, August 22, 1777.

" General Harchheimer is dead of his wounds. His leg was taken off and he survived it but a few hours. General Arnold with his party is at Fort Dayton. About 100 of the militia of Tryon county only are with him. I have issued my positive orders to the officers commanding the respective regiments there to detach one-half to join General Arnold's army. Colonels Cortland's and Livingston's regiments marched this evening for his further reinforcement.

" The enemy in that quarter having acquired a considerable accession of numbers from Indians and tories, the above measures were rendered necessary. The garrison however, by very late accounts, are high in spirits and well provided, and I have no doubt we shall in a few days receive the most agreeable intelligence from that quarter. From the Oneidas and Tuscororas, whose chieftains are now with General Arnold, we have the fullest assurance of assistance but have nothing to expect from any other tribes of the Six Nations until our successes intimidate them into friendship. Since the affair at Bennington the scalping business seems to have ceased."

10. ST. LEGER'S OWN NARRATIVE. (Page 81.)

General Burgoyne published in London, in 1780, a defense of his campaign in America, under the title: " A State of the expedition from Canada, as laid before the House of Commons." In the Appendix is the following interesting decument:

" COLONEL ST. LEGER'S ACCOUNT OF OCCURRENCES AT FORT STANWIX."

" A minute detail of every operation since my leaving La Chine, with the detachment entrusted to my care, your excellency will permit me to reserve to a time of less hurry and mortification than the present, while I enter into the interesting scene before Fort Stanwix, which I invested the third of August, having previously pushed forward Lieutenant Bird of the King's regiment, with thirty of the King's troops and two hundred Indians, under the direction of Captains Hare and Wilson, and the Chiefs Joseph and Bull, to seize fast hold of the lower landing place, and thereby cut off the enemy's communication with the lower country. This was done with great address by the Lieutenant, though not attended with the effect I had promised myself, occasioned by the slackness of the Messasagoes. The brigade of

provisions and ammunition boats I had intelligence of, being arrived and disembarked before this party had taken post.

"The fourth and fifth were employed in making arrangements for opening Wood Creek (which the enemy, with indefatigable labor of one hundred and fifty men, for fourteen days, had most effectually choked up) and the making a temporary road from Pine Ridges, upon Fish Creek, sixteen miles from the fort, for a present supply of provision and the transport of our artillery; the first was effected by the diligence and zeal of Captain Bouville, assisted by Captain Herkimer, of the Indian department, with one hundred and ten men, in nine days; while Lieutenant Lundy, acting as assistant quarter master general, had rendered the road, in the worst of weather, sufficiently practicable to pass the whole artillery and stores, with seven days' provision, in two days.

"On the fifth, in the evening, intelligence arrived by my discovering parties on the Mohawk river, that a reinforcement of eight hundred militia, conducted by General Herkimer, were on their march to relieve the garrison, and were actually at that instant at Oriska, an Indian settlement, twelve miles from the fort. The garrison being apprised of their march by four men, who were seen to enter the fort in the morning, through what was thought an impenetrable swamp, I did not think it prudent to wait for them, and thereby subject myself to be attacked by a sally from the garrison in the rear, while the reinforcement employed me in front. I therefore determined to attack them on the march, either openly or covertly, as circumstances should offer. At this time, I had not two hundred and fifty of the king's troops in camp; the various and extensive operations I was under an absolute necessity of entering into, having employed the rest; and therefore could not send above eighty white men, rangers and troops included, with the whole corps of Indians. Sir John Johnson put himself at the head of this party, and began his march that evening at five o'clock, and met the rebel corps at the same hour the next morning. The impetuosity of the Indians is not to be described on the sight of the enemy (forgetting the judicious disposition formed by Sir John, and agreed to by themselves, which was to suffer the attack to begin with the troops in front, while they should be on both flanks and rear), they rushed in hatchet in hand, and thereby gave the enemy's rear an opportunity to escape. In relation to the victory it was equally complete, as if the whole had fallen; nay, more so, as the two hundred who escaped only served to spread the panic wider; but it was not so with the Indians; their loss was great. (I must be understood Indian computation, being only about thirty killed and the like number wounded, and in that number some of their favorite chiefs and confidential warriors were slain.) On the enemy's side, almost all their principal leaders were slain. General Herkimer has since died of his wounds. It is proper to mention, that the four men detached with intelligence of the march of the reinforcement, set out the evening before the action, and consequently the enemy could have no account of the defeat, and were in possession only of the time appointed for their arrival, at which, as I suspected, they made a sally with two hundred and fifty men toward Lieutenant Bird's post, to facilitate the entrance of the relieving corps, or bring on a general engagement, with every advantage they could wish.

"Captain Hoyes was immediately detached to cut in upon their rear, while they engaged the lieutenant. Immediately upon the departure of Captain Hoyes, having learned that Lieutenant Bird, misled by the information of a cowardly Indian, that Sir John was pressed, had quitted his post to march to his assistance, I marched the detachment of the King's regiment. in support of Captain Hoyes, by a road in sight of the garrison, which, with executive fire from his party, immediately drove the enemy into the fort, without any further advantage than frightening some squaws and pilfering the packs of the warriors which they left behind them. After this

affair was over, orders were immediately given to complete a two-gun battery, and mortar beds, with three strong redoubts in their rear, to enable me, in case of another attempt to relieve the garrison by their regimental troops, to march out a larger body of the King's troops.

"Captain Lernoult was sent with one hundred and ten men to the lower landing place, where he established himself with great judgment and strength, having an enclosed battery of a three-pounder opposed to any sally from the fort, and another to the side of the country, where a relief must approach; and the body of his camp deeply entrenched and abbatised.

"When by the unabating labor of officers and men (the smallness of our numbers never admitting of a relief, or above three hours' cessation for sleep or cooking,) the batteries and redoubts were finished, and new cheeks and axle-trees made for the six-pounders, those that were sent being rotten and unserviceable.

"It was found that our cannon had not the least effect upon the sod-work of the fort, and that our royals had only the power of teazing, as a six-inch plank was a sufficient security for their powder magazine, as we learnt from the deserters. At this time Lieutenant Glenie, of the artillery, whom I appointed to act as assistant engineer, proposed a conversion of the royals (if I may use the expression) into howitzers. The ingenuity and feasibility of this measure striking me very strongly, the business was set about immediately, and soon executed, when it was found that nothing prevented their operating with the desired effect but the distance, their chambers being too small to hold a sufficiency of powder. There was nothing now to be done but to approach the town by sap to such a distance that the rampart might be brought within their practice, at the same time all materials were preparing to run a mine under their most formidable bastion.

"In the midst of these operations intelligence was brought in by our scouts, of a second corps of 1,000 men being on their march. The same zeal no longer animated the Indians; they complained of our thinness of troops and their former losses. I immediately called a council of the chiefs; encouraged them as much as I could; promised to lead them on myself, and bring into the field 300 of the best troops. They listened to this, and promised to follow me, and agreed that I should reconnoitre the ground properest for the field of battle the next morning, accompanied by some of their chief warriors to settle the plan of operations. When upon the ground appointed for the field of battle, scouts came in with the account of the first number swelled to 2,000; immediately after a third, that General Burgoyne's army was cut to pieces, and that Arnold was advancing by rapid and forced marches with 3,000 men. It was at this moment I began to suspect cowardice in some and treason in others; however, I returned to camp, not without hopes, with the assistance of my gallant coadjutor, Sir John Johnson, and the influence of the superintending colonels, Claus and Butler, of inducing them to meet the enemy. A council, according to their custom, was called, to know their resolutions, before the breaking up of which I learned that 200 were already decamped. In about an hour they insisted that I should retreat, or they would be obliged to abandon me. I had no other party to take, and a hard party it was to troops who could do nothing without them, to yield to their resolves; and therefore proposed to retire at night, sending on before my sick, wounded, artillery etc., down the Wood Creek, covering them by our line of march.

"This did not fall in with their views, which were no less than treacherously committing ravage upon their friends, as they had lost the opportunity of doing it upon their enemies. To effect this they artfully caused messengers to come in, one after the other, with accounts of the near approaches of the rebels; one and the last affirmed that they were within two miles of Captain Lernoult's post. Not giving entire credit to this, and keeping to my resolution of retiring by night, they grew

furious and abandoned; seized upon the officers' liquor and cloths, in spite of the efforts of their servants, and became more formidable than the enemy we had to expect. I now thought it time to call in Captain Lernoult's post, retiring with the troops in camp to the ruined fort called William, in the front of the garrison, not only to wait the enemy if they thought proper to sally, but to protect the boats from the fury of the savages, having sent forward Captain Hoyes with his detachment, with one piece of cannon, to the place where Bull Fort stood, to receive the troops who waited the arrival of Captain Lernoult. Most of the boats were escorted that night beyond Canada Creek, where no danger was to be apprehended from the enemy. The creek at this place, bending from the road, has a deep cedar swamp between. Every attention was now turned to the mouth of the creek, which the enemy might have possessed themselves of by a rapid march by the Oneyda Castle. At this place the whole of the little army arrived by twelve o'clock at night, and took post in such a manner as to have no fears of any thing that the enemy could do. Here we remained till three o'clock next morning, when the boats which could come up the creek arrived, or rather that the rascally part of all nations of the Indians would suffer to come up; and proceeded across Lake Oneyda to the ruined Fort of Brereton, where I learnt that some boats were still laboring down the creek, after being lightened of the best part of their freight by the Messasagoes. Captain Lernoult proposed, with a boat full of armed men, to re-pass the lake that night to relieve them from their labor, and supply them with provision. This transaction does as much honor to the humanity as to the gallantry of this valuable officer.

"On my arrival at the Onondago Falls I received an answer to my letter from Your Excellency, which showed, in the clearest light, the scenes of treachery that had been practiced upon me. The messenger had heard indeed on his way that they were collecting the same kind of rabble as before, but that there was not an enemy within forty miles of Fort Stanwix.

"Soon after my arrival here I was joined by Captain Lernoult, with the men and boats he had been in search of. I mean immediately to send off for the use of the upper garrison, all the overplus provisions I shall have, after keeping a sufficiency to carry my detachment down, which I mean to do with every expedition in my power the moment this business is effected, for which purpose I have ordered here the sloop. The sloop is already gone from this with her full lading.

"Officers from each corps are sent to Montreal to procure necessaries for the men' who are in the most deplorable situation from the plunder of the savages, that no time may be lost to join your army.

"I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, sir, Your Excellency's most obedient and most faithful servant,

"BARRY ST. LEGER."

"Oswego, August 27, 1777.

"His Excellency, General Burgoyne."

11. BRITISH AUTHORITY ON THE IMPORTANCE OF ST. LEGER'S EXPEDITION. (Page 91.)

The first authority on this point is General Burgoyne, who, in his paper "for conducting the war from the side of Canada," urges the expedition by "the Lake Ontario and Oswego to the Mohawk River, which," he says, "as a diversion *to facilitate every proposed operation*, would be highly desirable. (Defense, Appendix.)

Second. It will be remarked in the letter of Lord George Germaine, he announces "the King's determination," to employ the army in Canada "upon two expeditions," one by Burgoyne and the other by St. Leger, thus placing both on the same footing. See the extract from the letter in the fourth section of this Appendix.

The third authority to be cited on this point is the British Annual Register for 1777 (under the auspices at least of Edmund Burke), where we read: "In these embarrassing and difficult circumstances General Burgoyne received information that Colonel St. Leger had arrived before, and was conducting his operations against Fort Stanwix. He instantly and justly conceived that a rapid movement forward at this critical period would be of utmost importance. If the enemy proceeded up the Mohawk and that St. Leger succeeded, he would be liable to get between two fires, or at any rate, General Burgoyne's army would get between him and Albany, so that he must either stand an action or, by passing the Hudson River, endeavor to secure a retreat higher up to the New England provinces. If, on the other hand, he abandoned Fort Stanwix to its fate, and fell back to Albany, the Mohawk country would of course be entirely laid open, the juncture with St. Leger established, and the entire army at liberty and leisure to prescribe and choose its future line of operations."

General Burgoyne in his Defense (p. 102), uses these words: "It will likewise be remembered that Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger was at this time before Fort Stanwix; every hour was pregnant with critical events."

The History of the Civil War, by an officer of the (British) Army, London, 1780, p. 384, says:

"Fortune, which had been hitherto favorable to General Burgoyne, now began to withdraw her caresses, and, like a flirting female, broke from him in the moment of possession."

Consult also section thirteenth of this Appendix.

12. GOVERNOR CLINTON ON THE BATTLE OF ORISKANY AND THE TRYON COUNTY MILITIA. (Pages 88–92.)

The following important letter is found in the original manuscript in the State Library at Albany. It was addressed to the several colonels in Tryon county.

"HEADQUARTERS, HALF MOON, 22d August, 1777.

"Sir: While I have the highest sense of the loyalty, valor and bravery of the militia of Tryon county, manifested in the victory gained by them under the command of their late worthy General Herkimer, for which, as the chief magistrate of the free and independent State of New York, they have my most hearty thanks, it gives me the greatest pain to be informed that any difficulty should arise in their joining the army under General Arnold, and thereby enabling him to finish the war in that quarter, by raising the siege of Fort Schuyler, and destroying the enemy's army in that quarter, and restoring peace and safety to the inhabitants of Tryon county. Their noble exertions against the common enemy have already gained them the greatest honor, their perseverance will secure them peace and safety. In both I am greatly interested, and it is my duty and I hereby most positively order that you immediately join General Arnold with one-half of your regiment completely armed, equipped and accoutred, and march under his command to the relief of Fort Schuyler. As soon as the service will admit General Arnold will dismiss you. If any are hardy enough to refuse to obey your orders, given in consequence of this, you are immediately to report the names of the same to General Arnold, who will transmit the same to me, that they may be dealt with, with the utmost rigor of the law.

"I am your obedient servant,

"GEORGE CLINTON."

Frederick Sammons in his manuscript narrative, states that Arnold, after he had relieved the Fort, "directly marched his troops to Stillwater." Sammons was in this army. He had been off on duty as a scout in the early days of August.

13. THE MOHAWK VALLEY AT SARATOGA. (Page 92)

The "History of the Civil War in America, by an Officer in the British Army," Captain Hall, London, 1780, says, p. 397: "The retreat of Colonel St. Leger inspired the enemy with fresh ardor, and as they had now no longer any thing to fear on the Mohawk river, a numerous and hardy militia from that country immediately joined their army in the neighborhood of Albany, which now advanced and took post near Stillwater, where they were also joined by a body of troops under Arnold, who had, in fact, been detached to the relief of Fort Stanwix, though he was at a great distance when the *finesse* of the garrison succeeded in saving the place."

"Botta's History of the United States" declares specifically: The successes of the Americans under the walls of Fort Schuyler (Stanwix), besides having inspired the militia, produced also the other happy effect of enabling them, relieved from the fear of invasion in the country upon the Mohawk, to unite all their forces against the army of Burgoyne." (Vol. 1, p. 465.)

In the "History of the war with America, France and Spain, by John Andrews, LL. D." (London, 1786), vol. 2, p. 402, the case is thus stated: "The failure of the expedition against Fort Stanwix, together with the defeat of Bennington, were very severe blows to the British interest in those parts. They animated the Americans to a surprising degree. They began now confidently to promise themselves that General Burgoyne himself would share the same fate as his officers."

General Burgoyne, in a letter to Lord Germaine, dated Camp, near Saratoga, August 20, 1777, says: "I am afraid the expectations of Sir J. Johnson greatly fail in the rising of the country. On this side I find daily reason to doubt the sincerity of the resolution of the professing loyalists. I have about four hundred, but not half of them armed, who may be depended upon; the rest are trimmers, merely actuated by interest. The great bulk of the country is undoubtedly with the Congress, in pinciple and zeal; and their measures are executed with a secrecy and dispatch that are not to be equaled."

General Burgoyne, in his Defense (p. 114), presents this as a conclusive argument in his own behalf:

"The circumstances of the action at Bennington established a yet more melancholy conviction of the fallacy of any dependence upon supposed friends. The noble lord has said, that 'I never despaired of the campaign before the affair at Bennington; that I had no doubt of gaining Albany in as short a time as the army (in due condition of supply) could accomplish the march.' I acknowledge the truth of the assertions in their fullest extent; all my letters at the time show it. I will go further and in one sense apply with the noble lord the epithet 'fatal' to the affair of Bennington. The knowledge I acquired of the professors of loyalty was 'fatal,' and put an end to every expectation from enterprise, unsustained by dint of force. It would have been excess of frenzy to have trusted for sustenance to the plentiful region of Albany. Had the march thither been unopposed, the enemy, finding the British army unsupplied, would only have had to compel the tories to drive the cattle and destroy the corn, and the capitulation of Albany instead of Saratoga must have followed. Would the tories have risen? Why did they not rise around Albany and below when they found Mr. Gates' army increasing by separate and distinct parties from remote distances? They were better qualified by their situation to catch the favorable moment, than I was to advise it. Why did they not rise in that populous, and, as supposed, well affected district, the German Flats, at the time St. Leger was

before Fort Stanwix? A critical insurrection from any one point to create diversion would probably have secured the success of the campaign. But to revert to the reasons against a rapid march after the affair of Bennington. It was then also known that by the false intelligence respecting the strength of Fort Stanwix, the infamous behavior of the Indians and the want of the promised co-operation of the loyal inhabitants, St. Leger had been obliged to retreat. The first plausible motive in favor of hazardous haste, the facilitating his descent of the Mohawk, was at an end."

It is pleasant to add to this testimony the following

COUNCIL OF SAFETY TO JOHN HANCOCK, PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS.

KINGSTON, *August* 26, 1777.

"Sir: I have the honor of transmitting to you the letters of General Schuyler and Governor Clinton, giving us the agreeable intelligence of the raising of the siege of Fort Schuyler. The gallantry of the commander of the garrison of that Fort and the distinguished bravery of General Herkimer and his militia, have already been productive of the most desirable consequences. The brave and more fortunate General Stark with his spirited countrymen hath, as you know, given the enemy a signal coup at Bennington. The joint result of these providential instances of success hath revived the drooping hopes of the desponding, and given new vigor to the firm and determined. We have therefore the pleasing expectation of compelling General Burgoyne in his turn to retire. I have the honor to be, &c.,

PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT.

14. THE BRITISH ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR. (Pages 82, 90, 92, 93.)

The British Annual Register for 1777, makes the following statement of the affair, which has become the standard British history:

"St. Leger's attempt upon Fort Stanwix (now named by the Americans Fort Schuyler), was soon after its commencement favored by a success so signal as would, in other cases and a more fortunate season, have been decisive, as to the fate of a stronger and more important fortress. General Herkimer, a leading man of that country, was marching at the head of eight or nine hundred of the Tryon county militia, with a convoy of provisions, to the relief of the fort. St. Leger, well aware of the danger of being attacked in his trenches, and of withstanding the whole weight of the garrison in some particular and probably weak point at the same instant, judiciously detached Sir John Johnson with some regulars, the whole or part of his own regiment and the savages, to lie in ambush in the wood and interrupt the enemy upon their march.

"It should seem by the conduct of the militia and their leader that they were not only totally ignorant of all military duties, but that they had even never heard by report of the nature of an Indian war, or of that peculiar service in the woods, to which from its nature and situation this country was at all times liable. Without examination of their ground, without a reconnoitering or flanking party, they plunged blindly into the trap that was laid for their destruction. Being thrown into a sudden and inevitable disorder, by a near and heavy fire on almost all sides, it was completed by the Indians who, instantly pursuing their fire, rushed in upon their broken ranks and made a most dreadful slaughter amongst them with their spears and hatchets. Notwithstanding their want of conduct the militia showed no want of courage in their deplorable situation. In the midst of such extreme danger, and so bloody an execution, rendered still more terrible by the horrid appearance and demeanor of the principal actors, they recollected themselves so far as to recover an advantageous

ground, which enabled them after to maintain a sort of running fight, by which about one third of their number was preserved.

"The loss was supposed to be on their side about four hundred killed, and half that number prisoners. It was thought of the greater consequence, as almost all those who were considered as the principal leaders and instigators of rebellion in that country were now destroyed. The triumph and exultation were accordingly great, and all opposition from the militia in that country was supposed to be at an end. The circumstances of old neighborhood and personal knowledge between many of the parties, in the present rage and animosity of faction, could by no means be favorable to the extension of mercy; even supposing that it might have been otherwise practiced with prudence and safety, at a time when the power of the Indians was rather prevalent, and that their rage was implacable. For according to their computation and ideas of loss the savages had purchased this victory exceeding dearly, thirty-three of their number having been slain and twenty-nine wounded, among whom were several of their principal leaders and of their most distinguished and favorite warriors. The loss accordingly rendered them so discontented, intractable and ferocious that the service was greatly affected by their ill disposition. The unhappy prisoners were, however, its first objects, most of whom they inhumanly butchered in cold blood. The New Yorkers, rangers and other troops were not without loss in this action.

"On the day, and probably during the time of this engagement, the garrison having received intelligence of the approach of their friends, endeavored to make a diversion in their favor by a vigorous and well-conducted sally, under the direction of Colonel Willet, their second in command. Willet conducted his business with ability and spirit. He did considerable mischief in the camp, brought off some trophies, no inconsiderable spoil, some of which consisted in articles that were greatly wanted, a few prisoners, and retired with little or no loss. He afterward undertook, in company with another officer, a much more perilous expedition. They passed by night through the besiegers' works, and in contempt of the danger and cruelty of the savages, made their way for fifty miles through pathless woods and unexplored morasses, in order to raise the country and bring relief to the fort. Such an action demands the praise even of an enemy.

"Colonel St. Leger left no means untried to profit of his victory by intimidating the garrison. He sent verbal and written messages stating their hopeless situation, the utter destruction of their friends, the impossibility of their obtaining relief, as General Burgoyne, after destroying every thing in his power, was now at Albany receiving the submission of all the adjoining counties, and by prodigiously magnifying his own force. He represented that in this state of things, if through an incorrigible obstinacy they should continue hopeless and fruitless defense, they would, according to the practice of most civilized nations, be cut off from all conditions and every hope of mercy. But he was particularly direct upon the pains he had taken in softening the rage of the Indians from their late loss and obtaining from them security that in case of an immediate surrender of the fort every man of the garrison should be spared, while on the other hand they declared, with utmost bitter execrations that if they met with any further resistance they would not only massacre the garrison, but that every man, woman and child in the Mohawk country would necessarily, and however against his will, fall sacrifices to the fury of the savages. This point, he said, he pressed entirely on the score of humanity. He promised on his part, in case of an immediate surrender, every attention which a humane and generous enemy could give. The Governor, Colonel Gansevoort, behaved with great firmness. He replied that he had been intrusted with the charge of that garrison by the United States of America; that he would defend the trust committed to his care at every hazard and to the utmost extremity, and that he should not at all con-

cern himself about any consequences that attended the discharge of his duty. It was shrewdly remarked in the fort that half the pains would not have been taken to display the force immediately without, or the success at a distance, if they bore any proportion at all to the magnitude in which they were represented.

"The British commander was much disappointed in the state of the fort. It was stronger, in better condition, and much better defended than he expected. After great labor in his approach he found his artillery deficient, being insufficient in weight to make any considerable impression. The only remedy was to bring his approaches so near that they must take effect, which he set about with the greatest diligence.

"In the mean time the Indians continued sullen and untractable. Their late losses might have been cured by certain advantages, but the misfortune was they had yet got no plunder, and their prospect of getting any seemed to grow every day fainter. It is the peculiar characteristic of that people to exhibit in certain instances degrees of courage and perseverance which shock reason and credibility, and to portray in others the greatest irresolution and timidity, with a total want of that constancy which might enable them for any length of time to struggle with difficulty.

"Whilst the commander was carrying on his operations with the utmost industry the Indians received a flying report that Arnold was coming with 1,000 men to relieve the fort. The commander endeavored to hasten them, by promising to lead them himself, to bring all his best troops into action, and by carrying their leaders out to mark a field of battle, and the flattery of consulting them upon the intended plans of operation. Whilst he was thus endeavoring to soothe the temper and to revive their flagging spirits, other scouts arrived with intelligence, probably contrived in part by themselves, which first doubled and afterward trebled the number of the enemy, with the comfortable addition that Burgoyne's army was entirely cut to pieces.

"The Colonel returned to camp, and called a council of their chiefs, hoping that by the influence which Sir John Johnson and Superintendents Claus and Butler, had over them, they might still be induced to make a stand. He was disappointed. A part of the Indians decamped whilst the council was sitting and the remainder threatened peremptorily to abandon him if he did not immediately retreat.

"The retreat was of course precipitate, or it was rather, in plain terms, flight, attended with disagreeable circumstances. The tents, with most of the artillery, fell into the hands of the garrison. It appears by the Colonel's own account that he was as apprehensive of danger from the fury of his savage allies, as he could be from the resentment of his American enemies. It also appears from the same authority that the Messasagoes, a nation of savages to the West, plundered several of the boats belonging to the army. By the American accounts, which are in part confirmed by others, it is said that they robbed the officers of their baggage and of every other article to which they took any liking, and the army in general of their provisions. They also say that a few miles distance from the camp they first stripped of their arms and afterward murdered with their own bayonets, all those British, German and American soldiers, who from any inability to keep up, fear or any other cause, were separated from the main body.

"The state of the fact with respect to the intended relief of the fort is, that Arnold had advanced by the way of Half Moon up the Mohawk river with 2,000 men for that purpose; and that for the greater expedition he had quitted the main body and arrived by forced marches through the woods, with a detachment of 900 at the fort, on the twenty-fourth in the evening, two days after the siege had been raised. So that upon the whole the intractableness of the Indians, with their watchful apprehension of danger, probably saved them from a chastisement which would not have been tenderly administered.

"Nothing could have been more untoward in the present situation of affairs than

the unfortunate issue of this expedition. The Americans represented this and the affair at Bennington as great and glorious victories. Nothing could excel their exultation and confidence. Gansevoort and Willet, with General Stark and Colonel Warner, who had commanded at Bennington, were ranked among those who were considered as the saviors of their country. The northern militia began now to look high and to forget all distinction between themselves and regular troops. As this confidence, opinion and pride increased, the apprehension of General Burgoyne's army of course declined, until it soon came to be talked of with indifference and contempt, and even its fortune to be publicly prognosticated."

The account in Andrew's History of the War in America (London, 1786), is a simple condensation from the Register. The Dublin History borrows the identical words.

The History of an "Officer of the Army" (London, 1780), has no new authorities, and sheds no different light.

The "Impartial History of the Civil War" (London, 1780), treats the affair in the same spirit.

William Gordon, D. D., in his "History of the Rise, Progress and Establishment of the Independence of the United States of America," (London, 1788,) claims to have had access to the papers of Washington and other American generals, and writes with the freshness of gossip. His story of Oriskany and Fort Stanwix has this character, and he states that he had some of his facts from Reverend Samuel Kirkland. Besides the references elsewhere made, he adds only a few touches of color to this local chronicle.

15. St. Leger's Boast and Confidence. (Page 93.)

The following extract of a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger to Lieutenant-General Burgoyne, brought through the woods by an Indian, dated before Fort Stanwix, August 11, 1777, is copied from Almon's "American Remembrancer for 1777," p. 392:

"After combating the natural difficulties of the river St. Lawrence and the artificial ones the enemy threw in my way at Wood Creek, I invested Fort Stanwix the third instant. On the fifth I learned from discovering parties on the Mohawk river that a body of one thousand militia were on their march to raise the siege. On the confirmation of this news I moved a large body of Indians, with some troops the same night, to lay in ambuscade for them on their march. They fell into it. The completest victory was obtained; above four hundred lay dead on the field, amongst the number of whom were almost all the principal movers of rebellion in that country. There are six or seven hundred men in the fort. The militia will never rally; all that I am to apprehend, therefore, that will retard my progress in joining you, is a reinforcement of what they call their regular troops, by the way of Half Moon, up the Mohawk river. A diversion, therefore, from your army by that quarter will greatly expedite my junction with either of the grand armies."

The Remembrancer for that year gives as a letter from Sir Guy Carleton a statement "That Colonel St. Leger, finding Fort Stanwix too strongly fortified and the garrison too numerous to be taken by assault, and the Indians being alarmed by a false report of the approach of a large body of the rebel continental troops, he had given over the attempt of forcing a passage down the Mohawk river, and returned to Montreal, from whence he had proceeded to Ticonderoga, intending to join Lieutenant-General Burgoyne by that route."

16. Bennington Counted Before Oriskany in Time. (Page 93.)

Stedman's (British) History of the Revolution, p. 353, says:

"The defeat of Colonels Baum, Breyman and St. Leger enervated the British cause

in no ordinary degree. There were many of the inhabitants not attached to either party by principle, and who had resolved to join themselves to that which should be successful. These men, after the disasters at Bennington and Stanwix, added a sudden and powerful increase of strength to the Americans."

17. COLONEL CLAUS' LETTER TO SECRETARY KNOX AT LONDON. (Pages 82, 87, 88.)

In the eighth volume of the Documents relating to the Colonial History of New York (p. 718 and following) is an official letter from Colonel Daniel Claus, written from Montreal, October 16, 1777, which was brought to light after all the histories of the Battle of Oriskany, which are generally familiar, were written. It is necessary to complete the record. Colonel Claus writes:

"SIR—I take the liberty to give you such an account of the expedition I was appointed to this campaign, as my capacity will permit me, and which, though tedious, I used all the conciseness in my power.

"On my arrival at Quebec the first of June, Sir Guy Carleton being at Montreal, my letter from Lord George Germaine was forwarded to him by Lieutenant-Gover nor Cramahe that day, and myself arrived there a few days after. I waited upon Sir Guy, who acknowledged the receipt of the letter, but said nothing further upon it, than addressing himself to Captain Tice, who was in England with Joseph (Brant) and there at Levy, that I had now the command of him and those Indian officers and Indians that were destined for Brigadier St. Leger's expedition. A day or two after I waited on him again for his orders and instructions, and asked what rank I was to have on the expedition. He replied on the latter, that it could not be settled here. * * *

"Some time before our march I informed myself of Sir Guy Carleton, of the state Fort Stanwix was in; he told me that by the latest accounts from Colonel Butler, there were sixty men in a picketed place. Determined to be sure, I dispatched one John Hare, an active Indian officer, with the Mohawk chief John Odiseruney, to collect a small party of Indians at Swegachy and reconnoitre Fort Stanwix, as well as possible and bring off some prisoners if they could.

"On the twenty-third of June, I set out from LaChine near Montreal. The Brigadier who was getting the artillery boats ready to take in two sixes, two threes, and four Cohorns (being our artillery for the expedition), was to follow the day after; and proceeded for an island destined for our rendezvous, in the entrance of Lake Ontario, called Buck island, in company with Sir John Johnson and his regiment. In my way thither I collected a body of a hundred and fifty Misisagey and Six Nation Indians. All the Indians of the inhabited part of Canada whom I had under my care for fifteen years, and was best acquainted with, were destined for General Burgoyne's army. The Misisagey and Six Nations, the Brigadier intended should accompany him in an alert to Fort Stanwix, by a short cut through the woods, from a place called Salmon Creek on Lake Ontario, about twenty miles from Oswego, in order to surprise the garrison and take it with small arms.

"Between sixty and seventy leagues from Montreal my reconnoitering party returned and met me, with five prisoners (one lieutenant) and four scalps, having defeated a working party of sixteen rebels as they were cutting sods toward repairing and finishing the old fort, which is a regular square, and garrisoned by upwards of six hundred men, the repairs far advanced and the rebels expecting us, and were acquainted with our strength and route. I immediately forwarded the prisoners to the Brigadier who was about fifteen leagues in our rear. On his arrival within a few leagues of Buck Island he sent for me, and, talking over the intelligence the rebel prisoners gave, he owned that if they intended to defend themselves in that fort our artillery was not sufficient to take it. However, he said, he has determined

to get the truth of these fellows. I told him that having examined them separately they agreed in their story. And here the Brigadier had still an opportunity and time of sending for a better train of artillery and wait for the junction of the Chasseurs, which must have secured us success, as every one will allow. However, he was still full of his *alert*, making little of the prisoner's intelligence.

"On his arrival at Buck Island the eighth of July, he put me in orders as superintendent of the expedition and empowered me to act for the best of my judgment for His Majesty's service, in the management of the Indians on the expedition, as well as what regarded their equipment, presents, etc., he being an entire stranger thereto. There was then a vessel at the Island which had some Indian goods on board, which Colonel Butler had procured for the expedition, but upon examination I found that almost every one of the above articles I demanded at Montreal were deficient and a mere impossibility to procure them at Buck Island, had I not luckily provided some of those articles before I left Montreal at my own risk, and with difficulty Brigadier St. Leger found out thirty stand of arms in the artillery stores at Swegachy, and I added all my eloquence to satisfy the Indians about the rest.

"The Brigadier set out from the Island upon his *alert* the nineteenth of July, I having been ordered to proceed to Oswego with Sir John Johnson's regiment and a company of Chasseurs lately arrived, there to convene and prepare the Indians to join the Brigadier at Fort Stanwix. On my arrival at Oswego, twenty-third July, I found Joseph Brant there, who acquainted me that his party, consisting of about three hundred Indians, would be in that day, and having been more than two months upon service, were destitute of necessaries, ammunition and some arms. Joseph at the same time complaining of having been very scantily supplied by Colonel Butler with ammunition when at Niagara in the spring, although he acquainted Colonel Butler of his being threatened with a visit from the rebel, General Herkimer, of Tryon county, and actually was afterward visited by him with three hundred men with him, and five hundred at some distance; when Joseph had not two hundred Indians together, but, resolutely declaring to the rebel General that he was determined to act against them for the King, he obliged them to retreat with mere menaces, not having twenty pounds of powder among his party.

"The twenty-fourth of July I received an express from Brigadier St. Leger, at Salmon Creek, about twenty miles from Oswego, to repair thither with what arms and vermillion I had, and that he wished I would come prepared for a march through the woods As to arms and vermilion I had none, but prepared myself to go upon the march, and was ready to set off when Joseph came into my tent and told me that as no person was on the spot to take care of the number of Indians with him, he apprehended in case I should leave them they would become disgusted, and disperse, which might prevent the rest of the Six Nations to assemble, and be hurtful to the expedition, and begged, I would first represent these circumstances to the Brigadier by letter. Brigadier St. Leger mentioned indeed, my going was chiefly intended to quiet the Indians with him, who were very drunk and riotous, and Captain Tice, who was the messenger, informed me that the Brigadier ordered the Indians a quart of rum apiece, which made them all beastly drunk, and in which case it is not in the power of man to quiet them. Accordingly, I mentioned to the Brigadier by letter the consequences that might affect his Majesty's Indian interest in case I was to leave so large a number of Indians that were come already and still expected. Upon which representation, and finding the Indians disapproved of the plan, and were unwilling to proceed, the Brigadier came away from Salmon Creek and arrived the next day at Oswego, with the companies of the eighth and thirty-fourth regiments and about two hundred and fifty Indians.

"Having equipped Joseph's party with what necessaries and ammunition I had, I appointed the rest of the Six Nations to assemble at the Three Rivers, a convenient

place of rendezvous, and in the way to Fort Stanwix, and desired Colonel Butler to follow me with the Indians he brought with him from Niagara, and equip them all at Three Rivers.

"The twenty-sixth of July left Oswego, and second of August arrived with the Brigadier and the greatest part of the troops before Fort Stanwix, which was invested the same evening. The enemy having stopped up a narrow river, called Wood Creek, by cutting of trees across it for about twenty miles, along which our artillery, provisions and baggage were to pass, which passage to cut open required a number of men, as well as cutting a road through the woods for twenty-five miles, to bring up the artillery, stores, etc., that were immediately wanted, which weakened our small army greatly.

"The third, fourth and fifth the Indians surrounded the fort and fired from behind logs and rising grounds, at the garrison, wherever they had an object, which prevented them from working at the fortifications in the day. The fifth, in the afternoon, accounts were brought by Indians, sent by Joseph's sister from Canajoharie, that a body of rebels were on their march and would be within ten or twelve miles of our camp by night. A detachment of about four hundred Indians was ordered to reconnoitre the enemy. Sir John Johnson asked leave to join his company of light infantry and head the whole, which was granted. Colonel Butler and other Indian officers were ordered with the Indians.

"The rebels having an imperfect account of the number of Indians that joined us (being upward of eight hundred), not thinking them by one-fourth as many, and being sure as to our strength and artillery (which we learned by prisoners), that they knew it from their emissaries before we left Canada. They, therefore, on the sixth, marched on, to the number of upwards of eight hundred, with security and carelessness.

"When within six miles of the Fort they were waylaid by our party, surprised, briskly attacked, and after a little resistance, repulsed and defeated; leaving upwards of five hundred killed on the spot, among which were their principal officers and ringleaders; their general was shot through the knee, and a few days afterward died of an amputation.

"We lost Captains Hare and Wilson of the Indians, Lieutenant McDonald of Sir John's regiment, two or three privates and thirty-two Indians, among which were several Seneka chiefs killed. Captain Watts, Lieutenant Singleton of Sir John's regiment, and thirty-three Indians wounded.

"During the action when the garrison found the Indians' camp (who went out against their reinforcement) empty, they boldly sallied out with three hundred men, and two field pieces, and took away the Indians' packs, with their clothes, wampum and silver work, "they having gone in their shirts, as naked to action;" and when they found a party advancing from our camp, they returned with their spoil, taking with them Lieutenant Singleton and a private of Sir John's regiment, who lay wounded in the Indian camp.

"The disappointment was rather greater to the Indians than their loss, for they had nothing to cover themselves at night, or against the weather, and nothing in our camp to supply them till I got to Oswego.

"After this defeat and having got part of our artillery up, some cohorn shells were thrown into the Fort, and a few shots fired. A flag then was sent with an account of the disaster of their intended relief, and the garrison was summoned to surrender prisoners of war, to be marched down the country, leaving baggage, &c., behind, to satisfy the Indians for their losses.

"The rebels knowing their strength in garrison, as well as fortification, and the insufficiency of our field pieces to hurt them, and apprehensive of being massacred

by the Indians, for the losses sustained in the action ; they rejected the summons and said they were determined to hold out to the extremity.

"The siege then was carried on with as much vigor as possible for nineteen days, but to no purpose. Sir John Johnson proposed to follow the blow given to the reinforcements (who were chiefly Mohawk river people), to march down the country with about two hundred men, and I intended joining him with a sufficient body of Indians but the Brigadier said he could not spare the men, and disapproved of it. The inhabitants in general were ready (as we afterward learned) to submit and come in. A flag then was sent to invite the inhabitants to submit and be forgiven, and assurance given to prevent the Indians from being outrageous ; but the commanding officer of the German Flats, hearing of it, seized the flag, consisting of Ensign Butler of the Eighth Regiment, ten soldiers and three Indians, and took them up as spies. A few days after, General Arnold, coming with some cannon and a reinforcement, made the inhabitants return to their *obedience*. The Indians, finding that our besieging the fort was of no effect, our troops but few, a reinforcement, as was reported, of fifteen hundred or two thousand men with field pieces by the way, began to be dispirited and fell off by degrees. The chiefs advised the Brigadier to retreat to Oswego and get better artillery from Niagara, and more men, and so return and renew the siege; to which the Brigadier agreed, and accordingly retreated on the twenty-second of August. On our arrival at Oswego the twenty-sixth and examining into the state of the troops' necessaries, the men were without shoes and other things which only could be got at Montreal, the Brigadier at the same time having received a letter from General Burgoyne to join him, either by a march through the woods back of Tryon county (which was impracticable), or the way he came. He adopted the latter on account of procuring necessaries for the men. The Indians were as much as possible reconciled to this resolution, with a promise that they should be convened as soon as Colonel Butler could return from Montreal with some necessaries for them. There being Indian traders at Oswego, I saw myself under a necessity to clothe those Indians that lost their packs by the rebels at Fort Stanwix, which made them return home contented.

"Thus has an expedition miscarried merely for want of timely and good intelligence. For it is impossible to believe that had the Brigadier St. Leger known the real state of the fort and garrison of Fort Stanwix, he could possibly have proceeded from Montreal without a sufficient train of artillery and his full complement of troops. And yet by what I find, very large sums have been expended on account of Government at Niagara upon the Indians these two years past, and they at the same time kept inactive ; whereas, had these presents been properly applied, the Six Nations might not only prevent Fort Stanwix from being re-established, but even let not a rebel come near it or keep it up ; it being almost in the heart of their country, and they with reluctance saw the Crown erect a fort there last war. All the good done by the expedition was, the ringleaders and principal men of the rebels of Tryon county were put out of the way ; but had we succeeded, it must be of vast good effect to the Northern operations, and its miscarrying, I apprehend, to my deep concern, to be the reverse."

18. ROSTER OF ORISKANY. (Page 84.)

For several weeks in June and July, 1877, the Utica *Herald* appealed to the descendants of those engaged in the battle, and to all others, for names to make up a Roster of Oriskany, to preserve the names of all persons who took part in that important action. As the sum of its efforts, from all sources, that journal gathered the following list:

*Brigadier-General Nicholas Herkimer; Captain George Herkimer (Descendants, Warren Herkimer, Janesville, Wis.; Anne Herkimer Greene, Herkimer; Adilda Herkimer Eaton, Herkimer; Emily Herkimer Greene, Little Falls); Colonel Frederick Visscher, Mohawk (Descendant, S. G. Visscher, Rome); *Colonel Ebenezer Cox, Canajoharie; Colonel Jacob G. Klock, Palatine (Descendant, Josiah Shull, Ilion); Colonel Peter Bellinger, German Flats: *Frederick Ayer (Oyer) Schuyler; ‡Major Blauvelt, Mohawk; †Captain George Henry Bell, Fall Hill; *Joseph Bell, Fall Hill; Nicholas Bell, Fall Hill; †Captain John Breadbeg, Palatine; John Henry Adam Becher, Little Falls; Adam Bellinger; Colonel John Bellinger, Utica; Wm. P. Bellinger, Utica (Descendant, Henry B. Ostrom, Utica); ‡Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Bellinger, German Flats; *Samuel Billington, Palatine, Committee of Safety; ——— Billington; *Major John Blevin; †Captain Jacob Bowman, Canajoharie; John Boyer; Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Campbell, Cherry Valley (Descendant, Judge W. W. Campbell, Cherry Valley); *Lieutenant Robert Campbell, Cherry Valley; Major Samuel Clyde, Cherry Valley (Descendants, Jefferson N. Clyde, Alfred G. Clyde, Cherry Valley; DeWitt C. Clyde, Middlefield); Jacob Castler; John Castler; Adam Cassler (Father of John A. Cassler, Minden); Jacob Clemens, Schuyler; (Descendant, Michael Clemens, Schuyler); Captain A. Copeman, Minden; Richard Coppernoll; *Robert Crouse, Canajoharie; *Benjamin Davis; *Captain John Davis, Mohawk; Martinus Davis, Mohawk (a brother of Captain John Davis); Nicholas DeGraff, Amsterdam; Captain John Marx Demuth, Deerfield; *Captain Andrew Dillenback, Palatine; John Doxtader, German Flats; Captain Henry Diefendorf, Canajoharie; Hon. (John) Peter Dunckel, Freysbush; Hon. Garrett Dunckel, Freysbush; Hon. Nicholas Dunckel, Freysbush; Francis Dunckel, Freysbush; *John Dygert, Committee of Safety; Captain William Dygert, German Flats (Descendant, James M. Dygert, Ilion); *Major John Eisenlord, Stone Arabia; Peter Ehle, Palatine; Jacob Empie, Palatine; William Cox, St. Johnsville; Henry Failing, Canajoharie, Jelles Fonda; Captain Adam Fonda; Valentine Fralick, Palatine; ‡†Major John Frey, Palatine; *Captain Christopher P. Fox, Palatine; Christopher W. Fox, Palatine; Charles Fox, Palatine; Peter Fox, Palatine; Christopher Fox, Palatine (Nephews of Christopher W. Fox); Peter Folts, Fort Herkimer (Grandson, Jacob P. Folts, Oneida.) George Geortner, Canajoharie; Captain Lawrence Gros, Minden; *Nicholas Gray, Palatine; Lieutenant Samuel Gray, Herkimer (Descendant, Colonel I. J. Gray, Utica); Captain ——— Graves; Captain Jacob Gardinier, Mohawk; Lieutenant Samuel Gardinier, Mohawk; *Lieutenant Petrus Groot, Amsterdam; Henry Harter, German Flats; John Adam Helmer, German Flats; *Captain Frederick Helmer, German Flats; John Heyck, Palatine; Nicholas Hill; Lieutenant Yost House, Minden; John Hoover, Little Falls; *Lieutenant-Colonel Abel Hunt, Canajoharie; Andrew Keller, Palatine; Christian Huffnail, Minden; Jacob Keller, Palatine; Solomon Keller, Palatine; *Major Dennis Klapsattle, German Flats; Jacob Klapsattle, German Flats; Peter Kilts, Palatine; George Lintner, Minden; George Lighthall, Minden; Henry Lonus, Minden; Solomon Longshore, Canajoharie; Lieutenant Peter Loucks, Little Falls; Peter Loucks, Little Falls; *Jacob Markell, Springfield (Descendant, Oliver Markell, Springfield Center); *William Merckley, Palatine; John P. Miller, Minden; Jacob Moyer, (now Myers) German Flats; Lieutenant David McMaster, Florida; Adam Miller, Minden; Henry Miller, Minden; David Murray, Fonda; Christian Nelles; John D. Nellis, Palatine (Descendant, Mrs. A. C. Jonnson, Marcy); Peter Nestle, Palatine; *Honorable Isaac Paris, Palatine, and his son who was also killed; John Marx Petri, Little Falls; *Lieutenant Dederiah Marx Petrie, Herkimer; Dr.

*Killed. †Wounded. ‡Taken prisoner.

William Petry, Herkimer, Committee of Safety (Grandsons, Robert and Samuel Earl); †Joseph Petry, Dayton; *Captain Samuel Pettingill, Mohawk; †Adam Price, Minden; Nicholas Pickard, Minden; Richard Putnam, Mohawk; Abraham D. Quackenboss; †Jacob Rachiour, Minden; George Raynor, Minden; Captain Nicholas Rector, Garoga; John Rother (Roth) Minden; John Adam Hartman, Herkimer; Colonel John Roof, Fort Stanwix (Descendant, Dr. F. A. Roof, Rhinebeck); Marx Raspach, Kingsland; (Descendant, John A. Rasbach, Ilion); Henry Sanders, Minden; Samson Sammons, Fonda, Committee of Safety; Jacob Sammons, Fonda (Descendant, Colonel Simeon Sammons); *William Schaver; Ensign John Jacob School, Palatine; *Colonel Saffreness Seeber, Canajoharie (Descendants, William Seeber, Saffreness Seeber, Milford); *Private James Seeber, Canajoharie; †Captain Jacob Seeber, Canajoharie; †Lieutenant William Seeber, Canajoharie (Descendants, Luther Seeber, Saffreness Seeber, James W. Seeber, Nicholas Seeber, William Seeber, Adam Seeber); *Private Henry Seeber, Canajoharie; Lieutenant John Seeber, Minden; *Rudolph Seeber, Minden; Peter Sitz, Palatine; Rudolph Siebert; Thomas Spencer, Indian Interpreter; Christian Schell, Little Falls; George Smith, Palatine (Descendant, C. M. Smith, Steuben, N. Y); Naomi Brooks, Boonville; Nicholas Smith (Father of Colonel Nicholas Smith, Utica); Colonel Henry Starin, Schuyler (Descendant J. H. Starin, New York); Captain Rudolph Shoemaker, Canajoharie; Thomas Shoemaker, German Flats; *Joseph Snell, Snellbush, now Manheim; *Jacob Snell, Snellbush, now Manheim; Peter Snell, Snellbush, now Manheim; George Snell, Snellbush, now Manheim;* John Snell, Stone Arabia; (the above were brothers); *John Snell, Jr., Stone Arabia (a son of George and a fifer); *Frederick Snell, Snellbush. (Of the Snells Mr. Simms writes: It has been said for many years that nine Snells went into the battle and that seven of the number remained there. We have made an effort to trace them out and here is the result thus far: Five brothers and a relation, perhaps a cousin, and a son of one of the brothers.) Lieutenant Jeremiah Swarts, Mohawk; John G. Sillenbeck; John Shults, Palatine; George Shults, Stone Arabia; *Frederick Stevens, German Flats (Descendant, Henry Stevens, Columbia); Peter Summer; Adam Thumb, Palatine (Descendant, Absolom Thumb, St. Johnsville); Jacob Timmerman, St. Johnsville; Lieutenant Henry Timmerman, St. Johnsville; Henry Thompson, Fultonville; Lieutenant Martin C. Van Alstine, Canajoharie; *John Van Antwerp; George Van Deusen, Canajoharie; Peter Van Alstine, Root; Evert Van Epps, Fultonville; Thomas Van Horn, Vanhornsville; Henry Vedder; †Conrad Vols (now Foltz), German Flats; Lieutenant Jacob Vols, German Flats; *Major Harmanus Van Slyck, Palatine; *Major Nicholas Van Slyck; Captain John Visscher, Mohawk; ‡Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Walradt, German Flats; George Walter, Palatine; Major George E. Watts; Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Waggoner, Palatine; Lieutenant Peter Waggoner, Jr., Palatine; George Waggoner, Palatine; John Waggoner, Palatine (Descendants, the Wagner family of Palatine Bridge); Jacob Wagner, Canajoharie; John Wagner Canajoharie; Garrett Walrath; Lieutenant Henry Walrath; Peter Westerman, Canajoharie; *John Wollover, Fort Herkimer; Abraham Woolover, Fort Herkimer; †Peter Wollover, Fort Herkimer; *Richard Wollover, Fort Herkimer; Jacob Wever, German Flats; Peter Jams Weaver, German Flats; Michael Widrick, Schuyler; *Lawrence Wrenkle, Fort Herkimer (Descendant, Jacob Wrinkle, Forestport, Oneida county); †Dr. Moses Younglove, Surgeon; Captain Robert Yates; †Nicholas Yerdon, Minden.

OFFICERS AT FORT STANWIX.

Peter Gansevoort, Colonel; Marinus Willett, Lieutenant-Colonel (Descendant, Rev. Wm. M. Willett, Bergen, N. J); Robert Cochran, Major; George Symes, Adjutant; Thomas Williams, Quartermaster.

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* Killed. † Wounded ‡ Taken prisoner.

First Company.—E. Van Bunschooten, Captain; Jon. Pearcy, First Lieutenant; Thomas Oostrander, Second Lieutenant.

Second Company.—Thomas Dewitt, Captain; Benjamin Bogardus, Second Lieutenant.

Third Company.—Cornelius T. Jansen, Captain; N. Vander Heyden, First Lieutenant; James Dubois, Second Lieutenant; Samuel English, Ensign.

Fourth Company.—Abraham Swartwoudt, Captain; Philip Conine, First Lieutenant; G. R. G. Livingston, Second Lieutenant; Samuel Lewis, Ensign.

Fifth Company.—Aaron Austin, Captain; John Ball, First Lieutenant; Gerrit Staats, Second Lieutenant.

Sixth Company.—James Gregg, Captain; Levi Stockwell, First Lieutenant; James Blake, Second Lieutenant; George Dennison, Ensign.

Seventh Company.—Henry N. Piebout, Captain; Isaac Bogert, First Lieutenant; Wm. Mead, Second Lieutenant; Christopher Hutten, Ensign.

Eighth Company.—John Houston, Captain; John Welch, First Lieutenant; Prentice Bowen, Second Lieutenant.

Colonel Mellen; Colonel Allen; Colonel Bleecker; Colonel John James Davis; Colonel Johnson; Lieutenant Diefendorf; Lieutenant M'Clenner; Major Ballam; Ensign Chase; Ensign Bailey; Ensign Lewis; Ensign Magee; Ensign Arnent; Gershorn Gilbert (Descendant, Geo. Gilbert, Carthage); Jabez Spicer; Isaac Covenhoven; Ensign Jonathan Dean, Westmoreland; John Schuyler, Westmoreland; Captain Johannis Roof; (Father of Colonel John Roof, at Oriskany).

The regiments as stated in the text were raised by districts. Tryon county had four. The Mohawk district lay lowest down the river. Next west, and to the south of the river, was the Canajoharie district, reaching to Little Falls and to Cherry Valley. Palatine district lay north of the river, and extended west from the Mohawk district to Little Falls. The district of German Flats and Kingsland included all the territory west of Little Falls on both sides of the river.

Colonel Cox's regiment had been ordered to Ticonderoga in the preceding winter, as the manuscript narrative of Frederick Sammons states. This narrative is now in the possession of Colonel Simeon Sammons, of Fonda, who has kindly permitted the writer to peruse it.

THE HERKIMER MONUMENT.

LETTER OF DR. HENRY A. HOMES, STATE LIBRARIAN, ON THE SUBJECT.

STATE LIBRARY, ALBANY, *June* 18, 1879.

HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR:

DEAR SIR: In perusing the accounts of the proceedings of the Oriskany centennial celebration of 1877, I have found no allusion to the action of the State just half a century before, in regard to erecting a monument to General Herkimer. Recalling the fervor with which you have appealed in behalf of such a monument, I felt sure that you would be gratified to be reminded that your enthusiasm had been sustained by no less an example than that of so eminent a predecessor in office as Governor DeWitt Clinton.

Governor Clinton, in his annual message in 1827 to the Legislature, the semi-centennial year of the battle of Oriskany, recalls to the minds of the members that the year was "the 50th anniversary of our national existence," and after speaking of "our debt to the surviving worthies of the revolution," he adds:

"It is suitable to the occasion to solicit your attention to the following resolve of Congress, passed on the 4th of October, 1777:

'*Resolved*, That the governor and council of New York be desired to erect a monument, at continental expense, of the value of five hundred dollars, to the memory of the late Brigadier Herkimer, who commanded the militia of Tryon county in the State of New York, and was killed fighting gallantly in defense of the liberty of these States.'

"At the most critical period of the Revolutionary war, when the State was nearly surrounded with hostile forces, and when destroying armies were penetrating it in various directions, the gallant Herkimer fell on the field of battle, at the head of his patriotic neighbors. This exhibition of heroic virtue attracted the distinguished notice of Congress, but the situation of the times presented obstacles to an immediate compliance with their resolve. As there can be no reason for further delay, I hope that this subject will occupy your early attention."

This recommendation was speedily referred to a select committee of five. A bill was reported, discussed in committee of the whole, and there the title of the bill was changed from "An act of honor to the memory of General Herkimer," to that of "An act to provide for the erection of a monument in honor of General Nicholas Herkimer." It was finally engrossed, read a third time, and passed the same day, April 16, and sent to the Senate for concurrence. On the same day it was read in the Senate and ordered to a second reading. Both bodies adjourned the next day, April 17, and the bill failed to become a law.*

Governor Clinton, faithful to his purpose, in his next and last annual message, in 1828, repeats his recommendation regarding the monument in the following language:

"At the last meeting of the Legislature, I recommended a monumental erection in honor of General Herkimer, and to which I beg leave to refer you. If you concur with me in the propriety and policy of attending to this notice of an eminent patriot of the Revolution, permit me to advocate with it, General Woodhull, another distinguished hero who fell, one of the first victims of the Revolutionary war, in defense of his country, on Long Island, in August, 1776."

On the next day this portion of the messsage was referred to a select committee. This committee, by its chairman, Abijah Mann, jr., reported at length, on March 28. This report, after narrating the death of Woodhull on Long Island, recounts the bravery of General Herkimer and his success in defeating the designs of the enemy at Oriskany, and concludes thus: "In consideration of the distinguished services rendered to this State by Generals Herkimer and Woodhull during the American Revolution, the committee, in pursuance of the recommendation of his excellency the late governor, respectfully ask leave to introduce a bill to provide for the erection of suitable monuments to their memories, as a perpetual testimony of the estimation of those services by the people of this State. *Ordered*, that leave be given to bring in such a bill." It was ordered, and immediately brought in, read for the first time, read by unanimous consent immediately for the second time, and committed to a committee of the whole house. On the 5th of April, this bill with a dozen others was reported by a committee as one of "such public character as ought to be acted upon at the present session." The Assembly adjourned nearly a month later, but no farther action on the subject is recorded in its journal, or in that of the Senate for the same year.†

In the six sections of the bill it was provided as follows: 1. Erection of monuments at or near the places of interment. 2. Names the three commissioners to erect the monument in the town of Danube. 3. Empowers them to determine the form, size and inscription of the monuments. 4. A sum (left blank) declared to be appro-

*N. Y. Assem. Journal, 1827, pp. 42, 45, 1036, 1043, 1141, 1142. Senate Journal, 1827, p. 620.
† Assembly Journal, 1828, pp. 20, 23, 908, 910.

priated for the monument. 5. Names commissioners of Suffolk county to erect monument there. 6. Commissioners for both monuments may procure the marble from Sing Sing.*

The subject of an appropriation for either of these monuments was not resumed in the following year, 1829. It will be remarked that Governor Clinton's recommendation of these monuments was one of his latest official acts, and that before the presentation of the report of the committee he was in his grave.

I am, dear sir, respectfully your most obedient servant,

HENRY A. HOMES, *State Librarian.*

LETTER FROM JOHN HANCOCK.

YORK TOWN, PENN., *Oct.* 5, 1777.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to transmit to you the enclosed resolves of Congress, from which you will perceive it is their desire that a monument should be erected to the memory of the late Brigadier General Harkemer, and that they request you will take proper measures for carrying the resolve into execution. They have for this purpose voted five hundred dollars.

Every mark of distinction shown to the memory of such illustrious men as offer up their lives for the liberty and happiness of the country, reflects real honor on those who pay the grateful tribute; and by holding up to others the prospects of fame and immortality, will animate them to tread in the same path.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*

Address: "His Excellency G. Clinton, Esq., Governor and the Honorable Council of the State of New York."

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* Legislative Documents, folio of 1828.

Bemus Heights.

Proceedings of the Celebration of September 19th.

At Bemus * Heights on the 19th of September, 1877, the centennial celebration of the anniversary of the battle at that point took place. For this celebration extensive preparations were made, and the result was a splendid commemoration of the great event. Neighboring towns and counties joined in the patriotic effort.

Hon. George W. Neilson, of Stillwater, was Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

Gen. W. B. French, of Saratoga Springs, Chief Marshal, had issued the following order of the day:

One hundred guns will be fired at sunrise, on the old battle-field, by Battery B, Tenth Brigade, Captain A. H. Green.

The procession will be formed on the square at Bemus Heights Hotel, near the river, at 9 A. M., and march to the battle-field, about half a mile distant, in the following order:

Platoon of Police.

General W. B. French, Chief Marshal; assistants to Chief Marshal, Colonel Hiram Rodgers, Saratoga Springs; Captain I. S. Scott, Troy; Captain B. F. Judson, Saratoga Springs; Lieutenant Vandemark, Stillwater; Colonel George T. Steenburgh, Troy; J. Willard Lester, Saratoga Springs; Charles L. Pond, Saratoga Springs.

Major-General J. B. Carr and staff.

Brigadier-General Alonzo Alden and staff.

First Division.

Doring's band, of Troy.

Tenth Brigade, Third Division, N. Y. S. N. G., in the following order:

Line.	Separate Company.	Captain.
1st	Third.	P. R. Chadwick
2d	Sixth.	J. W. Cusack
3d	Fourth.	J. Egolf

* For authority for the spelling of Bemus, see Note 1 of appendix, at end of Bemus Heights proceedings.

Line.	Separate Company.	Captain.
4th	Seventh.	J. H. PATTEN
5th	First.	F. S. ATWELL
6th	Fifth.	F. GLEESETTLE
7th	Second.	G. T. HALL

Battery B, Tenth Brigade, Captain A. H. GREEN, Troy, N. Y.

His Excellency, LUCIUS ROBINSON, Governor and Commander in Chief and staff.

Brigadier-General J. S. DICKERMAN, Ninth Brigade, and staff.

President of the day, Hon. GEORGE G. SCOTT, of Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Orator of the day, Hon. MARTIN I. TOWNSEND, of Troy, N. Y.

Poet of the day, Prof. ROBERT LOWELL, Union College, N. Y.

Address by Lieutenant-Governor WILLIAM DORSHEIMER.

Collation.

Review of the Tenth Brigade by His Excellency, Governor LUCIUS ROBINSON.

Manœuvering of Gen. ALDEN'S Brigade in evolution of the line, illustrating the engagement on the same ground between the armies of Generals Gates and Burgoyne one hundred years ago, in which evolution the artillery, cavalry and infantry present at the celebration will be engaged, thus affording the people assembled an opportunity to form some idea of the battle that won for them their independence, and at the same time giving them "a smell of gunpowder."

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

W. B. FRENCH, *Marshal.*

The following had also been issued:

To the Soldiers and Sailors of the war of 1861:

VETERANS:—The one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Bemus Heights will be celebrated on the 19th day of September, on the old battle field in Stillwater. You should not fail to take part in the interesting exercises there to take place.

That batle was decisive of the American Revolution, and may be said to have achieved the independence which your valor and patriotism have maintained, and secured to yourselves and your posterity.

You are therefore earnestly invited to be present on that occasion.

Assemble without uniforms in citizens dress at the Bemus Heights Hotel near the battle ground, at 9 A. M., on the 19th, and report your name, company, regiment, brigade, division and corps, to Captain FRANK THOMAS, who will give the designation badge and assign you a place of honor in the procession, where the electric touch of the elbow will again inspire you as of yore it did the patriots of 1777.

By order of the Committee.
Dated *Sept.* 11, 1877.

W. B. FRENCH,
Marshal of the Day.

The centennial celebration of the battle of Bemus Heights could not have fallen on a lovelier day. It was one of those beautiful autumn days which are so well known in northern New York. The occasion was improved by the people of the surrounding country, who flocked to the grounds in all sorts of conveyances, on foot and on horseback, and even on canal boats. The programme of the celebration was successfully carried out, the affair ending iu a fierce sham battle between an imaginary British foe concealed in a clump of woods, and General ALDEN'S Brigade. Battery B was on both sides and did some pretty sharp firing. The troops were manœuvered by Generals CARR and

ALDEN, the former suggesting the movements on both sides, and General ALDEN carrying them out, handling the troops with ease and swiftness.

The people began to come in before daylight, and continued to arrive in crowds until the sun indicated high noon. Comparatively few came from the cities. It was the country people's holiday, and they observed it faithfully. The road from Mechanicville * to the ground was sprinkled, and was in first class condition early in the morning. Before eight o'clock the dust was nearly a foot deep. This statement may give a faint idea of the number of vehicles which passed on it. Saratoga county turned out almost *en masse*. The greatest interest was taken in the sunrise salute to be fired by Battery B. After the salute the final preparations for the celebration were pushed with vigor.

One of the most interesting places in the vicinity of the celebration grounds was the old Neilson House. This venerable structure was decorated with flags, and turned into a refreshment saloon. The chief article on the bill of fare was pumpkin pie, baked in the room where General Poor had his head-quarters, and where the wounded British General Ackland was joined by his wife the day after the second battle. At this house was exhibited a large collection of battle-field relics. Twelve pound cannon balls, rifle bullets covered with the rust of a century, were wonderingly inspected by the crowd who entered the ancient building. There were also a number of Indian weapons and tools, such as stone hatchets, flint arrow heads and pestles.

The Troy companies reached the Bemus Heights Hotel at about ten o'clock, where they were joined by the Port Henry, Whitehall and Glens Falls companies. At length all the arrangements for the grand procession were completed. At about eleven the order to march was given.

The following was the arrangement:

FIRST DIVISION.

Police.
Grand Marshal W. B. FRENCH, of Saratoga.
Aids to the Grand Marshal.
Major-General J. B. CARR and Staff.

* For authority for this spelling of the name, see Note 2 of appendix at end of Bemus Heights proceedings.

Brigadier ALDEN and Staff.
Doring's Band.
Chadwick Guards of Cohoes, Capt. P. H. CHADWICK commanding.
Troy Citizens' Corps, Captain J. W. CUSACK commanding.
Troy Tibbits' Corps, Captain J. EGOLF commanding.
Troy Tibbits' Cadets, Captain J. H. PATTEN commanding.
Sherman Guards of Port Henry, Captain F. G. ATWELL commanding.
Hughes' Light Guard of South Glens Falls, Captain F. GLEESETTLE commanding.
Burleigh Corps of Whitehall, Captain G. T. HALL commanding.
Battery B of Troy, Captain A. H. GREEN commanding.
Generals HUGHES and TRACY, and Colonel LODEWICK of the Governor's Staff.
Brigadier-General DICKERMAN of Albany and Staff.
Hon. GEORGE G. SCOTT, President of the Day.
Orators, Poet and Clergy.

SECOND DIVISION.

Colonel D. J. CAW, Assistant Marshal.
Marshal's Aids.
Seventy-seventh Regiment of Saratoga.
Saratoga Veterans carrying the old Bemus Heights regimental flag, commanded by FRANK H. THOMAS.
Saratoga Continentals, Mounted.
Citizens of Saratoga.

THIRD DIVISION.

Captain B. F. JUDSON, Assistant Marshal, commanding.
Marshal's Aids.
Holding's Band of Ballston.
Eagle Engine Company of Ballston.
Hovey Fire Company of Ballston.
Ballston Veterans.
Citizens of Ballston.
Schuylerville Band.
Schuylerville Fire Company.
Mounted Yeomanry.
Schuylerville Citizens.

The procession was very imposing. The Tenth Brigade was the center of public admiration and the theme of public praise. The Saratoga Continentals were hastily organized, but made a fine appearance.

The procession moved over historic ground and by noted land marks. Flags and bunting were displayed from every building in the hamlet of Bemus Heights. North of the hotel the site of General Gates' head-quarters was visible. The soldier boys could see, over the river, Willard's Mountain from the summit of which in early September, 1777, Willard, the scout, watched the movements within the British

camp, communicating his discoveries by signal or messenger to General Gates. Near the celebration ground a placard indicated that there stood on the spot one hundred years ago a barn which was used for hospital purposes. Passing up a not too steep acclivity, the procession entered the twenty-two acre field in which the exercises were held. The various bodies marched around the grand stand, which was erected upon the site of one of the redoubts, and also passed over that portion of the ground in which the American and British dead of the battle were interred. The ground was indicated by a small sign board. There is not and has not been for many years a trace of the graves. The soldiers killed in the battle of one hundred years ago have no memorial or monument to this day. After the procession had been dispersed, the people gathered about the grand stand. The field was a fine place for a crowd. Although thirty thousand people stood there, there was no crowding. Among the conspicuous persons there were Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER, General HUGHES, of the Governor's staff, Hons. GEO. G. SCOTT, GEORGE WEST, JOHN M. FRANCIS, MARTIN I. TOWNSEND, G. ROBERTSON, JAMES S. SMART, HENRY G. BURLEIGH, Charity Commissioner BRENNAN of New York, T. B. CARROLL, C. S. LESTER, GEORGE W. CHAPMAN, GEORGE W. NEILSON, EDWARD EDWARDS, and Judges INGALLS, YATES and CRANE. Besides these gentlemen, Generals CARR, ALDEN and DICKERMAN with their staffs, and the General Committee occupied seats on the stand. Shortly after noon the vast multitude was called to order and Doring's band opened the exercises with music. Rev. Dr. PETER STRYKER, of Saratoga, offered prayer.

OPENING ADDRESS BY HON. GEORGE D. SCOTT, PRESIDENT.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The important military event which occurred here a century ago has been indifferently designated as the battle of Bemus Heights, the battle of Stillwater, and the battle of Saratoga; and some confusion and misunderstanding have arisen in consequence. The high ground rising from the west shore of the Hudson, just below us, derived its name from John Bemus, who kept a tavern at the narrow pass, where the chain of hills approached nearest to the river. The nearest cluster of dwellings was the hamlet called Stillwater, now Stillwater village, noted for a time as the head-quarters of General Schuyler. Twelve miles up

the river from Stillwater was the old settlement of Saratoga, distinguished as the summer residence of Schuyler, and the place where Burgoyne surrendered. The ground, upon which both the fighting and the surrender took place, was within the district of Saratoga, then one of the political divisions of Albany county. It embraced about one-third of what has since become Saratoga county, extending from the Borough (now Mechanicville) on the south, to Wing's (now Glen's) Falls on the north, and far enough to the west, to include the northern-most mineral springs, to which it furnished a name. It also comprehended that portion of the Saratoga patent which lies on the east side of the river. The battle-ground was included in Stillwater, when it was subsequently incorporated as a town. Each of the names, to which I have referred, was, therefore, appropriate to this renowned battle-field of the Revolution.

A celebrated modern English historian, speaking of the annual commemoration, down to this day, of an event which occurred nearly two centuries ago, observes that a people which take no pride in the noble achievements of their ancestors, will never achieve any thing worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants. The centennial celebrations that have been observed in this country within the last three years indicate that this remark can have no application to us. Commencing with Lexington and Concord, followed by Bunker Hill, the Declaration of Independence, Trenton and Princeton, we are now passing through the centennials of 1777, distinguished as the successive acts in the great drama of Burgoyne's campaign.

The rebellious colonies had become a source of great annoyance to the mother country. Her patience was at last exhausted, and early in 1777, preparations were made for a campaign upon a scale sufficiently grand and extensive, it was believed, to coerce them into submission and silence. I shall not occupy your time in attempting to mark out its plan or to trace its progress to its inglorious termination, nor shall I attempt a sketch of the closely contested and sanguinary conflict which took place upon this ground on the 19th of September, or the victory won here by the American forces on the 7th of October, both of which may be regarded substantially as one battle—the battle which we are now assembled to commemorate.

It is sufficient for my purpose to say that upon this amphitheater, where this scene of rural beauty and quietude is spread before us, then mostly covered with the primeval forest, the great and decisive contest of the Revolution took place. It was followed by the capitulation of the British forces at Saratoga on the 17th of October, which, owing to the punctiliousness of Burgoyne and the courtesy of Gates, was termed "the convention of Saratoga."

It is difficult to realize the far reaching consequences of this world-renowned battle. It has been said with much force, that without it, Bunker Hill would have been insignificant and Yorktown impossible. It secured to us the alliance and aid of France; it inspired us with confidence in ourselves; and foreshadowed the ultimate, if not early, accomplishment of American independence, which, fifteen months previous, had been boldly, but in the apprehensions of many, prematurely and rashly, promulgated. It is ranked by historians among the few battles in the history of the world, that have changed the course of empires and shaped the destinies of our race. It has resulted in this great confederated republic, which in spite of the defects inherent in that form of government and of the severe trials, through which, during its marvellous growth and territorial expansion, it has passed, is, for the highest purposes for which governments are instituted, superior to any other, ancient or modern.

This is classic ground. It will be to our country what the plain of Marathon was to Greece. Unlike that memorable battle-field, however, upon which at different points, monuments of victory were raised, no column rises from this, to perpetuate the memory of this great event, to honor the valor that achieved it, and to distinguish the place of its occurrence. But the scene which surrounds us — these fields, marked by the redoubts and intrenchments of the confronting armies — the historic river below — and yonder mountain overlooking the whole, from whose summit, Willard the American scout, with spy-glass in hand, watched the movements of Burgoyne and reported by signals to Gates — all these will constitute one vast and imperishable monument, sacred to the memory of those heroes and patriots who fought and conquered here one hundred years ago.

ADDRESS OF HON. MARTIN I. TOWNSEND.

Fellow Citizens — We stand to-day upon one of the most illustrious battle-fields of the American Revolution. A hundred years ago there beat upon these fields thousands of hearts as warm and generous as ever throbbed in patriot bosoms. They were here to suffer and die, if need should be, in the cause of liberty and in the cause of their infant country. They were little inured to the work of iron war. They were farmers, fresh from their harvest fields; merchants, mechanics and professional men from their offices and workshops. Arrayed against them were the experienced veterans of Great Britain, led by British noblemen whose whole lives had been devoted to all the arts of modern warfare. Against them also stood the veteran officers and soldiers of two German kingdoms — those of Brunswick and those of Hesse. But this was not all. Our officers and soldiers knew that they were contending with the first military power in the world. From 1700 to 1777 the course of British wars had been but a series of triumphs for the British nation. No people had successfully withstood them, and no people understood this better than the New England, New York and New Jersey boys gathered here on that day. For they had fought side by side with the British in the great struggle which had ended in 1759 by consecrating the North American continent to the occupation for all time of English speaking people. They well knew, too, that England was the richest as well as the most powerful nation on earth. They knew that she had been enriched by the system of commerce and manufactures which she had cherished from the days of Cromwell as the apple of her eye. They knew that England was enriched with the spoils of India and the gems and spices of the isles of every sea. Above all, they knew that England's hosts were furnished with the full panoply of war, while the patriot ranks were destitute of all needful supplies except strong and willing hands and patriotic hearts. Yet their purposes never for a moment wavered, and, had it been required, every drop of their blood would have flowed as free as water for the sacred cause in which they were engaged. In the winter of 1776–7 the British Government had concocted a grand scheme for their subjugation. It is a curious coincidence that the enemies of human liberty from 1855 to 1865 replanned and threatened again and again to execute this same scheme. It was to separate by a strong hand the Hudson Valley and the New England States from the rest of the Union. Neither the English Government then or any other enemy of liberty since that day has liked the material sought to be severed from the

Union. In the New England States were found the descendants of the God-fearing Puritans and the associates of Cromwell's iron side regiments. In the Hudson Valley were found the descendants of the Covenanters of Scotland and the descendants of those brave Hollanders who so long withstood the whole power of Philip II of Spain and won from the tyrants and for freedom, as their fathers had won from the sea, the garden land of the low countries. Those were troublesome men for tyrants to deal with, and if they could be separated from the rest of the revolted States the happiest results for the English power were anticipated.

Sir Henry Clinton, in possession of the commercial capital of the State of New York, was to advance northward — by the valley of the Hudson, while Sir John Burgoyne, with an army more powerful than had ever been seen in the North, furnished with every implement of war then known, was to proceed by Lake Champlain and the Hudson and join Sir Henry Clinton at Albany. To distract the American forces, Col. St. Leger was to advance by the way of Oswego to Fort Stanwix, where Rome now stands, and after reducing that fort proceed by the valley of the Mohawk to the same point of union.

The spring of 1777 opened. Sir John Burgoyne at the head of the northern army proposed to himself a sort of dress-parade march along the Champlain and the Hudson, to enter Albany with the same sort of triumph in which the victorious Roman consul, returning from his province, entered the eternal city. In the spring and early summer his fondest hopes seemed likely to be realized. The brave and tireless Schuyler, to save his shred of an army from annihilation, wisely retreated to Van Schaick's island below Waterford, and threw up intrenchments there, to prevent, if possible, the advance on Albany, and a possible advance of St. Leger along the valley of the Mohawk. But before September the sons of New York, New England and New Jersey had rallied to the aid of Schuyler, and Stark had won over Baum the glorious victory of Bennington.

The generalship of Schuyler had forced the retreat of St. Leger from Fort Stanwix, and the Mohawk was freed from the presence of an enemy. The American Government had placed Horatio Gates in command of the northern army, to reap the fields which Schuyler had sown and cultivated, and it is fortunate that, whatever criticisms may have been made upon his appointment and his generalship, he did the work set for him most successfully. The purpose of Burgoyne on the 19th of September was to advance to Albany. The purpose of Gates and the American army was to block his way. Upon the morning of the 19th of September the two armies stood face to face behind their intrenchments, upon the hills sloping down to the west bank of the Hudson, the British left wing and the American right wing substantially resting upon the river. The British left, having their more effective cannon and the immense army supplies in charge, was under the command of Gens. Philips and Riedesel, while the British right was commanded by Gen. Fraser and Col. Breymann, under the eye of Gen. Burgoyne, the commander-in-chief. The right of the American army was commanded by Gen. Gates in person, while the left was in charge of the hitherto unequaled American General, Benedict Arnold. So near together were the two armies, that many a word of command given in the British lines was distinctly heard by the American pickets. In the bright rays of that beautiful morning sun the gleam of bayonets and sabres told to the watchful American army that the enemy was massing troops upon his right with a view to swoop down upon and overwhelm the American left. As might well be supposed, Arnold became furious, and again and again he sought permission from the commander-in-chief to lead forward his troops and

attack the British right, and practice upon them the same manœuvre by which Burgoyne sought to overwhelm him. In justice to Gates it should be remembered that he had actually in hand upon the field but about twenty-five hundred men, mostly of raw and untrained militia. As they stood they were guarded by intrenchments. On the British side more than 3,000 men were on the field, and every man a trained veteran. Gates could bide his time without injury to the cause he served, whereas Burgoyne must advance his left wing without delay or be undone. Yielding, however, to Arnold's persuasions, Gates at about 12 o'clock gave his consent that Arnold should move through the thick forests and attack the enemy's right. As early as 10 o'clock Philips and Riedesel had marched out of their intrenchments and had commenced a slow and methodical advance upon the patriot left. But when Arnold and the gallant Gen. Morgan and Major Dearborn, soon after 12 o'clock, threw themselves, as if in madness, upon the British, they not only repulsed the British right wing but checked the British advance along the whole line, and Philips and Riedesel never reached the neighborhood of the American intrenchments. During the whole afternoon and until long after the shades of night had set in, Arnold's forces renewed their attacks upon the British right. Again and again the British and German veterans yielded before the impetuosity of American yeomen, and never during that most eventful day were the British hosts under the leadership of Burgoyne and Breyman and Fraser allowed to advance one-third of the distance intervening between the American and British lines. Time will not allow me to enact the historian of this glorious battle. I cannot be allowed even to name hundreds of brave men whose deeds on that day are known to history. Sufficient to say, that no act was done on that field which would not, if detailed, redound to the glory of the American name. Burgoyne proposed in the morning to march to Albany. He had fought the bloody battle and found himself at night within his morning intrenchments, mourning over the fact that every sixth man who had gone into battle that day under his command was dead or wounded, or a prisoner within the American lines.

From the close of September 19, Burgoyne's fate was inevitable. The loyal American hearts had been cheered by the defeat and capture of Baum at Bennington and by the retreat of St. Leger from Fort Stanwix, and the defeat of Burgoyne at Bemus Heights satisfied even the doubting that final success in the war with Britain was not only possible but probable; and the loyal hosts who finally gathered upon the north and south and east and west of Burgoyne, before his final surrender on the 15th of October, might successfully have encountered an army five times larger than that which he commanded. I am not unmindful of the glorious achievements of the American troops between September 19 and October 15, but it will be the duty of others on a day already set, in the near future, to descant upon these topics. I content myself with remarking that the battle of Bemus Heights said to the British power what Omnipotence said to the Ocean: "Hither shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

The hero of Bemus Heights, if one may venture to confer that name on any one man, where all did their duty so nobly, was Benedict Arnold. The hero of the battle of October 17, still more distinctly, was Benedict Arnold. Had he died on the day of Burgoyne's surrender, his would have been like that of the Greek hero, Marco Bozzaris, "one of the few, immortal names that were not born to die." His tomb would have been one of the shrines about which patriots would have loved to cluster for all time. But, oh, what a change came! What a shadow now surrounds that once honored name. The civilized world has branded him as a traitor.

He sold his heart — his country — aye, his sacred honor, for British gold. It has been said that Arnold became mad with a desire to lead in the social world at Philadelphia, and thus contracted debts which oppressed him. It was doubtless true that Arnold's debts oppressed him. But no man ever sold his country to pay his debts. Arnold fell because he became infatuated at Philadelphia with a tory woman—a member of a fashionable tory family. His leisure hours were among the tories, and Arnold fell as thousands of others have fallen through all ages from Adam's day until now. Observation through life somewhat protracted has taught me that I can never be sure of any man's political opinions until I know something of the opinions and sympathies of his wife. I know it is said that Miss Shippen was a most lovely and excellent lady, and that she suffered great grief when Arnold's treason was exposed. This was doubtless true. So it was doubtless true that our mother Eve was a lovely and excellent lady, and doubtless suffered much when she found out what mischief she had done by tempting her infatuated husband. But it is none the less true that Adam's yielding to her suggestions has done a vast amount of mischief in this lower world. I can but admire the plan of the monument of Schuylerville. It is proposed to prepare four niches in the monument suitable to contain four statues of the four heroes of this glorious campaign, and place in the niches the statues of Schuyler, Gates and Morgan, and leave the fourth empty, engraving upon the lower side of the niche the name of that man who, but for his crime, would have led them all in the admiration of mankind. And here let me say that I never fail to rejoice when I see my fellow-citizens building monuments and showering honors upon the brave who have nobly suffered for their country. The story of the honors which our country bestowed upon the heroes of the Revolution is eagerly read by our boys long before they arrive at manhood. The hope to earn the gratitude of his country nerved the arm and cheered the heart of many a noble boy while suffering the hardships of the camp and prison in our late unholy rebellion; and if you would make your country safe against the outbreak of future rebellions, never fail, by monuments and the bestowal of rewards upon our brave and faithful sons, to show our regard for loyal men over those who sought to destroy their country.

The valleys of the Hudson and Champlain were for centuries the scene of war and bloodshed before the white man settled within this realm. The fierce Algonquins and Iroquois pursued each other along this route, from the valley of the Mohawk to the St. Lawrence, and inflicted upon each other all the barbarities which fiends could invent. By and by came Samuel de Champlain and his associates, and from that day French civilization joined with savage barbarities for years and years in deluging these fair valleys in blood; and when in 1759 the French power was obliterated upon this continent, Great Britain led the untamed savage to do his work of cruelty and blood along these same beautiful slopes and hilltops.

But for the last hundred years the sound of the war-whoop has ceased, and the arts of peace have been most successfully cultivated among us. Could good Isaiah be allowed to look in upon the scene that greets the traveler on the fields of Bemus Heights, he would believe that the thousand years of peace and joy which he so beautifully foretold have at last dawned among men.

We have had still a second war with England. In our late struggle for national existence England most cruelly gave aid and comfort to our enemies. But the treaty of Washington and the payment by England of the award under it, have removed all causes of contention between the British nation and ours. If we are

to be still rivals, may we not hope that it shall be in arts of agriculture, commerce and manufactures, and that the day shall come when these valleys so deluged in blood by the Algonquin, the Iroquois, the French and the English shall become vastly more than now the great thoroughfare between people who shall be fast friends at least, and perhaps gathered under the protecting folds of the same glorious national flag ?

SPEECH OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR DORSHEIMER.

My Fellow Citizens—You have assembled to celebrate one of the victories which brought about the surrender of Burgoyne, the negotiation of the French Alliance, and the establishment of American Independence. At Oriskany, a few weeks ago, the first of those victories was commemorated by a vast multitude, and with imposing ceremonies. Soon after, with like enthusiasm, the battle of Bennington was celebrated. And now you have gathered on the field where the decisive action of the campaign was fought. Oriskany had been a severe blow to the plans of the British commander; Bennington was the first defeat suffered by his own troops; but those events did not decide the fate of his expedition. Here, on these slopes, the decision was made — here it was determined that the American colonies should be free and independent States. We are at a turning point of our history, and from here, like one who stands at the bend of a river, we gaze through long vistas, on the one hand, upon the annals of the colonies — on the other, upon the eventful career and dazzling progress of the United States.

We here recall the events which tended to the formation of American character and nationality; the settlements at Albany and New York, and the introduction of the liberal polity of the Dutch; the landing at Jamestown and Plymouth; the Huguenot flying from the broken oath of Louis, and the Quaker escaping from the profligacy of Charles; the long struggle with savage nature and more savage men; and that finally the British army triumphant over Holland and then over France, spread the English speech through all the colonies, and wove the first and firmest bond of Union. Then came the Revolution. The fires of foreign oppression burn away all differences of tradition, race and creed. Moved by one purpose, the children of many races arise, and stand before the world one people. We recall the plans that Franklin laid, and the agitations that Samuel Adams set afoot. We hear the eloquence of Henry and Otis. We see Paul Revere riding through the night; the farmers gather in the graveyard at Lexington, and "there among the graves of their kindred they kneel loyal subjects of the British king; the baptism of fire is laid upon their brows and they arise American freemen." The low breastwork rises upon Bunker Hill and once and again holds back the tide of war. Washington takes command, Boston is liberated, but his defense of New York is unavailing. Then follows the crossing of the Delaware amid the ice; and the stealthy march upon Trenton. Standing here, we see that all this was but the prelude to what was accomplished here. Without that all would have been in vain.

On the other hand, from this point we look through the whole course of our country's subsequent career. We see the framing of the Constitution; we see the men who have counseled, led and inspired the people, those who have multiplied

its industries, directed its commerce, founded its schools, built its cities, and by inventions more strange than Arabian poet ever dreamt of, made the lightning our messenger, and the elements our servants.

We behold the throng of immigration lured hither by the beacon of liberty your fathers lighted — the German bringing gifts, the homely virtues of industry and thrift; the Irishman weaving into the woof of our national character the warm and glowing colors of Irish wit, enthusiasm and valor. Then came the struggle between freedom and slavery, the long and dreary war, and at last peace and re-union. As we stand here and look upon this eventful scene, we realize that were it not for what was done here a hundred years ago — whatever might have happened during the century that has passed, whatever institutions might have grown among us, whatever characteristics of race and custom might have been produced — they must have differed greatly from those which now exist. America and Americans would have been here, but neither the America nor the Americans which we know.

It does not come within the scope of my address to discuss the far-reaching consequences of this memorable victory. Neither will I dwell upon the details of Burgoyne's campaign; they have been vividly recited by the distinguished gentleman who has preceded me. I will, however, detain you a few moments to speak of the personal fortunes of some of the actors in these events.

You will remember that to General Philip Schuyler had been given command of the forces which were to oppose Burgoyne's march. This gentleman was a native of New York, distinguished for wealth and social consequence, and had long been a commanding figure in the colony. Destitute of equipment, and with forces inferior in number and discipline to the enemy, he had been compelled to act on the defensive, and had slowly retreated, delaying, so far as he could, the British advance, in the hope of receiving greatly needed re-enforcements, and of drawing his foe into a position where victory would be certain and complete.

Just when events began to justify his strategy, against the wish of Washington, Schuyler was removed, and the chief command given to General Gates. That officer gathered the fruits of Schuyler's wisdom, zeal, and caution. How little he deserved them may be known by the fact that during the doubtful battle of the 17th of October, he remained in his tent, at a distance from the fray, not having the influence over it of the humblest drummer boy. At this time Washington was in a position of doubt and difficulty. After the occupation of Boston the fortune of war had been against him, and his army had been so often defeated that a distrust was excited which the success at Trenton did not remove. He had sent some of his best troops to re-enforce Gates, and on the 11th of September, at Brandywine, he had been again defeated.

Saratoga gave to General Gates so great a fame, that he became the center of an intrigue, which was strongly supported in the army and in Congress, the object of which was to displace Washington and put Gates at the head of the army. This plan was partly defeated, but was so far successful as to obtain for Gates the command of the troops which had been gathered to resist Cornwallis in the south. The laurels of Saratoga were withered and scattered by the first blast of southern war; and Gates, riding in hot haste, leading the flight from the disastrous field of Camden, disappeared from American history.

Washington's influence and power had never been disturbed. The confidence of the people in him had not been shaken, by the intrigues of Conway, nor by Gates' short lived renown. So too with Schuyler. It has been left for a historian

of our time and State, to fully vindicate his military reputation; but the confidence of the people of New York was never withdrawn from him. He continued to be a citizen of influence and distinction long after the man who supplanted him had passed out of sight. The Revolution, like Stillwater, was a soldier's battle. The strong common sense of the people did justice to Schuyler and Washington.

Let us not forget that this victory was won by the united efforts of all the colonies. Regiments were here from Maryland, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, and New Hampshire. Morgan and his Southern riflemen were here. The Polander, Kosciusko, traced the fortifications along the crests of these hills, and on the day of battle, not knowing the language which the soldiers spoke, he spoke to them by deeds of valor which all could understand. The victory which made the United States possible does not belong to us or to New York alone. We who celebrate it, who have seen the country divided and the States at war, will have our patriotic impulses widened and our purpose strengthened to preserve the liberties which were here established, by remembering that all the States fought here for freedom and the Union.

The civil war is over and a happier day fills our skies. The laws are everywhere supreme. Every man in the land is now a freeman; and the tender chords of feeling which, more than laws, bind a people together, and which but lately were silent, again respond to the appeals of kinship and country. And so, too, the hard times are passing away. The harvests are crowding your granaries almost to bursting. The channels of commerce again are thronged. Industry revives, and labor rises from its paralysis. In this hour of patriotic hope, let us dedicate this field anew to freedom and to Union.

POEM BY ROBERT LOWELL.

Prelude.

As while about some restful, wide-shored bay,
All hid in fog, landward and seaward lay,
Came far-heard voices forth, from men unseen,
Or low of herd, or roll of slow worked oar,
Heard here and there, throughout that floating screen,
Made us no longer lonely, as before;
Nay, as might chance, the eyes, long-straining, wist
Where shapes walked, great and dim, within the mist.

So, we may think, with former men, that by
This life's still shore are to our minds yet nigh,
But hidden deep in folding mists of Past;
Still may the stronger eye, the finer ear,
Find, through the floating clouds about them cast,
The men that did their work and left it here.
The past that lived is but a little far
Within this self-same life wherein we are.

BURGOYNE'S MARCH.

To the drums' echoing beat,
And thrilling clarion's cry—
England's red banner as a sheet
Of flame against the sky—
With the strong tread of soldiers' feet,
Burgoyne's good host went by,
The gleaming bayonets flashed pride in every eye.

A hundred golden summer suns
Have filled our fields with June,
Whose morn and noon and twilight runs
Each to its end too soon,
Since basking in the wealth of day,
Saint John's broad fort and village lay,
While through the streets, and from the fort,
Company, regiment, brigade,
Were marched as for a last parade,
Crowding the sunny port.

The town all thronged the beach;
No work was then, for far or near:
No work, unless to see and hear;
And little speech, but cheer on cheer;
Or, here and there, beyond the common reach,
Some prayer, some sobbing speech;
But shout and martial strain
Made the banks ring again,
As the men took ship to sail up Lake Champlain.

The general had stood awhile
Within the maple's shade,
With quickening eye and lofty smile;
Since the dread game of war was played
Were never better soldiers made
To conquer for the world-conquering Isle;
To win back, for the English Crown,
Before which, late, the might of France went down,
Fortress and farm and town,
Along the lakes and the rich Mohawk Vale,
To the old solid town that stands
Embosomed in fair lands,
And rich with many a peaceful sail.

Fort William—Beaverwyck—the good town Albany;
While Howe, or Clinton, from the Sea,
Should set the River country free
From a base rule by countryman and clown.
Then would a loyal wall keep wide

The rebel lands that lay on either side,
Till more calm time and wiser thought
Should bring all mad revolt to naught;
And the great realm that rounds the world and ever fronts the sun,
Once more, from shore to answering shore,
By land, by sea, one realm should be;
Unbroken, as it was of yore,
Throughout all earth but one.

Strange, one might think, breathing June's happy breath,
Hearing glad melodies in all the air,
Seeing the red and gold that brightened everywhere;
Strange that all this, so merry and so fair,
Should deck the trade of death!
As well the clouds at sunset heaped,
All tinged with red and gold,
The while the nightfall cricket cheeped,
Might into sudden storm have leaped.
And wreck and ruin manifold,
With thunderbolt of fabled Thor,
As this become death-dealing war!

It would but be a month's parade;
The rebel fort would yield, at call,
To earth the rebel flag would fall;
The king would be obeyed.
To sweep, with summer breeze, the lake,
In the night wind a bivouac make,
Beneath the starry arch;
To scout in underwood and brake,
Would be a pleasure-march!

So to an English eye, our country's cause would fail,
(The hurried ending of a tale
Told overnight,)
When brave Burgoyne set sail.

Our countrymen that season lay
As men that wake in night, but fear the day.
The leaguer-fires of Bunker Hill
Were yet scarce trodden out; and still
There were true men, whose steadfast will
Set all it had at stake;
Would never bow to might of ill:
Rather their country's soil would fill
With clay of heroes' make.

St. Clair and Schuyler had trod back
The long road of retreat;
The foe was hard upon their track,

And, foot by foot — as waters roll —
So following foot by foot, he stole
Their country from beneath their feet.
Crown Point, Ticonderoga, fell;
Fort George, Fort Edward — need we tell
Stout Warner's gloomy overthrow?
Or the great loss at Skenesborough?

Let our hearts honor, as they can,
Schuyler, the generous gentleman.
His countrymen called back their trust;
He waited not till they were just;
Took lower place, and felt no shame,
Still gave a heart and hand, the same
That chose this cause when it began;
And, in his honor, give its share
To the strong patience of St. Clair.
Our tide of strength was running low;
On its swift ebb was borne the foe,
And, as men speak, God willed it so.

Not always will the tide run out:
Not always the strong wind of fate
Shall drive from off the harbor's gate
Those who, fast anchored, wait and wait,
Till their own time shall come about;
Yield never to the crime of doubt.

So everywhere great hearts were true.
The world looked dark; here — only here —
A hand-breadth of the sky was clear;
But the world's work was here to do!
Manhood in France was in the dust,
The prey of rank, and greed, and lust;
And little despots, otherwheres,
Laid out the trembling world in shares;
And England — England of the free —
Set safe by God amidst the sea;
To keep the light of liberty —
Under a foreign rule
Had learned in that bad school;
Forgotten that, *where law had sway,*
They must make law who law obey.
England was reading all her story back;
To our true-hearted sires all the world's sky looked black
Save one clear hand-breadth in the west
Darkness and clouds held all the rest.

The time soon comes: men fill our camps;
On fortress-wall the sentry tramps
With *The New Flag on High,*

That in the ages down through time
Should shelter all weak things but crime:
And all strong wrongs defy.
Now gain comes in where came in loss;
Great names are made, or take new gloss;
As fearless Herkimer — so wise
To see beyond the young, rash eyes,
Where needless, useless danger lies;
But fatherly and true,
To bear their rashness through;
So Willett won at Schuyler Fort,
And the brave leader Gansevoort;
Then, with Stark's day at Bennington,
The first great prize of war was won,
The conquering of Burgoyne begun.
There was no choosing in the dark;
God made the General, John Stark,—
Our tide swelled toward high-water mark!
Three months of summer time were past
Since, with a gallant host,
Mid beat of drum and trumpet-blast,
And with more lofty boast,
Burgoyne his march had forward cast;
Through fort and field his easy play
Would be a conqueror's holiday.—
To that proud time his thoughts might stray
When Gates's army barred his further way.

On Bemus Heights our fathers stood,
While all the land looked on:
Could they not make their footing good?
Then Albany was gone!
Then all the hearts that beat for right,
Would draw sad presage from the fight;
Then a most heavy blow would smite
The heart of Washington!

When the day opened, fair and still,
And clarions, with alarum shrill,
Drew echoes from each other's hill,
How many a prayer was said;
"If man his brother's blood must spill,
Let not God's word, '*Thou shalt not kill*,'
Bring judgment on our head!
And let the right stand, come what will,
Though we go to the dead!"

They met the foe — We will not say
All that was done, of deadly fray;
How forward, now, now back they sway,

Till the night settled late.
But by the first strong stand here made
Burgoyne's long summer march was stayed,
And many an anxious one took breath,
Who watched the turn for life or death,
In the young country's fate.

Here, once for all, his march was crossed;
He tried again; again he lost;
And ere the season, growing old,
Knew summer out of date,
And hung the woods with red and gold,
Burgoyne's short story had been told;
A brave heart, but his cause was cold:
God willed our free-born state.
And so Burgoyne's last march was made:
Between our lines he led his last parade.

AFTER-BREATH.

Now, with still years between, where through we gaze,
On those dim dead — the strong of earlier days—
Now that all strife is still—the great meed gained
For them that lived, or died, with loyal heart,
In alien faith, but to great manhood strained
Unyielding sinews, honor, now! Our part
To lay ourselves, as very sod or stone
Of trench, when called, to keep our land her own.

ADDRESS OF JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS.

MR. CHAIRMAN, CITIZENS OF SARATOGA COUNTY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

To appear before you on this interesting occasion, commemorative of an important event in the annals of the State and country, is to me not only a signal honor and a grateful task but a filial duty. Proud to be chosen to recite the incidents of the campaign which culminated in the surrender of the first British army to the infant republic, it is a source of still greater pride to me that I am thus permitted to link my own name in the chain of history with that of my grandfather, Col. Ebenezer Stevens, of the Continental army, who, on this field, a century ago, directed, as Major Commandant of the Artillery of the Northern Department, the operations of that arm of the service which in great measure contributed to and secured the final success of the American troops.

The ground on which we stand is memorable. Before the discovery of the continent, this territory, at whose southern angle we are now gathered, was the battle-field of the Indian tribes, whose war trails lay upon its boundaries, and from the days of European settlement it has been the debatable ground of the French and Dutch, the French and English, and the colonists and English, by turns. Here

the fate of American empire has been repeatedly sealed. Not because of its matchless beauty of hill and dale, its mirrored lakes and crystal streams, its invigorating atmosphere and perfect skies, nor yet because of its unmeasured forests and fertile fields, was this old territory of Saratoga and Kayaderosseras the object of rivalry and contention. Its possession was of supreme military importance. The Mohawk pours into the Hudson at its southernmost limit; its borders are protected by their waters, while a series of declivities, descending from the mountain ranges of Luzerne and Kayaderosseras and terminating in groups of isolated hills, present an admirable strategic point. The discovery of Lake Champlain in 1609, by the brave Frenchman whose name it bears, and the sailing up the Hudson by Henry Hudson, the same year, gave rise to a contest for its possession between the Canadian and New York colonists which lasted for more than a century and a half.

The French settlements spread rapidly up the St. Lawrence and far into the western country, while the Dutch and English slowly and methodically pushed their way along the Hudson, and thence by the Mohawk to the great interior lakes. From the mouth of the Mohawk, northward, skirting the shores of the Hudson and the lakes, lay the highway between the rival settlements and posts. In its route it passed the carrying-places of the Indians. Over this road, then but an Indian trail, the troops of Frontenac passed in 1693, on their way to strike the fortified villages of the Mohawk. Upon it Colonel Schuyler built the forts from Stillwater to Fort Ann, in the war of 1709.

In the campaigns of 1744 and 1755, the French and their Indian allies, with war-whoop, scalping-knife and tomahawk, swept down through the forests to the settlements of this region; and in the seven years' war that followed, from 1755 to 1763, it was by this road that Abercrombie led his troops to defeat and Amherst to the final triumph of the English arms; and here again swept back and forth the tide of war in alternate ebb and flow during the earlier period of the American Revolution.

In the beginning of the contest the spirit of the colonies was little understood in England. Notwithstanding the warning of the American agents, it was believed that the war would be localized in Massachusetts, and that General Gage and a few regiments would easily reduce the rebellious colony. The uprising of the continent in reply to the guns at Lexington dispelled this illusion, and the British Ministry awakening to the magnitude of their undertaking, plans were laid for a continental campaign.

Here a protest may be pardoned against the assumption of those who have doubted the ability of the colonies to maintain the liberty they had asserted without the French intervention, which the victory of Saratoga secured to the American cause. A careful examination of the letters and newspapers of the day, which in the words of Webster, are the only true sources of historic information, will show that the colonists never doubted of their cause, and that they knew the reason of the faith that was in them. They were fully aware of the numbers they had contributed to the British forces in the Canadian conquest, and of the prowess they had displayed side by side with the best of the British regiments.

They were also informed of the extreme difficulty with which the home government obtained its recruits. Already in the middle of the last century, under the atrocious land system of England and the development of manufactures, the agricultural population, the yeomanry, hardy sons of the soil, which is the base of every great military state, had been fast disappearing. It was in 1770, before the Rev-

olution, that Goldsmith, the poet of the people, breathed his lament over the happy days long past —

> "Ere England's grief began,
> When every rood of land maintained its man."

The words of the poet were as familiar to Americans as to their English parents, and they had received a striking confirmation in the enlistment by the Ministry of Hessian mercenaries, whose appearance in the colonies, while exciting the indignation of the patriots, was positive proof of the unpopularity of the war in England and the weakness of the mother country.

The earlier movements of the colonial leaders show that they were thoroughly acquainted with the art of war in its larger sense. They recognized the value of the great lines of water communication — the St. Lawrence and the Hudson — and foresaw that the first efforts of the British Ministry would be to control their mouths, from which, by their superior naval power, they could force the passages of the rivers and divide the territory. The Northern and Eastern people recognized this intuitively, and gave point and direction to the movement toward Canada by the seizure of Ticonderoga and Crown Point at the outset of hostilities. These important posts were surprised by the Eastern militia. Their artillery and stores were of priceless value to the Continental cause.

The road to the St. Lawrence thus opened, and the temper of the Canadians and Indians of the lower provinces favoring the undertaking, it was resolved by Congress, in June, 1775, to take possession of St. John and Montreal, and General Schuyler was intrusted with the command of the forces destined for that purpose. No appointment could have been more appropriate than this. A gentleman of large landed estate in the northern section, thoroughly conversant with its resources and topography, and familiar not only with the habits and customs of the frontier population, but also wielding a great personal influence with the Indian tribes, he was the only man who could effectually neutralize the efforts of the British agents to influence the savages, who had always taken an active part in the border warfare. Moreover, his great wealth and family alliances, gave strength to the cause. Selecting Ticonderoga as his natural base of operations, Schuyler built boats for a movement to surprise St. John, a position so important that it was called by the British officers the key of Canada.

It is not possible here to recount the various incidents of the campaign. On the 3d of November, 1775, after a siege of fifty days, the garrison at St. John capitulated to Montgomery, whom Schuyler, forced by illness, contracted in the wet, unhealthy country, to return to Ticonderoga, had left in command. On the 12th Montgomery was at Montreal. Meanwhile Washington, to create a diversion in favor of the main movement, had sent Arnold by the way of the Kennebec and the Chaudiere to a direct attack on Quebec. After incredible hardships, in the midst of a winter remarkable for its inclemency, Arnold reached Point Levi, opposite Quebec, on the 10th of November. The junction of Montgomery and Arnold was made on the 3d of December.

On the morning of the last day of the year the assault was made; the Americans were repulsed and Montgomery fell. Thus ended the offensive movement upon Canada. Its result was the permanent holding by the British of the post of Quebec—which became impregnable with the re-enforcements received from England — and the mouth of the St. Lawrence, for a naval movement, toward the lakes. In the beginning of 1776 efforts were made to strengthen the American

force in Canada; and the old road by the riverside, from Albany through Stillwater and Saratoga, was again trodden by thousands of recruits, marching to almost certain death by battle or disease. Upon the death of Montgomery the command of the army before Quebec devolved on Wooster. He was superseded by Thomas in May. The small-pox was raging. To convey an idea of the extent to which it had ravaged the army, it is only necessary to state that, on taking command, Thomas found that of 1,900 men and officers 900 were sick, chiefly with this disease. A retreat was ordered, but the re-enforced garrison sallying suddenly forth, the artillery was abandoned, and the Americans fled in precipitation. In June Thomas died of the small-pox at Chamblee, leaving Sullivan in command. An attempt by the new chief to arrest the retreat was the cause of further disaster. Thompson, who led an expedition against Three Rivers, fell into an ambuscade, and was defeated by General Fraser. Among the British troops engaged were some who, arrived from England with the re-enforcements under Burgoyne, had been piloted past Quebec by the orders of the sagacious Carleton in the very transports that had conveyed them across the ocean, and pushed up the river to the scene of action. Already the vast importance of the river as a means of military communication was apparent. The remainder of the fleet with the British re-enforcements coming up, the post of Sorel was abandoned by the Americans and the retreat again began. So close was the pursuit that the British advance entered Chamblee as the American rear left the town. At St. John they were joined by Arnold from Montreal. Firing the city, they again fell back to Isle aux Noix, and thence, slowly pursued by Burgoyne, to Crown Point, which they reached in the last days of June. [1776.]

So ended the invasion of Canada, an expedition remarkable for its display of human suffering, human energy, and human endurance. History may be searched in vain for examples of greater pertinacity under disaster, greater vigor under the severest trials. The fragments of the gallant bands which had united before Quebec and were now huddled together at Crown Point presented a picture which wrung the stoutest hearts. Pestilence was in their countenances. Pestilence infested the very air; not a tent in which there was not a dead or dying man. The bones of the heroic Montgomery and his aid-de-camp, McPherson, lay within the walls of Quebec; Burr and Lamb were prisoners; Arnold still chafed under a painful wound, and the army itself had dwindled to a handful of emaciated skeletons. The troops at Crown Point now fell under the authority of General Schuyler. From the beginning the ill-health of Schuyler had rendered it impossible for him to take the field at the head of the army; moreover, his great organizing spirit, his tireless energy, were of more service to the cause at the Albany head-quarters, where his encouraging presence was indispensable.

Arnold arrived at Albany with news of the retreat from Canada on the 24th of June. The next day Schuyler received information of the appointment of Major-General Gates to the command of the forces in Canada.

The instructions to Gates gave him unusual powers. A question of jurisdiction at once arose, however, between himself and Schuyler, which they agreed to submit to Congress, which on the 8th determined it by leaving the supreme authority to Schuyler while this side of Canada, and to Gates when on the other side of the line.

Horatio Gates, who now first appears upon the scene on the Canadian frontier, was of English birth. The son of a clergyman, he received his name from his godfather, Horace Walpole, under whose protection he early entered the British

service, and rose rapidly to the rank of major. His regiment being ordered to America, he was badly wounded in the Braddock campaign. Later he distinguished himself by his bravery and capacity as an aid to Monckton on the expedition against Martinique. At the close of the French war he purchased a fine estate in Berkeley county, Va., and became a successful farmer. On the breaking out of the Revolution he volunteered his services to Congress, and receiving the rank of brigadier, was chosen adjutant-general of the army. In this capacity his military experience and training were of great value in the organization of the Continental forces, and he was thus engaged in daily communication with General Washington when he was assigned to his new command. He had been elected by Congress to the rank of major-general in May.

Sullivan, taking offense at Gates' appointment, had retired from the army at Crown Point, the command of which was now assumed by Gates. A council of war, at which Schuyler, Gates, Sullivan, Arnold, and Baron de Woedtke were present, considering Crown Point as not tenable, ordered a withdrawal to Ticonderoga, which was effected. This gave great umbrage to Colonel Stark and other New England officers, who remonstrated with Schuyler against the move. The council which ordered the withdrawal also resolved upon the defense of Lake Champlain, by a naval armament of gondolas, row galleys, and armed batteaux.

On the 16th of July Gates reported that the loss sustained by death and desertion during the campaign amounted to more than five thousand men, and that three thousand more were sick. The army gradually recovered its health and spirits, the defenses of Ticonderoga and Mount Independence were strengthened, connection was made between the camp and the road to Skenesborough, guns were mounted, and, in a word, every endeavor made to secure the northern gateway, of the New York colony. Though a further offensive movement against Canada seemed no longer practicable, the line of the Hudson and the lakes was of paramount importance. While all eyes were turned in this direction, danger suddenly appeared at the other end of the line. New York city was invested by the most powerful fleet that had ever appeared in these western waters, and Washington was threatened by Lord Howe with a force of thirty thousand men. In July, Long Island was occupied by the enemy; in September, New York fell into their permanent possession, and Washington retreated to the mainland.

The naval armament prepared for the defense of Lake Champlain, by Arnold and the Americans, with incredible patience and labor, consisted of eight gondolas, three row galleys, and four sloops or schooners, but when finished there were only landsmen to command and soldiers to manœuvre them. Arnold, it is true, had gained some experience as a supercargo on West India voyages; yet, with his usual careless imprudence, he left the main channel of Lake Champlain free, and on the 4th of October sailed into the open lake. Meanwhile Carleton, assisted by shipbuilders from England, with abundant material from the Admiralty and the fleet on the Canadian stations, had constructed more than two hundred flat boats at Montreal, and hauled them to St. John, where they were launched and manned by seven hundred sailors and picked officers from the ships-of-war and a large force of German sharpshooters and light artillery trained for the special service. On the 11th he sailed into the lake, and taking the main passage which Arnold had left open, fell on the American rear. A sharp action ensued, and for two days a running fight was maintained. Arnold's vessel sustained the contest to the last, but was finally driven into a creek on the eastern shore, where she was fired, the crew marching away in perfect order, with colors flying.

On the 14th Carleton landed at Crown Point, the master of the lake. Two hours distant lay Ticonderoga, an easy prey. But further movement was not his intention. He returned to Canada, and went into winter quarters in November. Thus was the golden opportunity lost for a junction of his forces with those of Lord Howe. This military blunder must not be ascribed to Carleton, who had received explicit instructions from Lord Germain to return to Quebec and re-establish good order and government in the province. He was also directed to send a detachment, under Burgoyne or some other officer, to re-enforce General Howe at New York. When Gates heard that Carleton had turned his back on Crown Point he dismissed the militia, which had rallied in large numbers to his support. He had no provisions for their maintenance, and no ammunition for an offensive movement, had such a movement been desirable. The season of 1776 closed with Quebec and New York in the hands of the British. The lines of invasion by the St. Lawrence and lower Hudson were entirely open to the enemy. Schuyler was at Albany, indefatigable in his labors to secure the northern defenses, and Washington in the Jerseys, covering the Highlands, and ready to move on any menaced point.

Having thus endeavored as hurriedly as possible to sketch the Canada campaign from its promising beginning to its disastrous close, a few words may be permitted before passing to the consideration of the events of 1777, which we are to-day celebrating as to the attitude and position of New York at this juncture. For both the offensive campaign of 1776 and the defensive campaign of 1777 Northern New York, with Albany as its center, was the base of operations. It was the Albany Committee of Safety which first garrisoned Ticonderoga after its capture. At Albany, arms, ammunition, and supplies were gathered. There guns were mounted, ammunition fixed, cartridges prepared. The magazines, arsenals, and laboratories were there. Till the final peace in 1783, Albany was not only the secure base for all the operations of the Northern Department, but the supply point whence the material of war was drawn even for distant expeditions.

Unfortunately for the perfect fame of our great State, justice has never yet been done to its history. The Dutch period has been admirably portrayed by O'Callaghan and Broadhead, but the recital of her struggle for liberty and independence through the whole of the eighteenth century yet awaits the pen of some one of her gifted sons. When it shall be written, it will be found that she was second to none in devotion to the principles of individual freedom, not for herself alone, but for all the colonies. Her first commercial corporation displayed this feeling in the adoption of the generous motto: "*Non nobis nati solum*" — we are not born for ourselves alone, and during her subsequent history this has been her marked characteristic.

Her central position made her the seat of war and subjected her to privations and sufferings which were unknown to the other colonies. Indeed, her calamities were a source of profit to her Eastern neighbors. When New York flourished they participated in her commerce and shared her prosperity, but when by the fortune of war her opulent seaport fell into the hands of the enemy, she was not only burdened by a large population which had depended upon the luxury and trade of the capital, but, by an unjust customs discrimination, was compelled to pay tribute to neighboring colonies, who refused to permit the passage through their territory of goods intended for consumption within her borders without payment of an import duty to themselves. This injustice was long remembered.

There were other sufferings greater than the paralysis of trade. There was not a county in the State which was not at some time overrun by the enemy, carrying with them devastation and ruin. And still more terrible, her defenseless homes were exposed to the merciless savages, armed and incited by the ruthless policy of Great Britain. The traditions of these sufferings have been handed down among our people, and form the thrilling incident of legend and of song.

After the return of Carleton to Quebec, Burgoyne, whose ambition was not satisfied with a secondary command, obtained in December a leave of absence and returned to England, where he was sure of court favor. Of obscure and probably illegitimate birth, he had allied himself by a runaway match with Lady Stanley, a daughter of the Earl of Derby. Immediately on his arrival he offered his services to the King in a personal interview, and submitted his views in a paper, entitled "Thoughts for Conducting the War from the side of Canada," on the 28th of February, 1777. In this plan we find for the first time a thoroughly devised scheme for the junction of the Canadian army with that of General Howe. The Canada army, operating from Ticonderoga, was to take possession of Albany, and after opening communication with New York, to remain upon the Hudson river, and thereby enable Howe to act with his whole force to the southward. The plan included a diversion by the Mohawk, and a rising of the loyalists in that region by means of an expedition under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger. The King's remarks upon this plan still exist in the original document, in his handwriting in the British Museum. His criticism of it shows strong common sense, and a thorough knowledge of the field of action in America. The point which will be found of most interest is his urgent recommendation "that possession should be taken of Lake George." Nothing, he says, "but an absolute impossibility of succeeding in this can be an excuse for proceeding by South bay and Skenesborough," which Burgoyne had suggested as an alternative. With regard to the Indians, the King says that "they must be employed."

The order of the campaign being definitely arranged, Lord Germain addressed instructions to General Carleton, on the 20th of March, and the next day Burgoyne left London for Plymouth to take passage for Canada. He arrived at Quebec on the 6th of May. Carleton immediately put under his command the troops destined for the expedition and committed to his management the preparatory arrangements. Before he left Plymouth, Burgoyne had advised Sir William Howe of his purpose to effect a junction with him, and he also sent him a second letter to the same effect from Quebec. On the 10th of June he issued his orders for the general disposition of the army at St. John. The movements of the troops were somewhat delayed by bad weather and bad roads, but notwithstanding all impediments the army of invasion assembled between the 17th and 20th of June at Cumberland Point, near the foot of Lake Champlain. On the 21st he held a conference with the Indian tribes at the camp on the River Boquet. Burgoyne, with the main body, reached Crown Point on the 27th of June.

Many accounts have been written of the picturesque appearance of the brilliant array of the British army as it passed up the lake. That of Captain Thomas Anburey, an educated young officer in the British service, and an eye-witness of the scenes he described, deserves repetition. "It moved," he says, "by brigades, gradually advancing from seventeen to twenty miles a day, and regulated in such a manner that the second brigade should take the encampment of the first, and so on, each successively filling the ground the other quitted. The time for departure was always at daybreak." The spectacle the enthusiastic young gentleman

portrays as one of the most pleasing he ever beheld. "When in the widest part of the lake it was remarkably fine and clear, not a breeze stirring, when the whole army appeared at one view in such perfect regularity as to form the most complete and splendid regatta ever beheld. In the front the Indians went in their birch canoes, containing twenty or thirty in each; then the advanced corps in a regular line with the gun-boats; then followed the Royal George and Inflexible, towing large booms, which are to be thrown across two points of land, with the other brigs and sloops following; after them the brigades in their order." On the 30th Burgoyne issued his famous order: "This army embarks to-morrow to approach the enemy. The services required of this particular expedition are critical and conspicuous. During our progress occasions may occur in which nor difficulty nor labor nor life are to be regarded. This army must not retreat." An advanced corps, under command of General Fraser, was ordered up the west shore of the lake to a point four miles from Ticonderoga, and the German reserve, under Lieutenant-Colonel Breyman, moved up the eastern shore.

On the 1st July the whole army made a movement forward, encamping in two lines, the right wing at the four mile point, the left nearly opposite, on the east shore. Two frigates with gun-boats lay at anchor, covering the lake from the east to the west shores. Just beyond cannon-shot lay the American batteries. The effective strength of the army of invasion at this period is precisely known. Burgoyne himself stated it to have been on the 1st July, the day before he encamped before Ticonderoga, at 7,390 men, exclusive of artillery. These were composed of British rank and file, 3,724; German rank and file 3,016; in all 6,740 regulars; Canadians and provincials, about 250; Indians about 400; the artillerymen numbered 473. The total force was therefore 7,863 men. The field train consisted of forty-two pieces, and was unusually complete in all its details. Burgoyne in his narrative complained that the force of Canadians, which was estimated in the plan at 2,000, did not exceed 150; a significant circumstance, as showing the correctness of the American estimate of the temper of the province. Of the discipline of the British and German troops nothing need be said; they were all drilled and experienced soldiers. Among their officers were many who thoroughly understood the service in which they were engaged, and the topography of the country in which they were to act. Burgoyne had served with credit, and had distinguished himself by his dash and gallantry in Portugal, and had also the knowledge acquired in Canada the year previous. Major-General Phillips, who commanded the artillery, had won high praise at Minden. Brigadier-General Fraser, who led the picked corps of light troops, had taken part in the expedition against Louisburg and was with Wolfe at Quebec. He also had served in the Canada campaign of 1776. Riedesel was an accomplished officer, carefully trained in the service of the Duke of Brunswick, and had been selected by him to command the German contingents, with the rank of major-general.

The territory threatened by this formidable invasion was again at this period under the sole control of Major-General Schuyler, Congress, on the 22d May, on the recommendation of the Board of War, having resolved that Albany, Ticonderoga, Fort Stanwix, and their dependencies, should form the Northern Department, with General Schuyler in command. Vague reports of the movements of Burgoyne reached Schuyler toward the middle of June and he at once visited Ticonderoga to look to its defenses. No accurate information of the force or design of the enemy could be obtained, their advance being thoroughly covered by Indian scouts, who

either captured or drove in all the reconnoitering parties of the Americans. Nevertheless, it was decided in a council of general officers, held on the 20th June, to defend the post. On the 22d Schuyler returned to Albany to hurry on re-enforcements and provisions, leaving the garrison, which consisted of less than twenty-five hundred men, in command of Major-General St. Clair. This was increased by the arrival of nine hundred militia in the course of a few days.

The post of Ticonderoga, notwithstanding its high reputation, was not really tenable. It was overlooked by an eminence known by the name of Sugar Hill, or Mount Defiance, the occupation of which had been neglected, either because of the supposed impracticability of carrying guns to its summit, or of the weakness of the garrison, already spread over an extensive area. St. Clair had expected an attack from the lake side, and had fortified to meet it, but recognized the danger of his situation when on the morning of the 5th the British were seen in possession of Sugar Hill. With his accustomed vigor, General Phillips had ordered a battery of artillery to the top of this eminence, to which the cannon were hoisted from tree to tree. The occupation of Mount Hope by Fraser on the 3d had already cut off the line of retreat by Lake George. There was but one course to pursue — an immediate evacuation of the post and a withdrawal by the only remaining line, that of the lake to Skenesborough. That night part of the cannon were safely embarked on batteaux, those left behind were spiked, and a hasty retreat began; the sick and the baggage, ordinance and stores, were sent up the lake under charge of Colonel Long, and the main body crossing the lake by the bridge to Mount Independence moved towards Skenesborough by the new road lately cut by the garrison, to which allusion has already been made. The retreat was discovered at daylight on the 6th, and pursuit instantly began. Fraser, taking the route pursued by the garrison with the picket guard, hastened on, closely followed by Riedesel in support, while Burgoyne opened a passage through the bridge and led the galleys in chase of the battery up the lake. The wind being favorable, he overtook the retreating flotilla at Skenesborough, captured two of the covering galleys, and compelled the destruction of the batteaux, which were fired by the Americans, who also destroyed the fort and mills at Skenesborough and retired up Wood Creek, to Fort Ann. General Burgoyne took post at Skenesborough.

Meanwhile the main body of the Americans under St. Clair, hurrying along the unfinished road through the wilderness, reached Hubbardton, twenty-five miles distant, at one o'clock on the 6th, when a halt was made. At five o'clock, hearing that the rear guard under Colonel Francis, for which he had waited, was coming up, St. Clair, leaving Colonel Warner with one hundred and fifty men at Hubbardton, with orders to follow when they arrived, moved on to Castleton, six miles distant, which he reached at dusk. When Francis joined Warner, they concluded to spend the night at Hubbardton, where they were overtaken the next morning, when on the point of resuming their march, by Fraser's advance. The Americans, about twelve hundred in number, formed a strong position and maintained their ground with spirit until the bugle of the Hessians announced the approach of Riedesel's corps. Their arrival decided the fortune of the day. The Americans behaved with great bravery until overpowered by numbers, when they broke and scattered. The losses in killed and wounded were about equal on the two sides. Fraser led his men in person. Major Grant, an officer of high reputation, was killed. The Earl of Balcarras, who led the light infantry, and was now for the first time in action, was slightly, and Major Ackland severely wounded. Of the Americans, Colonel Francis fell while bravely rallying his men. St. Clair, hear-

ing of the capture of Skenesborough, struck into the woods on his left. At Rutland he found some of Warner's fugitives. Taking a circuitous route, he reached the Hudson River at Batten Kill, and joined General Schuyler at Fort Edward on the 12th.

Schuyler heard on the morning of the 7th, in Albany, rumor of disaster, and immediately started for Fort Edward, to take command of the troops there, and await the arrival of Nixon's brigade from Peekskill, which had been detached from Putnam's command at the Highlands by Washington's orders. At Fort Edward he learned that the party under Colonel Long had turned at Fort Ann and checked the pursuit. Setting fire to the work, they pushed on to Fort Edward, which they reached on the 9th. St. Clair, as has been stated, did not come in till the 12th. The whole force under Schuyler consisted of seven hundred Continental troops and a smaller number of militia, without a single piece of artillery. St. Clair brought in about fifteen hundred men. On the 13th Nixon arrived with his brigade of six hundred from Albany, and on the 20th the whole force fit for duty was returned at 4,467 men, half-equipped and deficient in ammunition and every kind of supplies. Before them at Skenesborough, within a day's forced march, lay Burgoyne with his superior force of veteran troops, flushed with victory.

The first period of the campaign, as Burgoyne termed it in his narrative of his operations, ended at Skenesborough. So far his march had been successful; triumphant even. With proud exultation his general orders of the 10th, issued at Skenesborough House, directed that divine service should be performed on the next Sunday at the head of the line and of the advance corps, and a *feu de joie* to be fired at sunset on the same day with cannon and small arms at Ticonderoga, Crown Point, the camp at Skenesborough, the camp at Castleton, and the post of Breyman's corps. In the hour of pride commenced the second period of Burgoyne's campaign, which may be termed the period of his errors and his misfortunes. In the plan laid before the King, Burgoyne, as has already been stated, had himself expressed his belief that the possession of Lake George was of great consequence as the most expeditious and most commodious route to Albany, and that by South Bay and Skenesborough should not be attempted; and the King himself expressed a similar opinion, adding that nothing but an absolute impossibility of succeeding by Lake George should be an excuse for proceeding by the other route. A glance at the map, even to one not familiar with the topography of the country, will make this apparent. The distance from Ticonderoga to Lake George is little over two miles. Lake George itself is about thirty-five miles long. The petty naval force on the lake, consisting of two small schooners, could not have resisted a brigade of gunboats. Fort George could have opposed no serious obstacle to the conqueror of "Ty."

Gordon says, on military authority, and adds that Gates, who was familiar with every inch of ground, had repeatedly expressed the same opinion, that by a rapid movement with light pieces Burgoyne could have reached Albany by the time he got to the Hudson. This view was corroborated by Captain Bloomfield, of the Royal Artillery. In evidence before the committee of the House of Commons on the conduct of the campaign, he said that the artillery could have been easily moved by land from Fort George to the Hudson river in two days. Even when at Skenesborough the true policy of Burgoyne was an immediate return to Ticonderoga to avail of the water line. His orders were to move by the most expe-

ditious route. But General Burgoyne had proclaimed, "This army must not retreat," and Phillips, his chief adviser, is known to have held the Americans in great contempt. Jefferson said of him, of personal knowledge, "that he was the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth." It has been said further that Burgoyne was misled by Mr. Skene, who had persuaded him of a rising of the loyalists in the region; and of Skene, that his main object was to secure the building of a military road through the extensive property of which he was proprietor, and which bore his name. Skenesborough is the present Whitehall.

Burgoyne, in excuse for his delay, says that, from the nature of the country and the necessity of waiting a fresh supply of provisions, it was impossible to follow the quick retreat of the Americans, and considered the short cut from Fort Ann to Fort Edward, though attended with great labor, as the most available route. Here was the first great error, of which the alert Schuyler, to whom every inch of the ground was familiar, was quick to take advantage. Immediately upon the arrival of Nixon's Brigade at Fort Edward, it was advanced to Fort Ann to fell trees into Wood Creek, and upon the road from Fort Ann south. So thoroughly was this effected that the invading army was compelled to remove at every ten or twelve yards great trees which lay across the road, and exclusive of the natural difficulties of the country, the watery ground and marshes were so numerous that they were compelled to construct no less than forty bridges (one of which was nearly two miles in length) on the march from Skenesborough to Fort Edward. Lake George was partially used for the transport of stores, Fort George, at the head of the lake, having been abandoned by the Americans, who, after saving forty pieces of cannon and fifteen tons of gunpowder, barely escaped being cut off by the movement of the enemy to Fort Edward. Such were the obstructions thrown in his way that Burgoyne only made his head-quarters at Fort Edward on the 30th of July, having consumed twenty-four days after his arrival at Skenesborough in a movement of twenty-six miles. Here his eyes were cheered with a first view of the Hudson, a vision delusive as a mirage.

Schuyler, having secured his artillery, began to fall back and, on the 27th, abandoned Fort Edward to the British, taking post at Moses' Creek, four miles below, which Kosciusko had settled upon as a more defensible place than Fort Edward, which was almost in ruins. So elated was Schuyler by the bringing off of the artillery, that he wrote that "he believed the enemy would not see Albany this campaign." A week later, by advice of all the general officers, he moved his army, first to Fort Miller, six miles below, then to Saratoga, and finally to Stillwater, about thirty miles north of Albany, where he proposed to await re-enforcements and fortify a camp. Stillwater was reached on the 3d of August, and an intrenchment was begun the next day.

The fall of Ticonderoga had excited intense alarm throughout the country; the popular imagination had invested it with the impregnabitity of an enchanted castle. Its capture had been the first conquest of the patriots, and it was supposed to be the natural key to the northern region. Yet in spite of the popular discouragement, the leaders were still hopeful of a happy result of the campaign. So confident was Schuyler in ultimate success that he expressed the presentiment on the 14th of July that "we shall still have a Merry Christmas," and on the 25th he wrote to the Committee of Albany that the progress of Burgoyne need give no alarm — to use his own words, that should he ever get as far down as Half Moon he would run himself into the greatest danger, and that in all probability his whole army would be destroyed. This hopefulness was not confined to Schuyler. Wash-

ington himself at this period expressed his opinion that the success Burgoyne had met with "would precipitate his ruin," and that his "acting in detachments was the course of all others most favorable to the American cause." He adds: "Could we be so happy as to cut one of them off, supposing it should not exceed four, five or six hundred men, it would inspirit the people and do away with much of their present anxiety. In such an event they would lose sight of past misfortune, and, urged at the same time by a regard for their own security, they would fly to arms and afford every aid in their power." In view of the events about to transpire, the words of the great chief seem almost prophetic.

To us in these days, looking over the field without passion, prejudice or fear, it seems that even a junction between Burgoyne and Howe would not have been by any means fatal to the patriot cause. The British had not the force adequate to maintain the line of the Hudson. At no time did their army at the north hold more than the ground on which they stood. Howe, like Burgoyne, derived his provisions and supplies from England.

While Burgoyne was slowly plodding his way against almost insuperable difficulties in the path he had chosen, checking desertion only by constant executions, and even by authority to the savages to scalp every soldier found outside the lines, St. Leger, with his command re-enforced by Sir John Johnson and the loyalists of Tryon county, appeared before Fort Stanwix on the 2d of August. The story of the siege and the bloody struggle on the field of Oriskany need not be recited here. The brave resistance of the garrison under Gansevoort and Willet, and the heroic behavior of Herkimer and the yeomanry of Tryon against desperate odds, have lately been occasion of centennial celebration. This expedition was a principal feature of the original plan of the campaign, and, although St. Leger held an independent command, his failure was a complete paralysis of the right wing of the army of invasion. Stunned by the resistance he encountered, and learning of the re-enforcement of the Americans by troops from Schuyler's command, he retraced his steps to Oswego, and thence with the remnant of his force to Montreal, where he arrived too late to take any further part in the campaign.

From the 30th of July to the 15th of August, Burgoyne was busy at Fort Edward, getting down batteaux, provisions and ammunition from Fort George to the Hudson, a distance of about sixteen miles. The roads were out of repair in some parts, steep and much broken by exceeding heavy rains; with all his exertions he was not able in fifteen days to accumulate more than four days' provisions for a forward movement. This delay, however, enabled him to carry out another cherished plan, that of detaching a corps from his left, in order, to use his own words, "to give jealousy" to Connecticut, and hold in check the country known as the Hampshire Grants. To this he had been further incited by Major-General Riedesel, who had commanded the Black Hussars in Germany, and was now anxious to mount his dragoons.

Besides this inducement, Burgoyne had learned that Bennington was the great deposit of corn, flour and cattle, that it was guarded by militia only, and that the country about was much disaffected to the Americans. Under these impressions, with this purpose, and being now ready for his own advance, he despatched an expedition under Lieutenant-Colonel Baum. At daybreak on the 14th, Burgoyne broke camp at Fort Edward and began his advance. His objective point was Albany, where he expected to be joined by St. Leger coming down the Mohawk, and Baum from his raid upon Bennington.

On the 14th, he established his head-quarters at Duer's house (at Fort Miller),

about six miles below. A bridge of rafts was constructed, over which the advance corps passed the Hudson and encamped on the heights of Saratoga. On the 17th, before the main body could be gotten over, the river being swollen by heavy rains, and the current running rapidly, the bridge was carried away. The advance being thus isolated, was recalled, and recrossed the river in scows and took up their old encampment on the Batten Kill. Here, at a shoal part of the river, a pontoon was constructed across the Hudson, directly opposite Saratoga, which was completed about the 20th. But obstacles of another nature presented themselves. On the 17th, Burgoyne receiving information of disaster to Baum, and suddenly convinced of the impossibility of obtaining provisions and supplies from the country, in his general orders informed the troops of the necessity of a halt. For the first time his eyes were opened to the difficulties of his situation. He found himself with an extended line of communication, no hope of obtaining provisions in the neighborhood, deceived as to the sentiment of the country and in the midst of a hardy population exulting in success. The surprise and defeat of Baum by Stark and Warner, with the New England militia, on the 15th of August, was not to him the most discouraging feature of the battle of Bennington. It was the rally of the farmers from every quarter, all accustomed to the use of firearms from childhood, in a section of country abounding in game. Not Braddock himself in the toils of Indian stratagem was more helpless than the Hessians of Baum and Breyman, with clumsy accoutrements, their heavy boots sinking at every step deep in the wet soil, and moving with military discipline, exposed to the fire of a thousand marksmen concealed by bushes and trees.

To relate the incidents of the glorious victory at this time, and before this audience, would be to tell a "twice-told tale." But it is not to be forgotten that this battle also was fought on the soil of the Empire State. Its result justified Washington's military judgment in his opinion of the danger to Burgoyne of detached operations, and the enthusiasm it aroused realized his prediction and showed his thorough knowledge of the temper of the people. To the army of Burgoyne the consequences were serious. The return of the scattered remnant of the force, which went out from camp in such high hopes and spirits, damped the ardor of both officers and men. A few days later a courier from St. Leger, guided by a friendly Indian by Saratoga Lake and Glen's Falls, brought intelligence of failure in that quarter. The shadow which had fallen on the army now deepened into gloom. In spite of all these discouragements, the proud spirit of Burgoyne could not brook the thought of abandoning the expedition. Choosing to adopt a strict construction of the King's orders, "to go to Albany," he assumed the entire responsibility of further advance without consultation of his officers.

It was not until the 12th September that Burgoyne, compelled to depend wholly upon Canada for supplies, had accumulated the thirty days' provisions which he thought necessary to his further advance. On that day he issued his orders to move.

His army crossed the Hudson on the 13th, and on the 14th encamped on the heights and plains of Saratoga. Here was the country seat of General Schuyler, with his commodious dwelling, his mill, a church and several houses. Not a living creature was to be seen, but broad fields, rich with waving grain ready for the reaper. Before night the wheat was cut and threshed and in the mill for grinding. The indian corn was apportioned as forage for the horses, and the beautiful plantation, which in the morning was a scene of peace and plenty, stripped to the last blade. The passage of the river was the close of what Burgoyne terms the second period of his campaign.

Before entering on the third period, which may be termed the battle period, we must return to the American army, which we left under Schuyler at Stillwater, intrenching their camp on the 4th August. On the same day he received advice of the investment of Fort Stanwix; on the 7th reports of the battle of Oriskany, with exaggerated account of the American loss. On the 11th he detached General Learned to the assistance of the garrison, and on the 15th Arnold, whom Washington had ordered to the Northern Department, because of his encouraging presence to the dispirited militia, was sent up with full powers to cover the Mohawk settlements. Alarmed by the prospect of St. Leger's descent by the Mohawk River, Schuyler, who on every occasion displayed strategic skill of the first order, fell back from Stillwater to the confluence of the Hudson and the Mohawk where, on the 14th, he took post on Van Schaick's Island, nine miles from Albany. This had been selected as a secure position for the main body, which had been greatly weakened by the detachments sent up the valley of the Mohawk and to the Hampshire Grants, where General Lincoln had gone, by order of Washington, to organize a movement to cut off Burgoyne's communication with Canada.

Correct as all these movements of General Schuyler appear to us now, as seen in the light of history, they were the cause of intense dissatisfaction to the people, whom each successive movement of Burgoyne had filled with alarm. Rumors derogatory to the personal courage and integrity, as well as the patriotism, of Schuyler were rife in all sections, particularly in New England, where the old prejudice against their Dutch neighbors still prevailed. In all the difficulties with regard to boundary Schuyler had been prominent in defense of the rights of the New York colony, and the antagonism between the two sides of the river was now intensified by the revolt of the Hampshire Grants against the authority of New York, and their declared purpose to set up a State for themselves. Schuyler, whose spirit was high and whose nature was sensitive to excess, chafed sorely under the accusation against him, but, sustained by his own sense of the value of his services, the sympathy of the New York government and the confidence of Washington, he had maintained his command. The year before he had demanded an investigation into his conduct in evacuating Crown Point, which was looked upon as the beginning of disaster, and had tendered his resignation to Congress, who, however, refused to accept of it, and promised an investigation of his conduct. In November he had applied again to Congress for permission to repair to Philadelphia on that business, to which Congress consented. Appointed delegate to Congress by the New York Convention, he had taken his seat in April, and secured the passage of a resolution of inquiry. The committee made a report in May, which thoroughly vindicated him and placed him in full command of the Northern Department.

The advance of Burgoyne, penetrating into the heart of the country, and the fact that Schuyler himself had personally participated in no engagement, revived the distrust with which he was viewed by the Eastern troops; a distrust which paralyzed his influence and made a change in the command of the Northern Department an absolute necessity. No stronger proof of the existence and strength of this feeling is needed than his own words. Writing to Washington from Saratoga, on the 28th July, he said: "So far from the militia that are with me increasing, they are daily diminishing, and I am very confident that in ten days, if the enemy should not disturb us, we shall not have five hundred left; and although I have entreated *this* and the Eastern States to send up a re-enforcement

of them, yet I doubt much if any will come up when the spirit of malevolence knows no bounds, and I am considered as a traitor."

On the 1st of August Congress passed resolutions ordering General Schuyler to repair to head-quarters, and directed Washington to order such general officer as he deemed proper to relieve him in his command. On the 4th a letter from Washington was laid before Congress, asking to be excused from making an appointment of an officer to command the Northern army. An election was then held by Congress, and Major-General Gates was chosen by the vote of eleven States. Washington was informed of the result, and was directed to order General Gates at once to his post. Washington was then at Philadelphia, and the same day informed Gates of his appointment. Schuyler was at Albany when the resolution reached him on the 10th. His magnanimity on this occasion is matter of record. Solomon tells us that, "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." To no man, of whom history, ancient or modern, makes mention can this phrase be more justly applied than to Schuyler. The judgment of Congress as to the propriety of a change is sufficiently shown by Schuyler's own letters to that body on the 15th August, in which he said that he had not been joined by any of the New England militia, and that there were only sixty or seventy on the ground from the State of New York. Whether Schuyler had great military capacity or not is a question which cannot be answered. That he had no opportunity of displaying it on the field is certain; that he was possessed of the strongest common sense and of that rarest quality in the human mind, the organizing faculty, is beyond doubt. No other man in America could have performed the services which he rendered, and it may certainly be said that they were second only to those of Washington in importance and extent. He continued in command of the troops until the arrival of Gates on the 19th August, to whom he gave the cordial reception of a soldier and a gentleman.

Gates was by no means overjoyed at the responsibility with which he was intrusted. He found the army dejected, although somewhat encouraged by the victory at Bennington. His arrival revived the spirits of the troops, and the precision which he at once introduced into the camp increased their resolution. Words of congratulation and encouragement pressed in upon him from the eastward, and the announcement of the approach of militia from all sections added to the courage of the men.

During the retreat the army had been greatly distressed by the savages in Burgoyne's command, who hung upon the flanks and outposts, and by their merciless cruelty excited an alarm which their real importance by no means justified. Washington, aware of the disadvantages under which the militia lay in their apprehension from this cause, on the 20th dispatched Colonel Morgan to his assistance with his corps of riflemen. This corps of five hundred men was a *corps d' élite*, which had been selected from the entire army for their proficiency in the use of the rifle and the Indian mode of warfare. Gates thanked Washington warmly for this valuable assistance and for his advice concerning the use to be made of them. They arrived on the 23d. To them Gates added two hundred and fifty bayonets, also carefully picked from the line, whom he placed under the command of Major Dearborn, a determined officer.

On the 8th September, the army having been recruited to about 6,000 men, Gates felt strong enough to make a forward movement, and marched to Stillwater, where a line of intrenchments was begun the next day. It was soon found, however, that the extent of low ground was too great to admit of proper defense of

the center and left. A more favorable point was selected, two miles and a half to the northward, where a range of hills, covered by a narrow defile in front and jutting close upon the river, offered an admirable defensive position. The fortification was at once begun, under the direction of Kosciusko, the Engineer-in-Chief, and the army took possession on the 12th. The ground is that which was then and is now known as Bemus Heights, and upon it were contested the hard-fought actions which determined the campaign. Here Gates resolved to await the attack of Burgoyne, without precipitating movements with his mostly raw troops until they had acquired some discipline; certainly not until he should hear of the success of the attempt making to reach Burgoyne's rear and distress his army.

General Lincoln, who was charged with this expedition, moved from Manchester to Pawlet with his militia force, consisting of about two thousand men. On his advance, the British guard at Skenesborough fell back, destroying a number of boats. On the 13th he despatched Colonel Brown with five hundred men to the landing at Lake George, to release the American prisoners and destroy the British stores, and the same number of men under Colonel Johnson to Mount Independence, to create a diversion in favor of the operations of Colonel Brown, who was directed to push to Ticonderoga, if opportunity offered. A like number of men was also sent, under Colonel Woodbridge, to Skenesborough, thence to Fort Ann, and on to Fort Edward. Lincoln at once advised Gates of this movement. Colonel Brown managed his operations with great skill and secrecy. After a night march he reached the north end of Lake George at daybreak on the morning of the 17th, surprising in detail all the outposts between the landing and the fortress of Ticonderoga, Mount Defiance, Mount Hope, the French lines, a block-house, two hundred batteaux and several gunboats, taking prisoners two hundred and ninety-three British and Canadians, and releasing one hundred Americans. Among his trophies was the Continental standard left at "Ty" when the Fort was evacuated. The guns at Fort Defiance were turned upon the fortress of Ticonderoga, but no impression could be made on its walls. Taking the gunboats, Brown sailed up the lake, and on the 24th made an attack on Diamond Island, about four miles north of Fort George, but was warmly received and repulsed. Making for the eastern shore, he reached the camp of General Warner at Skenesborough on the 26th, by the way of Fort Ann. A curious testimony to the effect of these raids on the rear of the British army exists in the Gates papers, in an intercepted letter from St. Leger, written at Ticonderoga the 29th of September, informing Burgoyne of his arrival there, and asking for guides to lead him down.

To return to Burgoyne, whom we left encamped at Saratoga on the 14th. The next day he moved forward at noon, forming his troops into three columns, after passing Schuyler's house, and encamped at Dovogat (the present Coeville), where they lay accoutred that night. On the 16th there was a fog so heavy that even foragers were forbidden to leave camp. Later in the day detached parties were employed in repairing the bridges and reconnoitering the country.

On the 17th the army resumed their march, repaired bridges and encamped at Sword's Farm, four miles from Gates' position. The general orders directed the army to be under arms at an hour before daybreak. His approach was known to Gates by report of his adjutant, Wilkinson, who led a scouting party and saw the passage of the river. On the 18th preparations were made to harass him, and General Arnold was sent out with fifteen hundred men to endeavor to stop the repair of the bridges. After some light skirmishing Arnold fell back, and Bur-

goyne moved forward as far as Wilbur's Basin, about two miles from the American position. He there established his camp, which he fortified with intrenchments and redoubts, his left on the river, his right extending at right angles to it across the low ground about six hundred yards, to a range of steep and lofty heights; a creek or gully in his front, made by a rivulet which issued from a great ravine formed by the hills, known as the North Ravine.

On the morning of the 19th, Burgoyne, after a careful reconnoitering of the passages of the great ravine and the road around its head, leading to the extreme left of the American camp, advanced to the attack in three divisions. Fraser on the right, with the light infantry, sustained by Breyman's German riflemen, and covered on the flanks by Canadians, Provincials and Indians, made a wide circuit to the west in order to pass the ravine without quitting the heights, and afterward to cover the march of the line to the right. The center, commanded by Burgoyne in person, passed the ravine in a direct line south, and formed in order of battle as fast as they gained the summit, where they waited to give time for Fraser to make the circuit. The left wing, led by Riedesel and Phillips, and composed of the Hessian troops and the artillery, moved along the river road and meadows in two columns. Their advance was delayed by the repair of the bridges. The Forty-seventh Regiment were charged with the guard of the batteaux containing the stores of the army. Burgoyne's purpose was himself to attack the left of the American lines in front and engage their attention until Fraser, moving over the table land, should turn the extreme left of the American position and reach their rear. Riedesel and Phillips were to change direction at the southern end of the ravine and march west to connect with the British center. When, between one and two o'clock, the columns had reached their positions they moved at signal guns. From the conformation of the ground this was the only practicable manner by which Burgoyne could possibly advance, the river road being covered by the American artillery.

Beyond the great North Ravine in front of the British position, and half way between it and the ground fortified by the Americans, there was another deep ravine called the Middle Ravine, through which Mill creek still runs, and directly in front of the American camp and covered by its guns was another ravine of lesser extent, but still a formidable obstruction to the advance of an enemy. The whole country, with the exception of a few cleared patches, was heavily wooded, the ravines as well as the upper table lands. On the high ground (Bemus Heights) south was the American intrenched line, extending eastwardly to the river bank and westwardly to the extremity of the hill where a redoubt was begun. Beyond it felled trees obstructed the passage of the gullies between the flank defenses on the left and the neighboring hills. The lines, which were about a mile in extent, inclosed what is still known as Neilson's Farm. The hills on the east of the Hudson commanded a general view of Burgoyne's camp.

On the morning of the 19th, Gates was informed by Lieutenant-Colonel Colburn, of the New Hampshire line, who had been sent out the day before, to observe the movements of the enemy, that the British had struck their tents and crossed the gully at the gorge of the great ravine, and were ascending the heights toward the American left. Arnold, who commanded the left wing, and was at this time at head-quarters, suggested a movement to attack. Colonel Morgan, with his rifle corps, supported by Major Dearborn's light infantry, was immediately ordered out to observe their direction and harass their advance. About half-past twelve a report of small arms announced that Morgan's men had struck the

enemy. They had fallen in with Burgoyne's pickets, who made the advance guard of the British line, and had posted themselves in a cabin on Freeman's farm, which was one of the few cleared spots in that thickly wooded country. They were quickly dislodged by Morgan, who, pursuing hotly, fell on the main body, which Burgoyne had formed into line in the first opening in the woods, by whom they were instantly routed, with loss of several officers and men. Wilkinson, who witnessed the rally of the riflemen, hurried to Gates, who at once gave directions for their support. Cilley's and Scammel's regiments of New Hampshire (part of General Poor's brigade of Continental regulars) were ordered to advance through the woods and take ground on the left of Morgan, and the action was renewed about one o'clock.

This movement would have turned the British right but for the disposition of General Fraser, who had promptly arrived at his appointed post and taken an advantageous position on a height, which covered the British right. Meeting this obstacle the Americans counter-marched, and pushed through the woods toward the left of Burgoyne's column. To their support the five remaining regiments of Poor's brigade, consisting of Hale's, of New Hampshire, Van Cortlandt's and Henry Livingston's, of New York, and Cook's and Latimer's, of the Connecticut Militia, were successively led to the field at the points of the action where greatest pressure was perceived. About three o'clock the action became general. Burgoyne's division was vigorously attacked and suffered severely. One regiment of grenadiers and part of the light infantry under Lord Balcarras from Fraser's division participated at times in the action, but it was not thought advisable to weaken Fraser's force on the heights, except partially and occasionally. Major-General Phillips, hearing the firing, made his way at once through the woods to Burgoyne's support, bringing with him four pieces of artillery, a difficult task, considering the nature of the ground, and entered the action at a critical time. Riedesel also got up with part of the left wing before the close of the battle. The Americans, feeling the pressure of this re-enforcement, Gates ordered out the whole of Learned's brigade, consisting of Bailey's, Wesson's, and Jackson's regiments, of the Massachusetts line, and James Livingston's, of New York, and also Marshall's regiment, of the Massachusetts line. They were but slightly engaged. Darkness ended the contest, the Americans only withdrawing when objects became undistinguishable. The number engaged on each side was not far from equal. The American force was about 3,000, and Burgoyne stated his to be about 3,500. The mode of fighting of the Americans more than equaled this discrepancy. The field of action was such that, although the combatants changed ground a dozen times in the course of the day, the contest terminated with each body in its original position. The British were formed on an eminence in a thin pine wood, having before it Freeman's farm, an oblong field, stretching from its center toward its right, the ground in front sloping gently down to the verge of the field, which was bordered on the opposite side by a close wood, held by the Americans. The sanguinary scene lay in the cleared ground between the eminence occupied by the enemy and the wood just mentioned. The fire of the American marksmen from the wood was too deadly to be withstood by the British in line, and when they gave way and broke, the Americans, making for their center, pursued them to the eminence, where, having their flanks protected, they rallied, and charging in turn drove the Americans back into the wood, whence a dreadful fire would again force them to fall back, and in this manner did the bat-

tle fluctuate, like the waves of a stormy sea, with alternate advantage, for four hours without one moment's intermission ; the British artillery fell into the hands of the Americans at every charge, but they could neither turn the pieces on the enemy nor bring them off; the wood prevented the last, and the want of a match the first, as the linstock was invariably carried off, and the rapidity of the transitions would not allow time to provide one. The slaughter of the artillery was remarkable, the captain and twenty-six men out of forty-eight being killed or wounded. Such is Wilkinson's concise and picturesque account of this action, which he considered one of the longest, warmest, and most obstinate battles fought in America. Here was seen the superiority of the American rifle over the British bayonet, on which Burgoyne so confidently relied. In his report to Congress, Gates accorded the glory of the action entirely to the valor of the rifle regiment and corps of light infantry under the command of Colonel Morgan. The British were surprised at the courage and obstinacy with which the Americans fought, and, as one who was present has recorded, found to their dismay that they were not that contemptible enemy they had been hitherto imagined, incapable of standing a regular engagement, and willing only to fight behind strong and powerful works.

The battle on the part of the Americans was essentially a soldiers' battle. While Burgoyne led his men in person, exposing himself with great bravery, directing the movements of the British line, the Americans had no general officer in the field until the evening, when General Learned was ordered out. The battle was fought by the general concert and zealous co-operation of the corps engaged, and sustained more by individual courage than military discipline, as is shown by the loss of the militia in comparison with that of the regular troops.

During the action Gates and Arnold remained in front of the center of the camp. This is no matter for comment or surprise, as it was neither the policy nor the purpose of Gates to bring on a general engagement, which might have involved his forces to such an extent as to leave his right exposed and uncover the river road. The intrenchments were not half completed, those on the left hardly begun. Moreover, the militia were every day arriving. Each day's delay increased his own chances of success while diminishing those of the enemy.

The loss of the Americans, killed, wounded and missing, was three hundred and twenty-one; that of the British, six hundred — a disparity more remarkable, as the ground did not admit of the use of artillery by the Americans. Both sides claimed the victory; in reality it was a drawn battle. The British held the strong position Fraser had occupied in the morning, which, however, Gates had no desire of disputing, as his army was acting on the defensive. The Americans, on the other hand, had marched out from their camp, met the enemy more than half way, and after inflicting upon them a stunning blow, returned to their intrenchments. Far more important than any physical advantage was the effect on the *morale* of the two armies. The patriots had met the main body of the invading army on equal terms, while the invaders had learned to their bitter cost the terrors of a warfare in which their discipline was of little avail.

The British lay on their arms the night of the battle, and the next day, the 20th, took a position just out of reach of the cannon of the American camp, where they fortified, and at the same time extended their left to the brow of the heights, so as to cover the meadows on the river. A bridge of boats was thrown over the Hudson, and a work erected on the east side of the river. The Americans on their side worked diligently in completing the defenses of their extremely strong position. The morning was foggy, and there was considerable alarm in the

American camp, caused by the story of a deserter, that an attack was intended. It has been since stated that Burgoyne really directed a movement, but was dissuaded by General Fraser, who, because of the fatigue of his men, begged for a day's delay. Meanwhile a spy from Clinton brought a letter to Burgoyne, with advice of his intended expedition against the Highlands, which determined him to postpone the attack and await events. If such were the case, this was another and fatal error of Burgoyne. His general orders, however, of the 20th, ordering the advance of the army at three o'clock, seem inconsistent with the story, and there is no confirmation of it in his own narrative; but, on the contrary, he admits that he was persuaded that the American camp was strongly fortified. On the 22d, Gates learned from General Lincoln of Colonel Brown's success at Ticonderoga. His reply to Lincoln shows that at this time he did not feel himself strong enough to prevent Burgoyne's retreat. He therefore urged the destruction of all buildings, batteaux, etc., on the line which should afford him shelter, that, to use his own words, "he may have no resting place until he reaches Canada." The next morning he adds a postscript, to the effect that, by his scouts, it was "past a doubt that the enemy's army remain in their camp, that their advance was within one mile of his own, and urged the immediate forwarding of the militia." He is satisfied, he adds, "that New York, and not Ticonderoga, is General Burgoyne's object."

On the 23d, in consequence of a direction in general orders that Morgan's independent corps was responsible to head-quarters only, a difference which had been long brewing between Gates and Arnold ended in a public dispute. High words passed between them. Arnold was excluded from head-quarters, and demanded permission to go to Philadelphia to report to Congress, a request of which Gates took instant advantage. Suspended from command at his own desire, Arnold found too late the unfortunate position in which he would place his reputation by leaving the army at this critical juncture. He changed his mind and remained in camp, murmuring discontent and spreading sedition by the intemperance of his conduct and language. Gates took Arnold's division under his own command, and assigned Lincoln, who came in the same day, to the command of the right wing.

With the militia who flocked to Gates' camp came a band of Oneida and Tuscarora Indians, who had been persuaded by the influence of Schuyler, then active as Indian commissioner, to join the army. They were objects of such curiosity that it became necessary to forbid the soldiers from flocking to their encampment. These Indians were, however, a terror to the enemy. Gates' orders distinguished them from Burgoyne's savages by a red woolen cap.

On the 3d October, Burgoyne was compelled to diminish the soldiers' rations, the foraging parties meeting but little success, and requiring heavy covering parties. The Americans were constantly in the field, harassing the advanced pickets, and night alarms prevented the British from quitting their clothes and deprived them of rest. The main bodies of both armies lay in quiet, while the woods resounded to the stroke of the axe, felling trees for the fortifications. Burgoyne sent word to Clinton on the 23d September, that he would await news from him until the 12th October.

Riedesel, in his memoirs of the campaign, says that the situation becoming daily more critical and the enemy too strong, both in numbers and position, to be attacked, Burgoyne on the 4th called Generals Phillips, Riedesel and Fraser, to consult with them as to what measures to adopt. He proposed to leave the boats

and stores under strong guard, and turning the left wing of Gates, to attempt an attack; no decision was arrived at. A second conference was held on the evening of the 6th, when Riedesel recommended an immediate attack or a return to Batten-Kill. Fraser approved of this plan. Phillips declined to express an opinion. Burgoyne terminated the discussion by declaring that he would make a reconnaissance of the left wing of the Americans on the 7th, and if there were any prospect of success he would attack on the 8th or return to a position at Freeman's Farm, and on the 11th begin a retreat to the rear of Batten-Kill.

Just before noon on the 7th Burgoyne marched out of camp with fifteen hundred men and ten pieces of artillery, destined for the reconnaissance, and also to cover a foraging party to relieve their immediate distress. The troops were formed into three columns, under Phillips, Riedesel and Fraser, within three-quarters of a mile of the American left. The rangers, Indians and provincials, were ordered to pass through the woods and gain the rear of the camp. The foraging party entered a field and began to cut the wheat in sight of the American outposts, when the alarm was given and the Americans beat to arms. Wilkinson went to the front to see the cause, and observed the foragers at work, the covering party, and the officers with their glasses endeavoring to reconnoitre the American left. He reported their position to Gates, and gave as his opinion that they were inclined to offer battle. "I would indulge them," he added, whereupon Gates replied: "Well, then, order on Morgan to begin the game." A plan was concerted, with the approval of Gates, for Morgan to make a detour and gain a height on the right of the enemy, time enough for which was allowed him before Poor's brigade were sent to attack the left. The British generals were still consulting as to the best mode of pursuing the reconnaissance when the New Hampshire and New York troops of Poor's brigade fell upon the British left, where the grenadiers under Major Ackland were posted, with impetuous fury and extended the attack to the front of the Germans. At this time Morgan descended the hill, and striking the light infantry on the right endeavored to turn their flank. Seeing his danger of being enveloped, Burgoyne ordered a second position to be taken by the light infantry, to secure the return of his troops to camp. Meanwhile Poor's brigade pressed the left with ardor and compelled them to give way. Fraser, with part of his light infantry, moved rapidly to prevent an entire rout, and fell mortally wounded. Phillips and Riedesel were then ordered to cover a general retreat, which was effected in good order, though hard pressed, the enemy leaving eight pieces of cannon in the hands of the Americans, most of their artillerymen being killed or wounded.

Hardly had the British entered their camp when it was stormed with great fury in the face of a severe fire of grape and musketry. The British intrenchments were stoutly defended by Balcarras and no impression was made. The German intrenched camp of Breyman, with the provincials, was carried by Learned, who appeared on the ground with his fresh brigade at sunset, and an opening was thus made in the right and rear which exposed the whole British camp, but the darkness of the night, and the fatigue and disorder of the men, prevented advantage being taken of this situation.

In the night Burgoyne broke up his camp and retired to his original position, which he had fortified behind the Great Ravine. Thus closed the second battle of Saratoga, known as the Battle of Bemus Heights. The loss of the British was estimated at six hundred killed, wounded and taken prisoners, that of the Americans did not exceed one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. Burgoyne lost

the flower of his officers. Besides General Fraser and Sir Francis Clark, his principal aide, who were mortally wounded, and Breyman who was killed, Majors Ackland and Williams were taken prisoners, the former wounded. On the American side Arnold, who behaved with the most desperate valor, exposing himself in a frantic manner and leading the troops without authority, just as the victory was won received a ball which fractured his leg and killed his horse; and General Lincoln, while on his way to order a cannonade on the enemy's camp, received a musket-ball in the leg which shattered the bone. With regard to the conduct of this battle, much has been said. Gates has been blamed for not leaving his camp, and Arnold has been lauded as the hero of the day. These criticisms are equally unjust. Up to sunset when Learned's corps was sent forward to finish the action, there was only one brigade in the field. Gates' place was with the center and right, where the militia were posted, and the security of his camp and the protection of the road to Albany his one true concern. Arnold's reckless daring no doubt encouraged and inspired the troops, but there is no evidence of any generalship on his part. Had the day resulted differently, he would have been deservedly cashiered. Gates, in his report to Congress of the 12th, with great magnanimity, mentioned his gallantry and wound while forcing the enemy's breastworks. While commending all the troops engaged for their spirit, he gave especial praise to Morgan's riflemen and Dearborn's light infantry.

When Burgoyne fell back to his original position, he was in hopes that this change of front would induce Gates to form a new disposition, and perhaps attack him in his lines, where his superior artillery would have given him the advantage. During the 8th, he repeatedly offered battle to the American right, but Gates was too thorough a soldier to be tempted in this manner. His plans were more comprehensive. On the evening of the 7th he ordered General Fellows, who was at Tift's Mill with thirteen hundred men, to move to a position to prevent the recrossing of the Hudson at the Saratoga Ford. On the morning of the 8th Fellows took possession of the Saratoga barracks and began to throw up intrenchments, and sent an express to Bennington to hurry up troops to his assistance. Gates at once took possession of the abandoned camp at Freeman's Farm.

Burgoyne receiving intelligence of this movement in his rear, began his retreat at nine o'clock at night, leaving his sick and wounded. A heavy rain causing him to delay at Dovogat, he only reached Saratoga on the night of the 9th, and his artillery could not pass the ford of the Fishkill till the morning of the 10th. On the approach of the advance guard, Fellows, who had received notice of the retreat, crossed to the east side of the Hudson, where he was joined by the militia from Bennington, the rear of which arrived as Burgoyne's front reached Saratoga. General Bayley, who commanded the militia column, had posted a force of one thousand men to guard an intermediate ford, and also detached one thousand men to Fort Edward, to the command of which, at the request of Bayley, Stark was assigned on the 14th. The main body of Gates' army, having prepared their provisions and equipped themselves, started in pursuit about noon. In the afternoon of the 10th at four o'clock the advance reached Saratoga, and found Burgoyne encamped on the height beyond the Fishkill. Gates' forces took a position in the wood, on the Saratoga heights, their right resting on the brow of the hill, about a mile in the rear of the Fishkill.

On the 11th, Morgan was ordered to cross the Fishkill and fall upon the enemy's rear; there was a heavy fog. Morgan struck their pickets and concluded that Burgoyne had not retired as was supposed. Patterson's and Learned's brigades

were ordered to his support, and a vigorous cannonade was opened on the front and rear. Twelve hundred men of Patterson's corps had hardly crossed the creek when the fog lifted and the whole British army was discovered in line of battle.

The Americans fell back over the creek in disorder. Learned's corps was halted and the two brigades retired to a point a half mile distant, where they threw up intrenchments, which they held. The Americans succeeded in destroying a large number of batteaux and stores.

The American artillery, which had taken no active part in the earlier battles, now came into play; the passages of the river were covered by an incessant fire, every attempt to move the batteaux was instantly arrested, and as Burgoyne himself stated, no part of his position was secure from the guns.

On the 12th a council of war was called by Burgoyne, and a retreat, leaving stores and baggage, was agreed upon, but the scouts reporting that no movement could be made without immmediate discovery, the project was abandoned. On the 13th, only three days' stores remaining, a second council was held to which all field officers and captains commanding corps were invited. They decided that the situation justified capitulation upon honorable terms. Negotiations were opened on the 14th with General Gates, and on the 16th the convention was signed. On the 17th October, the British army laid down its arms on the green in front of old Fort Hardy, on the north bank of the Fishkill, in the presence of Wilkinson, Gates' adjutant, and Burgoyne, accompanied by Riedesel and Phillips, rode to the American head-quarters. They were met by General Gates, followed by his suite, and accompanied by General Schuyler, who had come up from Albany for the occasion. The British troops were then marched past in view of the American army, whose moderation in the hour of triumph is one of the most pleasing incidents of this historic scene. Burgoyne completed the formality of surrender by the tender of his sword.

The total force surrendered, as appears by the official return, signed by General Burgoyne, and preserved among the Gates papers in the New York Historical Society, was 5,791, of which 3,379 were English and provincials and 2,412 German auxiliaries, together with a train of artillery of twenty-seven pieces.

The strength of the American army, rank and file, at Saratoga on the day of surrender, appears from the same documents to have been 11,098, of which 7,716 of the Continental line [regulars], and 3,382 militia. In reviewing the whole campaign it will be observed how little real reliance could be placed on the militia, whose short terms of service were a source of perpetual anxiety to the General in command. No better or more appropriate illustration of this can be given than the action of the militia of the Hampshire Grants, whom General Gates had ordered to his support. The arrival in camp, on the 18th September, of these victors of Bennington, under General Stark, the hero of that battle, animated the whole army, who were aware that they were on the eve of an engagement, but to the mortification and disgust of Gates, their term of service expiring the same day, they marched home from the camp without unpacking their baggage, and as Wilkinson asserts, without any effort to induce them to remain on the part of their officers. It is not to be denied that the militia did occasional noteworthy service, but the brunt of the engagements fell upon the regular Continental troops, who before the close of the war became in every way the equal of their British foes

The series of engagements known as the battle of Saratoga has been styled one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. Its consequences were of such vast

importance as to entitle it to this distinction. The long cherished plan of the British Ministry, pursued through two campaigns with persevering obstinacy, was finally defeated. The open alliance of France was secured; the United States of America were recognized by the continental powers. The news of the victory spread rapidly over the land, carrying joy to the hearts of the patriots. Washington viewed it as a signal stroke of Providence. Congress voted the thanks of the nation to General Gates and his army, and a gold medal was struck and presented to him in commemoration of the event.

The last days of a century are closing upon these memorable scenes. How long will it be ere the government of this Empire State shall erect a monument to the gallant men who fought and fell upon these fields and here secured her liberty and renown?

When Mr. STEVENS had finished, the invited guests proceeded to the spot where, on the 19th of September, 1777, Gates ate his breakfast, and enjoyed a collation.

At four o'clock the troops were formed in line. The ground was not as even as it might be desired, but the movements were all executed in a most praiseworthy manner. After the parade the soldiers passed in review before Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER and General CARR and staff.

The sham battle took place immediately afterward. This was, in the eyes of a great number of people, the chief attraction of the day. In the woods to the north of the grand stand a gun was placed under Lieutenant MYER, of the Eleventh Infantry, United States army. A detachment of the Tibbits Corps was also lodged in the woods.

The Continental cavalry of Saratoga, under the command of General GOLDWIN, together with Lieutenant MYER and the Tibbits veterans, represented the British force. It was a small representation, but as the British were supposed to be concealed in the woods, it answered all purposes. The Americans were on open ground. The other troops of the Tenth Brigade were constituted the colonial forces. The Chadwick Guards of Cohoes were held as reserve. General CARR was supposed to personate General Gates and Colonel CHAMBERLAIN represented Benedict Arnold. Lieutenant GOLDMAN, of the Fifth United States Cavalry, was one of the aids of General ALDEN, who directed the movements. The British cannon first opened fire, which was returned on the right and left of the American lines. The British cannon from its ambuscade kept up the dialogue. Part of the American corps advanced, and dropping on the ground fired a volley

into the woods. Charges, retreats and advances were repeatedly made. The Americans at times rushed into the woods with wild cheers and retreated in disorder. The line being reformed, another charge was made, supported by movements in every direction. All the while the artillery duel continued. One thing noticeable was the precision with which the volleys of musketry were fired. Finally the whole American force made a grand charge, the enemy's cannon was silenced and captured, the cavalry retreated in disorder, and victory belonged to the Americans.

The battle was one of the best of the sort ever seen; the movements and the general plan on which it was fought, brought to the minds of many the real battles of which more than a decade ago they were component parts.

APPENDIX.

NOTE 1.— The orthography used by LASSING and STONE in their histories is Bem*i*s and most of the orators of the various centennial celebrations have spelled the name that way. Judge GEORGE G. SCOTT, of Ballston Spa, however, has made research into the orthography of the name, and is an authority upon the subject. He writes "'John Bem*u*s' appears upon the assessment roll of Stillwater in 1789, also in our early county records. Sylvester, in his history of Saratoga County, whenever the name occurs, adopts the same orthography."

NOTE 2.— The name Mechanicville is here spelled without the "s," also upon the suggestion of Judge SCOTT who cites the act of incorporation as a village (chap. 786, Laws of 1870), and recent Red Books, in the list of incorporated villages, as authority therefor. This orthography is followed, although laws relative to the same previous to and since the act of incorporation spell the name with the "s."

David Williams.

OLD STONE FORT AT SCHOHARIE.

Monument Point Williams

DAVID WILLIAMS.

Ceremonies at the Old Fort in Schoharie.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the monument to David Williams, one of the captors of André, the British spy, took place at the Old Fort in Schoharie, on September 23, 1876. The following description of the Old Fort, with a short account of its history. is from the pen of Dr. Daniel Knower:

"On the 1st of June, 1774, the port of Boston was blockaded. The people of this valley contributed 525 bushels of wheat for their relief. In October, 1780, a strong force of Indians, Tories and soldiers, under the command of Sir John Johnson, the celebrated Indian chief Brant and the Seneca chief Corn Planter, attacked this place. The inhabitants fled to the Fort. The Fort was attacked, but the enemy were repulsed by a shower of grape-shot and musket balls from the garrison, and retreated. Only two persons in the Fort were killed, but one hundred of the defenseless inhabitants outside the Fort were murdered by the hostiles on that day. Not a house, barn or grain-stack known to belong to a Whig was left standing; and it was estimated that 100,000 bushels of grain were destroyed. The houses and other property of the Tories were spared, but the exasperated Whigs set them on fire as soon as the enemy had gone, and all shared a common fate. The Fort is now in a perfect state of preservation, with the marks of the cannon balls of that day's attack on it. The Legislature of this State donated it to the supervisors of the county on condition that they keep it in repair."

THE PROCEEDINGS.

The proceedings in Schoharie on the occasion of laying the corner stone are well described in the following extracts from the local press:

"Saturday dawned cloudy and cool, but not threatening. The streets were dry but not dusty, and the committee-men wearing purple and white ribbons were busily performing the various duties assigned to them before eight o'clock in the morning. People were coming in from every quarter at that early hour, and no one seemed to think that Old Probabilities, who announced rain, knew any thing about the weather. The cars from either direction were crowded inside, and even on their roofs.

"At 10 A. M. the steady stream of incoming people was augmented by the arrival of the excursion trains from Albany and Troy, and the day was fairly begun. The Committee of Reception was on hand at the depot with carriages for the orator and notables, and mounted marshals were also in attendance. As soon as the train stopped, our visitors from Albany and Troy disembarked. First came the Albany Zouave Cadets, Co. A, 10th Regiment, in command of Captain JOHN H. REYNOLDS, and headed by Austin's Band; then came the carriages with Hon. CHARLES HOLMES, president of the day; the orator of the day, GRENVILLE TREMAIN, Esq., of Albany; the poet of the day, ALFRED B. STREET, of Albany; DANIEL KNOWER, RALPH BREWSTER, commissioners; Several descendants of David Williams; Senator W. C. LAMONT; J. R. SIMMS, historian of Schoharie county; Hon. S. L. MAYHAM, N. LA F. BACHMAN, Esq., Hon. S. H. SWEET, of Albany, Col. C. C. KROMER, Prof. S. SIAS, CHARLES COURTER, Esq., A. A. HUNT, Esq., Hon. JOHN WESTOVER, Dr. W. T. LAMONT and many others. The carriages were followed by "Niagara" Engine and "Eagle" Hose Companies of Schoharie, headed by the Cobleskill Cornet Band, all of them making a fine appearance in their handsome uniform. Then came the Tibbitts Corps of Veterans from Troy, with their tall shakos, and headed by Doring's Band. These all moved up to Knower avenue, where the procession was formed and the citizens in carriages brought up the rear of the order above mentioned.

"The line of march was up Knower avenue to Bridge street, down Bridge street to Main street, down Main street to the Old Stone Fort, where the exercises of laying the corner stone were to take place, When the head of the line reached the Stone Fort, the road was full of carriages the entire mile between it and the village, and others were still coming, and the sidewalks were crowded the entire distance with people on their way to the Fort. Only about one-half of the people could get inside the grounds and in the street which passes by the grounds surrounding the Stone Fort, and these were estimated by competent judges to number 5,000. We do not doubt that there were 10,000 people in the village that day. As soon as possible order was restored and Hon. CHAS. HOLMES, president of the day, announced the following programme:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Singing of Whittier's Hymn by the Schoharie Musical Association.
Prayer by Rev. WILLIAM H. HANDY.
Singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the Schoharie Musical Association.
Oration by GRENVILLE TREMAIN, of Albany.
Music by Doring's Band.
Poem, written by ALFRED B. STREET, of Albany, and read by N. LA F. BACHMAN, of Schoharie.
Singing of "America" by the Schoharie Musical Association.
Historical Address by Dr. KNOWER, of Schoharie.
Music by Austin's Band.

"Upon the speaker's stand, among others, were two grandsons of David Williams, of the same name, and a number of his descendants."

ADDRESS BY GRENVILLE TREMAIN.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the tender and solemn gloom of that venerable abbey wherein is gathered the honored dust of England's bravest and best, surrounded by "royal sarcophagus and carved shrine, and by fading banners which tell of the knights of former time; where the Chathams and Mansfields repose, and where orators and poets lie," is a conspicuous monument, bearing this inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ, WHO, RAISED BY HIS MERIT AT AN EARLY PERIOD OF HIS LIFE TO THE RANK OF ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN AMERICA AND EMPLOYED IN AN IMPORTANT BUT HAZARDOUS ENTERPRISE, FELL A SACRIFICE TO HIS ZEAL FOR HIS KING AND COUNTRY.

By command of England's king, George the Third, was this monument raised in Westminster Abbey. The sculptor, true to the historical fact, has pictured and perpetuated the singular sense of pain and grief entertained by those who were the foes of him whose name is thus prominently carved in this temple of fame. Contemplating, as it were, with bowed head this rare homage of a great nation to her dead, the spectator is moved to inquire more minutely into the events of this life so grandly immortalized. What has won so much in a career of only twenty-nine years? In this sacred mausoleum of England's mighty dead, where,

Through long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,

swept memories of those who have enriched the language, ennobled the human intellect, elevated humanity, or perpetuated in immortal verse the emotions and passions of men, on every side are names, the very utterance of which is an era, an army, an anthem, an empire. To associate with these mighty dead, how incalculable the honor! How indelible the record here engraven! How immortal the fame here perpetuated!

And yet this man thus wept by his foes and immortalized by his country was

an enemy to American liberty, a foe to republicanism, whose death was ignoble, and whose ashes reposed for forty years under the free soil of our own land, marked only by a tree whose fruit never blossomed.*[1] That monument to the memory of John André would never have been raised, no such inscription would ever have been written, and that grim irony would not have marred the greatness of Westminster Abbey, but for the critical act, the crucial conduct and the incorruptible honor of him whose name is upon every lip and in every heart here to-day.

The minute details of the story and the life that are brought to mind by the ceremonies of this day will be wrought out by another and more competent hand. The expression of the thoughts and emotions suggested by the accepted facts connected with the memorable event of September 23, 1780, and a mere outline of the occurrence, are more appropriately within the province of the duty assigned to me. In the contemplation of the performance of that duty I am sustained, buoyed and strengthened by a belief in the leniency of judgment and the charitable consideration of those whom I address.

To us, living when the nation's life has spanned a century, when her greatness and her power are recognized in every clime and upon every sea, when the rich blessings of civil and religious liberty accompany every heart-throb and every breath — to us the page that records the fidelity and the transcendent honor of David Williams, John Paulding and Isaac Van Wart, is serried with lines of the deepest interest, and glorious with letters that can never fade.

We open to-day the book that perpetuates the history of revolutionary times, that tells how our country was baptized with fire and blood; how, through toils, and labors, and sacrifices, and sorrows and prayers, this last hope of republicanism arose; and we know that the "red rain of her slaughtered sires has but watered the earth for the harvest of her gallant sons." We turn to the chapter blackened by the only traitor that disgraced the revolutionary period, to find that his treachery was defeated, and the infant nation saved by the providential presence and the memorable act of him to whom we this day erect with pageant and with pride this monumental tribute.

That André's was an important but hazardous enterprise is now more fully appreciated than even when the stirring events of that period were being enacted — nay, than during the first half century of the nation's life. The true nature of that enterprise as well, thanks to the unerring adjustment of time, has become fixed and certain wherever intelligence and judicial fairness prevail over passion or sentimentality. I would not if I could, and certainly I could not if I would, mar the charm of that picture which the character and personality of Major André presents. Dissociated from the terrible consequences which would have resulted from a successful termination of that enterprise, and independent of the attempt made in certain quarters in England to cast a shade upon the spotless character of Washington, we cannot contemplate the fate of André, without emotions of the profoundest pity. Wherever loyalty and valor are respected, wherever steadfastness and manly devotion are admired, wherever youth, ambition, intelligence and beauty combined command interest and win affection, there will the character of Major André be cordially and duly appreciated. But these very qualities of heart and mind were the underlying causes of his connection with the enterprise. Considered with all the surrounding circumstances, however, I have no hesitation in saying that, in comparison with the high-noon glory that surrounds the distinguished

*For references by numbers see appendix at end of the David Williams proceedings.

service, lofty firmness and untarnished honor of our own Nathan Hale, the conduct of André pales into a glimmering twilight. He who by corruption and bribery seeks profit and renown has no place beside him who for love of liberty considers his own single life but an insignificant offering upon the altar of his country.

The method of André's death was an inseparable accompaniment of the act and of the offense.[2] The laws of war and of nations have inexorably imposed the penalty, and its infamy cannot be lessened in the world's estimation by the fact that his brother was invested with the honors of knighthood.[3] Vattel, the great expositor of the laws of nations and of war, while he recognizes such enterprises as not contrary to the external law of nations, denies that they are just and compatible with the laws of a pure conscience, and says: "Seducing a subject to betray his country; suborning a traitor to set fire to a magazine; practicing on the fidelity of a governor — enticing him, persuading him to deliver up a place, is prompting such person to commit detestable crimes. Is it honest to incite our most inveterate enemy to be guilty of a crime? * * * It is a different thing merely to accept the offers of a traitor, but when we know ourselves able to succeed without the assistance of traitors, it is noble to reject their offers with detestation."

At this distance of time, then, we view the act of André with that calmness and repose of judgment that does not err, and which is not warped by

"Titles blown from adulation."

This is the darker side of the picture essential to its completeness; but there are lighter shades to attract the eye and warm the heart. Let us examine them.

Stand with me upon that historic spot, hard by Tarrytown, in the county of Westchester, where the dark blow that was aimed at the life of the young nation was arrested. There the zealous André sees visions of future glory and honor, kingliest rewards, within his very grasp. There, as he rides along his solitary path beyond the American lines, and on the very verge of safety, he knows that his heel is upon the throat of American freedom and independence. Within sight the great artery of trade and commerce flows majestic to the sea, unconscious that on this hapless morning of September 21, 1780, its bosom is vexed by the Vulture, laden with the fate of nations and of centuries. The giant mountains, sentinels of the centuries, stand and see the beginning and the tragic ending of the hellish plot which includes the destinies of the nation, and the sacrifice of the precious life upon which those destinies hang. Standing at this point of observation, the magnitude of the service of David Williams is more fully seen, is more fully comprehended. In the rusty garb of a reduced gentleman the solitary horseman, as he approaches, is now the central figure of our view. And who is he? Major John André, adjutant-general of the British forces in America. He has left the "Mercuries reclining upon bales of goods, and the Genii playing with pens, ink and paper." Mercantile glories crowd no longer upon his fancy. An "impertinent consciousness" has whispered in his ear that he is not of the right stuff for a merchant, and the picture of his beautiful and beloved Honora has lost the talismanic power to lighten toil and inspire industry.[4] Accomplished in the lighter graces of music, poetry and painting, graceful and cultured in literary expression, fired with a zeal for glory:

"Yearning for the large excitement
that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy,
when first he leaves his father's field,"

he has turned his glowing nature toward the profession of his heart. In the words of his biographer, few men were more capable than he of winning a soldier's reward. A prisoner at the surrender of St. John's, we see him clinging to the picture his own hand had painted of the loved Honora; promoted for merit and fidelity to a position far above his years and experience, winning the confidence and affection of his chief, Sir Henry Clinton, he is now commissioned for a service of which the King of England did not hesitate to say that "the public never can be compensated for the vast advantages which must have followed from the success of his plan."

Up to that critical moment, nine o'clock on the morning of the 23d of September, there had been no special lack of discretion on André's part. He had been borne along by fates that were propitious so far as human ken could see, though in fact perils were approaching from sources called accidental, perils which to him were entirely unforeseen. For more than a year he had, without exposure or suspicion, conducted a clandestine correspondence with the traitor Arnold. The treason had been hidden under the phrases of the mercantile profession. Arnold, under the feigned name of "Gustavus," had communicated much valuable, and often highly important information to André whom he addressed as John Anderson. Sir Henry Clinton, the commander of the British forces, had soon suspected the true rank and person of Gustavus. Several attempts at a personal interview had miscarried, but the infidelity of Arnold had never been suspected. He had by importunity at last succeeded in obtaining from Washington command of West Point without causing the slightest shade of suspicion to cross the sagacious mind of that watchful commander. There his plottings were renewed. Even the overture which had come in response to his communications, and borne by the ominous Vulture up the Hudson to within fourteen miles of Arnold's headquarters, near West Point, had been shown to Washington in the presence of La Fayette, with a brazen boldness that extinguished all doubts of Arnold's honor. "I had no more suspicion of Arnold than I had of myself," said the chief in relating this. On the 20th, André had boarded the Vulture in the highest spirits, confident of success. The details of that midnight voyage of twelve miles, from King's Ferry to Teller's Point, and back from the Vulture to Long Clove, are known to all. With oars carefully muffled in sheep-skins, the flag-boat, so called, beneath a serene and clear sky, approached in silence the place of meeting, where the arch-traitor was hid among the firs.

From this point occur a series of trivial circumstances, insignificant in themselves but yet big with fate. The refusal of the boatmen to return to the Vulture that night necessitated the journey to the Smith house, some three or four miles distant, the consequent disguise assumed by André to escape detection during the return by land, and as well the possession of the papers found under André's stockings, which led his captors to the knowledge of his true character. Without that disguise and without those papers, while the conspiracy might not have been defeated, the life of André would have been saved. But the memorable act of Col. Livingston is still more remarkable. At daybreak, on the morning of the 22d, the Vulture still lingered with impudent audacity in the vicinity of the American fortifications. Her presence had so outraged the spirit of Livingston and the troops that he applied, but without success, to Arnold for two heavy guns. Nothing daunted by the treasonable refusal of Arnold, he had carried a four-pounder to Gallows Point, a lesser promontory of Tellers, and with but a scant supply of powder, he commenced so active a cannonading upon her that she was

obliged to drop down the river beyond range.[5] In this manner all means of access to her by water was cut off from André. But for the American grit and perseverance of Livingston, André would doubtless have found some means of again boarding the Vulture, carrying with him the instruments for the destruction of West Point and her dependencies. Upon such apparently trivial and accidental incidents does the fate of nations frequently depend.

From the window of Smith's house André saw with impatience the Vulture withdraw, but he knew not that she carried with her all his hopes of future glory and renown. All that morning after Arnold's departure, which occurred at ten o'clock, he chafed with impatience to depart. But the jealous, prying, gossip-loving guide, in whose care André had been left, proved too timid, weak and procrastinating for the part assigned him. Toward the last of that ill-omened Friday, the return was begun, with André's spirits sunk deep in gloom and sadness. And well might they be. The bargain had been made by which, for gold, an officer, high in the esteem of Washington, had sold his birth-right and his honor. During that long night he had been breathing the foul atmosphere where treason was hatched, had been looking into a face wrinkled with perfidy, into the blood-shot eyes of a debauched and worthless traitor. And he, the soul of honor, "the pet of the British army," had been bartering with devilish coolness for the soul of a fellow-man. Involved in that midnight conference were the lives of men who had never done him injury, and the happiness of innocent women and children who had never crossed his path. He, the hero, who had been fired by a desire to win renown by heroic bravery and distinguished service for his country, was skulking inside the enemy's lines like a common thief in disguise, the companion of a petty tool and his negro, and with his stockings stuffed with an ill-gotten booty, bought with the price of another's dishonor.[6] Is it any wonder that his mind settled into gloomy forebodings?

He crossed King's Ferry at the northern extremity of Haverstraw bay and took his way, under the dictation of his over-cautious companion, northward, to disarm suspicion. Here another trivial circumstance interposed itself with unerring fatality. Smith, the willing tool of Arnold, insisted upon remaining over night on the way. Fatal error! In the darkness and silence of that night there were hidden forces at work, which would block the morrow's path with a wall more impregnable than Fort Putnam. The honor and incorruptibility of David Williams was a part of its masonry.

All night the restless André tossed upon an uneasy bed, side by side with the miserable creature whose easy virtue had yielded to the persuasions of Arnold. Is it wonderful that both should have been robbed of sleep? Is it strange that at daylight and without breakfast they should hasten on in the path that was to lead André to the feet of his sovereign, to receive a grateful country's homage and reward?

And now we approach the place and the act in commemoration of which, by the tardy favor and justice of our State, we are assembled here to-day.

The three captors of Major André, whose names have become renowned, would in all likelihood have remained unknown to future generations, had Smith, as he agreed, accompanied André to White Plains, below Tarrytown. But yielding to his pusillanimous fears, he refused to go further than Pines Bridge.

From this point, then, our solitary horseman approaches the place where we stand. To the west of the road was the river; to the east the Greenburgh Hills,

in whose bosom lies the world-renowned vale of Sleepy Hollow, with its old church founded by the Philipse family, and the ancient bell with its legend *Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos.* In front of him as he passes, a few rough logs laid side by side furnish a passage over a rivulet, which rises in the neighboring swamp and finds its way westward into those broad waters of the Hudson known as the Tappan Zee.

Here on the south and west side of the path, concealed among the bushes, are David Williams, the eldest of the party (he being about twenty-two years old), John Paulding and Isaac Van Wart, yeomen. Not freeholders under the rank of gentlemen, but American citizens of humble birth, two of whom had already risked their lives in the service of their country and in the cause of the colonies, against whom the breath of slander from sentimental or compassionate lips had not yet breathed a shade of suspicion; representatives of that "Peasant Patriotism of America — the conquering power of the revolution — the essential element then, as now, and evermore, of American greatness and American freedom!"

Springing to their feet, with presented muskets, they bid the stranger stand and announce his destination. Surely the darling of the British army, who, by sagacity, prudence and bravery, has been elevated to the rank of adjutant-general of the British forces in America, is possessed of sufficient caution to disarm this bristling trio! Not so. Although armed with Arnold's pass to guard him against the only real enemies he had cause to fear, and which has already put to sleep the awakened suspicions of the wary Captain Boyd, some overruling Providence leads him to make that fatal answer, "My lads, I hope you belong to our party." The reply comes quick, "What party is that?" "The lower party," he answered. "We do," is the reply. "Thank God, I am once more among friends," he cried, deceived by the rude simplicity of the men, and recognizing a British military coat upon Paulding's back, a coat in which (in lieu of his own, of which he had been despoiled) Paulding had escaped from the enemy, in whose hands he had fallen some five or six days before the capture of André. "I am glad to see you, I am a British officer; I have been up in the country on particular business, and I hope you won't detain me a minute," confidently continued André.

The long agony was over! That mine which had been set for the overthrow of the citadel of American freedom and independence, whose train it had taken months to lay, was now exposed and harmless, unless

> "The jingling of the guinea
> That helps the hurt that honor feels,"

can successfully assail the virtue of Williams, Van Wart and Paulding. This vast assemblage, these ceremonies, the projected monument over the remains of David Williams, but above all that waving symbol of the power and greatness of this nation, tell with unmistakable and unanswerable emphasis of the incorruptible integrity of these simple rustic men.

The State of New York has honored herself by making the appropriation necessary to commence this monument over the remains of the only one of that immortal three, whose grave remains to this day unhonored. In 1827 the city of New York erected a monument over the remains of Paulding near Peekskill, bearing the significant inscription :

"ON THE MORNING OF THE 23D OF SEPTEMBER, 1780, ACCOMPANIED BY TWO YOUNG FARMERS OF THE COUNTY OF WESTCHESTER (WHOSE NAMES WILL ONE DAY BE RECORDED ON THEIR OWN DESERVED MONUMENTS) HE INTERCEPTED THE

BRITISH SPY ANDRÉ. POOR HIMSELF, HE DISDAINED TO ACQUIRE WEALTH BY THE SACRIFICE OF HIS COUNTRY. REJECTING THE TEMPTATION OF GREAT REWARDS, HE CONVEYED HIS PRISONER TO THE AMERICAN CAMP; AND BY THIS ACT OF NOBLE SELF-DENIAL THE TREASON OF ARNOLD WAS DETECTED, THE DESIGNS OF THE ENEMY BAFFLED, WEST POINT AND THE AMERICAN ARMY SAVED, AND THESE UNITED STATES, NOW, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, FREE AND INDEPENDENT, RESCUED FROM MOST IMMINENT PERIL."

At Greenburgh, near Tarrytown, on the spot where the remains of Isaac Van Wart lie buried, the citizens of the vicinity erected, in 1829, a suitable monument, with the following inscription engraven thereon:

"FIDELITY. ON THE 23D OF SEPTEMBER, 1780, ISAAC VAN WART, ACCOMPANIED BY JOHN PAULDING AND DAVID WILLIAMS, ALL FARMERS OF THE COUNTY OF WESTCHESTER, INTERCEPTED MAJOR ANDRÉ ON HIS RETURN FROM THE AMERICAN LINES IN THE CHARACTER OF A SPY; AND, NOTWITHSTANDING THE LARGE BRIBES OFFERED THEM FOR HIS RELEASE, NOBLY DISDAINED TO SACRIFICE THEIR COUNTRY FOR GOLD, SECURED AND CARRIED HIM TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE DISTRICT, WHEREBY THE DANGEROUS AND TRAITOROUS CONSPIRACY OF ARNOLD WAS BROUGHT TO LIGHT, THE INSIDIOUS DESIGNS OF THE ENEMY BAFFLED, THE AMERICAN ARMY SAVED, AND OUR BELOVED COUNTRY FREE."

On the memorable site where the capture occurred, the young men of Westchester county, in 1853, built a cenotaph in honor of the captors. How appropriate, then, that in this beautiful valley and in this county, where the survivor of the three lived for twenty-six years, and where he died and was buried, there should rise an enduring mark of the gratitude and appreciation of this people!

It does not become the time nor the occasion to enter upon any extended discussion of the mooted questions surrounding the purposes and motives of André's captors. It is too late a day to reverse the judgment of George Washington and Alexander Hamilton, of Congress and the Legislature of this State, all pronounced at the time. Besides the united testimony of a host of their neighbors and acquaintances, the sworn statements of Paulding and Van Wart, and the solemn asseverations of Williams seven months before his death in 1831,[7] all unite in bearing down, with an unanswerable weight of testimony, the eleventh-hour statement of Col. Tallmadge thirty-seven years after the capture.[8] To all this we may add the critical analysis, by Henry J. Raymond, of the whole testimony bearing on the subject.[9] That acute publicist dismissed the slander to the reprobation it deserves, and the almost universal judgment of the American people confirms the verdict. For myself, I may be permitted to add, that in my judgment, when examined with fairness, and tested by the rules of common sense and common justice, every candid mind must inevitably conclude that the overwhelming balance of proof is upon the side of the incorruptible honesty and purity of their motives. Nothing more reliable than rumor and suspicion arising from statements, made solely by André, stand upon the other side, statements, it must never be forgotten, which sprang from a heart sorely dejected, chagrined and mortified by his own lack of common prudence; made, too, at a time when his mind, sunk beneath a weight of woe almost incalculable, was seeking for relief in the contemplation of what might have been. It is our duty to guard the reputation of these humble patriots against this misty testimony rising out of such a cauldron of self-interest. It must always be borne in mind that the British

would not concede that true virtue was a feature of character belonging to Americans; and André, fresh from a field where he had witnessed the debased character of a high officer, was in no condition of mind to stem the tide of opinion that flowed within the English lines. The virtue of these men, under such circumstances, could not be, and evidently was not comprehended. In the words of Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury, written from Newport, on the 5th of October, 1870: "How great, compared to Arnold, are those peasants who refused the bribe of André! Let this be remembered in favor of the poor."

I may be permitted to express the hope that somewhere upon this projected monument to David Williams will appear these notable words of Washington in his letter to the President of Congress: "The party that took Major André * * * acted in such a manner as does them the highest honor, and proves them to be men of great virtue, * * * their conduct gives them a just claim to the thanks of their country."

Perhaps the true nature of this conduct is more eloquently and luminously told in the words of Alexander Hamilton, in the Laurens letter, where he says: "Arnold's conduct and that of the captors of André form a striking contrast. He tempted them with the offer of his watch, his horse and any sum of money that they should name. They rejected his offer with indignation, and the gold that could seduce a man, high in the esteem and confidence of his country, who had the remembrance of past exploits, the motives of present reputation and future glory to prop his integrity, had no charms for these simple peasants leaning on their virtue and an honest sense of their duty. While Arnold is handed down with execration, posterity will repeat with reverence the names of Van Wart, Paulding and Williams!"

I owe it to the occasion, to you and to myself, to present some considerations in support of the constantly recurring thought, throughout this discourse, of the grave importance of Arnold's plot. I have already alluded to the estimate of its advantages to the British government, pronounced by King George the Third. From the abundant materials furnished by those in the English service at the time, I will only add the following, from the memoirs of Sir Henry Clinton, commander of the British forces in New York. In speaking of the arrest of André, he says: "I was exceedingly shocked, as may be supposed, by this very unexpected accident, which not only ruined a most important project, which had all the appearance of being in a happy train of success, but involved in danger and distress a confidential friend for whom I had deservedly the warmest esteem."

Creasy, in his "Decisive Battles of the World," has succinctly described the great and pivotal victory of the Americans at Saratoga, on the 17th of October, 1777. He has conclusively shown the plan of operations which the English attempted in that year, and which the battle of Saratoga defeated. The English had a considerable force in Canada, which had been re-enforced for the purpose of striking a vigorous and crushing blow against the colonies. It was intended that the force thus collected should march southward by the line of the lakes and thence along the banks of the Hudson river. The British army in New York was to make a simultaneous movement northward up the line of the Hudson, and the two expeditions were to meet at Albany. In this manner all communications between the Colonial army in New England, and the principal army under Washington, which was watching over Pennsylvania and the South, would be cut off.

The army from Canada was under command of Burgoyne, and that in New York under Sir Henry Clinton. The plan was ably formed, and was defeated

only by the consummate skill of General Gates, and the unprecedented bravery of his men at Saratoga, aided by the delay caused by the fortifications on the lower Hudson, the key of which was West Point, which fortification hindered the prompt co-operation of Sir Henry Clinton with Burgoyne. Clinton, in fact, reached Kingston, where, hearing of Burgoyne's surrender, he burned the place and returned to New York.

What the capture of West Point would have been to the British will be more fully appreciated by an illustration familiar to all. It will be remembered how the country was stirred to its very center, on the fourth of July, 1863, by the glorious tidings that Vicksburg had fallen, and that "the great Mississippi swept unvexed to the sea." What that meant was soon known. Surrounded, like West Point, with fortifications, redoubts and bastioned forts, it held within its iron grasp the control of the great Mississippi. When it fell, that great artery through which ran the life-blood of the Southern Confederacy was absolutely within the power of the Federal army. The rebellion had been cut in twain. In the language of Sherman, "the reduction of Vicksburg made the destruction of the Rebellion certain." What Vicksburg and her dependencies were to the Mississippi in 1863, West Point and her dependencies were to the Hudson in 1780.

What had been lost at Saratoga by open force, would have been regained, had West Point and its dependencies fallen by means of the secret plottings of Arnold. "This was the great object of British and American solicitude," says Irving, in speaking of West Point, "on the possession of which was supposed by many to hinge the fortunes of the war." And again he says, "the immediate result of this surrender, it was anticipated, would be the defeat of the combined attempt upon New York, and its ultimate effect might be the dismemberment of the Union and the dislocation of the whole American scheme of warfare." From the mass of American testimony at hand, the following additional proofs are selected: La Fayette wrote to his wife October 8th: "A frightful conspiracy has been planned by the celebrated Arnold; he sold to the English the fort of West Point, which was under his command, and consequently the whole navigation of the North river."

General Greene issued a general order on the 26th of October, from which the following is taken:

"Treason of the blackest dye was yesterday discovered. General Arnold, who commanded at West Point — lost to every sentiment of honor, of private and public obligation — was about to deliver up that important post into the hands of the enemy. Such an event must have given the American cause a deadly wound, if not a fatal stab. Happily this treason has been timely discovered to prevent the fatal misfortune. The providential train of circumstances which led to it affords the most convincing proof that the liberties of America are the object of divine protection. At the same time, though the treason is to be regretted, the general cannot help congratulating the army on the happy discovery. Our enemies, despairing of carrying their point by force, are practicing every base art to effect by bribery and corruption, what they cannot accomplish in a manly way. Great honor is due to the American army that this is the first instance of the kind, where many were to be expected from the nature of the dispute; and nothing is so bright an ornament in the character of the American soldiers, as their having been proof against all the arts and seductions of an insidious enemy. * * * His Excellency the commander-in-chief has arrived at West Point from Hartford, and is no doubt taking proper measures to unravel fully so hellish a plot.

It must be borne in mind, that had the "hellish plot" succeeded it would have involved the captivity of Washington himself. The following remarkable letter of Governor William Livingston to General Washington so entirely expresses the emotions of the hour, that it is inserted in full:

TRENTON, *7th October*, 1780.

DEAR SIR — I most heartily congratulate your Excellency on the timely discovery of General Arnold's treasonable plot to captivate your person and deliver up West Point to the enemy, of which the loss of the former, had his infernal machinations succeeded, would have been more regretted by America than of the latter. The remarkable disposition of Providence to frustrate the diabolical conspiracy will inspire every virtuous American with sincere gratitude to the Great Arbiter of all events; and I hope that no true Whig among us will ever forget the memorable era when we were, by the peculiar guardianship of Heaven, rescued from the very brink of destruction. "I have the honor to be

your very obedient servant,

"WILLIAM LIVINGSTON."

Is it any wonder, then, that, with pomp and circumstance, and with grateful hearts, we assemble to perpetuate, with enduring granite, here under the broad sky, and upon the free acres of our beloved country, that transcendent act and that renowned virtue of these captors of André!

Though neglected, he whose ashes lie buried here was not absolutely forgotten by his country, and it is proper that allusion should be made to the rewards which a grateful country, has bestowed upon him.

By authority of Congress, in 1780, a silver medal, bearing the inscription of "Fidelity" and the legend "*Vincit Amor Patriæ*" was presented to each of the captors, and at the same time an annuity was authorized to be paid to each of $200 in specie. In addition, Congress granted to each the privilege of locating any confiscated lands in the county of Westchester to the amount of $1,250, or of receiving that sum in cash. The Legislature of the State of New York granted to each a farm, reciting in the act as a consideration "their virtue in refusing a large sum offered to them by Major André as a bribe to permit him to escape." In the fall of 1830 the corporation of the city of New York invited David Williams (the survivor of the three), by special messenger to be present in that city at the celebration of the French Revolution. He was drawn, with other heroes of '76, in a carriage at the head of the procession and attracted much attention. He was presented with a silver cup at one of the schools and at another with a silver headed cane, the stem of which was made out of *chevaux de frise* used near West Point during the revolution. His widow obtained a continuation of his pension, which had ceased at the time of his death. Forty-five years ago, amid a concourse of honoring friends and countrymen, he was buried at Livingstonville, in this county. His remains have been removed by consent of his descendants to this place.

Here, in this locality, made memorable by the ruinous invasion of Johnson about the time when the events we have described were transpiring near Tarrytown — here, near the place where the "peeled log" of the enemy[10] left its mark upon the old Dutch church—here, where brave men and braver women stood with undaunted courage in the midst of conflagration, ruin and death — where the red men showed no mercy, and where patriots never flinched — let his ashes lie. Not in the midst of royal sarcophagi or carved shrines, but surrounded by the veneration of untold generations of freeborn Americans; not wholly unhonored, as heretofore, but graced and adorned with a permanent token of our remembrance and esteem. For at last, thanks to the interest and sense of justice of many good men and true, the Legislature of the State, by making an appropriation for the monument, has removed the stain which the neglect of forty-five years had fastened upon us.

Standing where we do to-day, as it were upon the apex of a pyramid, we look back over the way the nation has so grandly trod. In the beginning we perceive the toiling multitudes, who, regardless of personal sacrifice, conscious of

their own rectitude and relying upon the favor of God, wrought out the greatest empire of freedom the world has ever seen. In that great work, so full of the richest blessings for us and for our children, let it be remembered, that the part performed by the humblest was often as important as that of the greatest. The cause of the colonies was near to the hearts of the people. That was the security of the nation then, and it cannot endure without it now.

Oh! if the young men of our time would glow with a healthy pride of race; if they would kindle with the inspiration of patriotism; if they would find annals wealthier in enduring lesson, and bright with the radiance of a holier virtue than ever Rome embraced or Sparta knew, let them read their own land's history. Then may we be hopeful for the future. Then may the story we rehearse here to-day be borne to future ages along with the growing grandeur of this mighty nation which was built upon the devotion, and will be sustained by the bright example of the Revolutionary Patriots.

POEM BY ALFRED B. STREET.

What fires the human heart with noblest flame,
And fills, with grandest swell, the trump of fame
Strengthens the sinews, war's dread arms to wield—
Scorns the red horrors of the battle-field—
Tunes to triumphant song the failing breath,
And sheds live brilliance on the brow of death?
'Tis love of country! mystic fire from Heaven!—
To light our race up stateliest heights 'tis given;
To guard man's home — make that his holiest shrine
Where his soul's love grows purest, most divine;
Where dear domestic virtues safely bloom,
And joy's rich rainbows deck grief's transient gloom;
At whose bright hearth is changeless summer found
Heightening to pleasure daily duty's round;
Where humble wishes sweet enjoyment shed
Like violets fragrant in their lowly bed.
Not this alone! beyond the narrow span
Of single souls, it rivets man to man;
Links in one circling chain the stretched out hand,
And makes one fireside of the whole broad land.
Thus home meets home, though mountains rise between,
And winter storms beat backward summer sheen;
O'er the wide river, through the forest, all
That most repels, on runs the living wall,
Against which, should its faithful strength remain,
The world shall hurl its angriest waves in vain.

It turns the rocks to roses, stormiest skies
To loveliest calm; where cloudy crags arise
The anointed eye views plains knee-deep in flowers;
The ear in dumb wastes hears melodious bowers.

Deem we the Esquimaux, though brutish, sees
Heavens that but frown and waters that but freeze!
Think we the Arab, though untaught, surveys
Sands that but burn and sunbeams that but blaze!
No! In that frown the cold-dwarfed shape perceives
Summer's soft gold poured out on emerald leaves;
His wooden streak, while plunging, ripples smooth
O'er glassy seas that undulate to soothe;
And the fierce roamer of the ocean gray
Treads velvet grass, feels sweet the pleasant ray,
Till one oasis smiles along his songful way.
Grand love of Country! from the earliest time
Our race has deemed its glory most sublime.
To its proud praise the lyre has loftiest rung,
Eloquence woke the music of its tongue;
A Hector's deeds filled Homer's breast with fire,
And when shall patriot Scipio's fame expire!
Though Rome's dread Eagle darkened earth at will,
Thy name, Caractacus, shines brightly still!
Planting his foot upon his native sod
He fought; though made a slave to Cæsar's rod,
His big heart burst its chains, and up he towered, a God!
And thus with willing minds we meet to lay
Our gifts on a loved patriot's shrine to-day.
Not fortune's favorite he — his humble sail
Felt but the shock of penury's ceaseless gale;
Never he knew the rose, but felt the thorn;
His pathway led through chill neglect and scorn;
Yet, though man glanced on him disdainful eyes,
God had built up his nature for the skies;
His heart was mighty, though his path was low—
Man made the cloud — God tinged it with his bow.
And thus it is; the humble lifted up;
The pearl oft decks the lowest of the cup.
Fame doffs aside the Sovereign of a day
To make a Shakespeare King with endless sway;
Genius, from wealth and titled grandeur, turns
To touch as with live flame the tongue of Burns.
And thus though Williams' eye but saw the rim
Of the low valley, where alone for him
Life's pathway upward led, his mental sight
Flashed with the Eagle's from the mountain height;
And when the bribe was proffered, off he turned,
And with a scornful wrath the base temptation spurned.
Well, well for us, worth, honor were not sold
By this high patriot heart for British gold!
Treason had woven his most cunning coil
Around our land, its liberty the spoil;
The British Lion stood with hungry gloat
To flesh his fangs within the victim's throat;

And had the glittering bribe its errand wrought,
Treason had found the victory he sought,
And the fierce lion fastened in his spring
Our Eagle's glazing eye, and drooping, dying wing.
Oh, Treason, foulest demon earth has seen,
Darkening ev'n darkness with his midnight mien!
How oft his spell has fettered Freedom's brand!
And for a smiling, left a blighted land!
In vain has Liberty uprisen;—unbound
Her glorious folds to call her sons around!
In vain the crag has burst out into hordes,
Trees into lances, thickets into swords!
In vain the cataract's white has turned to red,
And the wind's murmuring to the war-cry dread!
The dingle's sylvan stillness, where the bird
Sprang to its wing if but a leaflet stirred,
Changed to the tramp of steeds, the clang of arms,
The grassy music to war's wild alarms!
In vain, in vain, the blood in vain that ran
While the soul soaring lifted up the man!
In vain has liberty with reverent head
Heaped to one altar all her sainted dead,
And kneeling there fought sword in hand, till down
Her foes have fallen, and she but grasped her crown!
Like a fell serpent Treason low has crept
In patriot garb, till off disguise he swept
Striking his blow with such sure aim, his cry
Of triumph drowned his victim's dying sigh.
Oh mountain peaks, where clouds were cannon-smoke!
Oh glens, whose green light battle-banners broke!
Oh waves, whose tossings broadside-thunders crushed!
Oh skies, whose tempests strife's wild tumults hushed!
All spots where man for native land has fought,
Have ye not seen how treason's curse has wrought?
How the broad front that Freedom reared to foe
Has felt base Treason creeping from below,
Close twining round herself and sons till she
A grand Laocoon has died to Treachery?
But pæans to brave Williams, and the two,
Van Wart and Paulding! no such fate we rue.
Song to the THREE! our whole broad land should raise
One sounding anthem to their patriot praise!
For had base Arnold's treason won, we now
Perchance, instead of jewels on our brow,
Jewels of freedom, with our doom content,
Under some kingly bondage might have bent,
Native or foreign; or like those wild seas
Of tropic States, have surged to every breeze,
Dashing in endless strife — for freedom here,

And here, for kings, until some ruthless spear
The war had ended, and a waste of graves
Upheld a Despot's throne, and ours a land of slaves.

Now — hail the sight! — a realm of glorious pride
Touching earth's mightiest oceans either side!
Pine meeting Palm in garlands round her head,
Starred States, striped climates o'er her banner spread,
Great Washington diffused; his spirit grand
Incarnate in the person of our land!

In this green valley where war wildest reigned,
Where life's red current every harvest stained,
Where peace contrasting, now the brightest glows,
And, place of battle's thistle, smiles the rose,
Where builds the bird within the shattered shell,
Plumped with soft moss, that slew where'er it fell,
Where the blue violet yields the skull its eye,
Instead of strife's close ranks, upstands the rye,
Where waves the wheat whence savage plumage flashed,
And oft avenging Murphy's rifle crashed
By this STONE FORT that once threw back the tide
Of conflict as its surges smote its side,
This day our patriot's ashes we consign
To his loved earth, henceforth a sacred shrine,
Round which to latest years our grateful hearts shall twine.

Now on this flowering of our Century Tree,
Apotheosis of our history,
This famed Centennial, it is passing well
Of patriot hearts and patriot deeds to tell,
That they in memory's grasp should firmly cling
As gold in quartz, or pearls in shells, and fling
Like stars, a lustre o'er our Nation's way,
Till Time's grand sun shall set, and dawns Eternal Day.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY DR. DANIEL KNOWER.

This large concourse of people, this fine military display, the presence of these distinguished persons, and the attendance of so many ladies to grace the occasion, show that the recollection of patriotic deeds does not die out in the hearts of a free people. David Williams, one of the captors of Major André, in honor of whose memory we are assembled here to-day, was born in Tarrytown, Westchester county, in this State, October 21, 1754. He entered the revolutionary army in 1775, at the age of nineteen; fought under Montgomery at the battle of St. John's and Quebec; and continued in the regular patriot services until 1779. The capture of Major André occurred on the 23d of September, 1780, ninety-six years ago to-day.

David Williams was the eldest of the three captors — he being twenty-five years of age, and John Paulding and Isaac Van Wart, his compatriots, being about twenty years old. The following is Williams' account of the capture, as related to Judge Tiffany, at his home in this county, February 13, 1817: "The three (militiamen) were seated beside the road in the bushes, amusing themselves at cards, when their attention was arrested by the galloping of a horse. On approaching the road, they saw a gentleman riding toward them, seated on a large brown horse, which was afterward observed to have marked on the near shoulder the initials U. S. A. The rider was a light, trim-built man, about five feet seven inches in height, with a bold military countenance and dark eyes, and was dressed in a tall beaver hat, surtout, crimson coat, with pantaloons and vest of nankeen. As he neared them, the three cocked their muskets and aimed at the rider, who immediately checked his horse, and the following conversation ensued:

André — "Gentlemen, I hope you belong to our party!"

Paulding — "What party?"

André — "The lower party."

Paulding — "We do." This answer threw him off his guard.

André — "I am a British officer; I have been up in the country on particular business, and do not wish to be detained a single moment."

He thereupon pulled out a gold watch, and exhibited it as an evidence that he was a gentleman, and returned it again to his fob. Paulding thereupon remarked — "We are Americans!"

André — "God bless my soul! a man must do any thing to get along — I am a Continental officer, going down to Dobbs' Ferry to get information from below."

André then drew out and presented a pass from General Arnold in which was the assumed name of John Anderson. Seizing hold of the reins of the horse, they ordered him to dismount. André exclaimed — "You will bring yourselves in trouble." "We care not for that," was the reply. They took him down ten or fifteen rods, from the road, beside a run of water, and Williams proceeded to search his hat, coat, vest, shirt and pantaloons, in which they found $80 in Continental money; and at last ordered him to take off his boots. At this he changed color. Williams drew off the left boot first, and found nothing in it, and Paulding, seizing the foot, exclaimed excitedly, "My God! here it is!" The stocking was then drawn off, and in it, next the bare foot, three half-sheets of written paper were found enveloped by a half-sheet marked "Contents, West Point." Paulding, still greatly excited, again exclaimed, "My God! he's a spy!" On pulling off the other boot and stocking, a similar package was found.*

André was now allowed to dress, and they marched him across the road into the field about twenty rods. The young men then winked to each other to make further discoveries, and inquired from whom he got the papers? "Of a man at Pine's Bridge, a stranger to me," replied André. He then offered them for his liberty, his horse, which was browsing a short distance away, and his equipage, watch and 100 guineas. This they refused to take, unless he informed them where he obtained the manuscript. He refused to comply, but again offered his horse, equipage, and 1,000 guineas. They were firm in their denial, and André increased his offer to 10,000 guineas, and as many dry goods as they wished, which should be deposited in any place desired — they might keep him and send some

*A number of these original papers are preserved, and on exhibition in the State Library at Albany.

one to New York (they were at Tarrytown, twenty-eight miles from the city), with his order, so that they could obtain them unmolested. To this they replied, "that it did not signify for him to make any offer, for he should not go." They then proceeded to the nearest military station, which was at North Castle, about twelve miles distant, and delivered him to Col. Jamiesen, the American commanding officer.

The circumstances of the capture as narrated in the testimony of Paulding and Williams, given at the trial of Smith eleven days after the capture, and written down by the Judge Advocate at the time, is substantially the same. Williams, in his testimony there says, "He said he would give us any quantity of dry goods, or any sum of money, and bring it to any place that we might pitch upon, so that we might get it. Mr. Paulding answered, 'No, if you should give us 10,000 guineas you should not stir one step.'"

The importance of the capture of André can never be too highly estimated. The plan for cutting the Colonies in two on the line of the Hudson and Lake Champlain had been foiled by the capture of Burgoyne. The possession of West Point would have given a successful opportunity for prosecuting the same design. No wonder that Washington burst into tears when he learned of the treason of Arnold. He very well knew what had been our danger, and how narrow had been our escape. Washington wrote to Congress, September 28, 1780 — three days after the capture — saying: "I do not know the party that took Major André, but it is said that it consisted of only a few militia, who acted in such a manner upon the occasion as does them the highest honor and proves them of great virtue. As soon as I know their names I shall take pleasure in transmitting them to Congress." Again, October 7, 1780, he writes Congress, transmitting the findings of the court, which had tried André, and in his letter he says: "I have now the pleasure to communicate the names of those persons who captured Major André, and who refused to release him, notwithstanding the most earnest importunities and assurances of a liberal reward on his part. Their names are John Paulding, David Williams and Isaac Van Wart." Alexander Hamilton, writing in 1780 of the affair, says: "André tempted their integrity with the offer of his watch, his horse, and any sum of money they should name. They rejected his offer with disdain."

Congress gave each of them $1,250, or the same value in confiscated lands in Westchester county, a pension of $200 and a silver medal. The medals were presented to the captors by General Washington at a dinner to which he invited them, while the army was encamped near Ver Planck's Point; the one presented to David Williams being now in possession of his oldest grand-son, William C. Williams, of this county.*

David Williams was married to Miss Benedict, of Westchester county, by whom he had one son named David, who has seven children living, four in this county, two in Iowa, and one in Virginia, who are worthy descendants in honor and integrity of the Revolutionary patriot. He moved to this county in 1806, and died August 2, 1831, aged seventy-seven, and was buried at Livingstonville with military honors, where his remains reposed for forty-five years, and until the 4th of March, 1876, when they were removed to the cemetery at Rensselaerville. On the 19th of July they were removed to the Stone Fort in Schoharie, to which

* It has since been placed in the State Library at Albany.

destination they were escorted by a large procession, headed by the American flag and amid martial music. All places of business were closed; the bells tolled and the cannon at the Fort fired a salute as his coffin, wrapped in the American flag, was deposited near his present resting place.

On the first of May, 1876, the Governor signed the following bill, introduced by Senator LAMONT, it having passed both houses:

"For erecting a suitable monument in the cemetery grounds of the Revolutionary Stone Fort at Schoharie Court House, to commemorate the virtues and memory of David Williams, one of the captors of Major André, the sum of two thousand dollars, to be expended under the supervision of DANIEL KNOWER, RALPH BREWSTER, supervisor of the town of Schoharie, and CHARLES HOLMES, county judge of Schoharie county, who are hereby appointed a commission for that purpose, and who are hereby authorized to remove the remains of the said David Williams from their present burial in the cemetery at Rensselaerville, to such cemetery at Schoharie Court House, upon first obtaining the consent thereto, in writing, of a majority of the descendants of said Williams, and upon furnishing proof thereof to the comptroller; but in case such consent in writing for said removal shall not be obtained, and proof thereof furnished the comptroller within two months from the passage of this act, then the above appropriation shall be expended by a commission, consisting of the comptroller of the State, ERASTUS D. PALMER, and the President of the Rensselaerville Cemetery Association, for the erection of the monument in the Rensselaerville cemetery."

Paulding is buried near Peekskill, and a monument was erected over his remains by the corporation of the city of New York in 1827. Near Tarrytown the remains of Isaac Van Wart are honored by a monument erected by the county of Westchester. And now in this centennial year has the State of New York recognized, by its Legislature and Governor, this most important event in our Revolutionary history. An event which occurred within its borders, and in which three of her sons had the honor, by their disinterested patriotism and love of country, to save our country in that important crisis of our Revolutionary history. General Washington wrote to the President of Congress, October 7, 1780, two weeks after the capture: "Their conduct merits our warmest esteem; and I beg leave to add that I think the public would do well to allow them a handsome gratuity. They have prevented in all probability our suffering one of the severest strokes that could have been meditated against us." Yet this one of the most disinterested acts of patriotism and love of country recorded in history, strange to say, has been attacked and the motives of the actors impugned.

A bill passed Congress some years since appropriating $20,000 for erecting a monument to them, but did not reach, or was defeated in, the Senate. The patriotism of these men has been impugned by members of Congress. This bill was likewise opposed in the State Senate by a senator from New York city, on the same grounds. In the language of the poet,

> "He who ascends to mountain tops must find
> The loftiest hills clad in snow;
> He who surpasses and excels mankind,
> Must see and feel their hate below."

Williams lived to be seventy-seven years old and died fifty-two years after the event occurred. Isaac Van Wart lived to the age of sixty-nine, and died forty-nine years after the event, and John Paulding reached the age of sixty, dying

forty years after the capture.* All three during these long years bore unimpeachable characters for honor and integrity, which would not have been possible if they had been marauders and freebooters as represented by those who impugned their motives.

Williams, previous to this event, had served four years in the revolutionary army, and Paulding, only three days previous to the capture, had made his escape from the Sugar House British Prison † in New York. These facts indicate beyond all doubt on which side their feelings were.

André has a monument erected in Westminster Abbey, which is the highest

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*[From JOHN GEBHARD, Jr., the celebrated geologist.]

SCHOHARIE, N. Y., *October* 16, 1876.

Dr. KNOWER,

DEAR SIR—In compliance with your request, that I would inform you what I know in relation to the standing and character of the late David Williams, one of the captors of Major André, I would state, that I was well acquainted with Mr. Williams for several years immediately preceding his death, and can bear cheerful testimony to the high standing for truth and integrity, in which he was held by his neighbors and acquaintances.

I was present at his funeral, which was large and imposing. After the sermon was preached, the funeral procession proceeded to the cemetery, where an able eulogy was delivered by ROBERT MCCLELLAN, Esq., and before the remains were lowered to their resting place R. W. MURPHY, Esq., standing beside the coffin, with a sorrowful heart, overflowing with gratitude and sympathy, stated to the vast assemblage that when he was a young orphan boy, David Williams took him to his home, supported and clothed him, gave him a good education and aided him in starting in business. He also gave a full and minute account of the daily life and habits of the deceased; and concluded by saying that David Williams died as he had lived through a long life, an upright and honest man.

Respectfully your ob' serv't,
JOHN GEBHARD, JR.

Isaac Van Wart is buried at Greenburgh, in the grounds attached to the Presbyterian church, of which he was an efficient officer for many years. The following inscription on his monument by his fellow-citizens of Westchester county, who erected it to his memory in 1829, with whom he passed most of his life, vindicates the integrity of his character:

North side—"Here repose the mortal remains of Isaac Van Wart an elder in the Greenburgh church, who died on the 23d of May, 1828, in the 69th year of his age. Having lived the life, he died the death of a Christian."

South side—"The citizens of the county of Westchester erected this tomb in testimony of the high sense they entertained for the virtuous and patriotic conduct of their fellow-citizen, as a memorial sacred to public gratitude."

East side—"Vincit Amor Patriæ. Nearly half a century before this monument was built the conscript fathers of America had, in the senate chamber, voted that Isaac Van Wart was a faithful patriot, one in whom the love of country was invincible, and this tomb bears testimony that the record is true."

West side—"Fidelity. On the 23d of September, 1780, Isaac Van Wart, accompanied by John Paulding and David Williams, all farmers of the county of Westchester, intercepted Major André on his return from the American lines in the character of a spy, and, notwithstanding the large bribes offered them for his release, nobly disdained to sacrifice their country for gold, secured and carried him to the commanding officer of the district, whereby the dangerous and traitorous conspiracy of Arnold was brought to light, the insidious designs of the enemy baffled, the American army saved and our beloved country free."

John Paulding. I have not obtained so much of the details of his life. The monument erected over his remains near Peekskill in 1827, by the corporation of the city of New York, was addressed by William Paulding, mayor of New York, believed to have been a relative. We understand he has a son residing near Huntington, Long Island, near eighty years of age, a retired rear admiral of the navy, a very distinguished gentleman, not only as an officer in the navy, but for his literary ability and talents.

[Extract of a letter from J. R. SIMMS, Historian of Schoharie county.]

FORT PLAIN, MONTGOMERY CO., *October* 9, 1876.

Long, long ago was the enterprise contemplated. Judge MURPHY, whom it was our pleasure to know nearly thirty years ago, and who was then a worthy citizen of Livingstonville, Schoharie county, was brought up from childhood in the family of David Williams as one of his own children. He held the character and virtue of his benefactor in the highest esteem. No one could estimate his character more truthfully, and no man ever knew him better, and the picture he gave of him as a man would compare favorably for candor, integrity and benevolence with that of any man in Schoharie county to-day. Talking with Judge MURPHY at his own residence upon the subject of a monument to his god-father, we learned that he had been indefatigable in his efforts to procure one. He repeatedly petitioned Congress to make an appropriation for this purpose, and being a man of good address, he even went in person to Washington to urge upon the law makers their duty. As the event we would honor was one of a national character, it would seem as though he applied to the right source.

† Paulding made his escape in the dress of a German jäger. General Van Cortland says that Paulding wore this dress on the day of the capture, which tended to deceive André and led him to exclaim "Thank God! I am once more among friends."

honor that can be conferred on the remains of any person in England. His remains were removed from this country in a coffin mounted with gold. His brother was created a knight, in honor of his services in this affair, by the King of England.

What were the services André rendered to England, compared with the services these three disinterested patriots rendered this country? Let it not always be said that Republics are ungrateful. Even the motives of the men who commenced the Revolution by throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbor, and the motive of those who fought the battles of Bunker Hill and Lexington were attacked. It has been said that their grievances from Great Britain did not justify a resort to such measures. These men knew that if they yielded one point guaranteed to them in the liberal charters that had been granted to the Colonies, as an inducement for them to emigrate to this country when a wilderness, that America would become a second Ireland, and all the rights guaranteed to them in their charters would be crushed out. If I have any pride of ancestry, it is in being descended from the men who took part in the glorious events where the cannon first thundered in the war of the revolution.

Your commissioners propose to make an appeal to any county, city, association, literary club or individual, who may subscribe not less than $200 or more than $1,800, in addition to the $2,000 appropriated by the State, and to have the names of the subscribers inscribed on one of the faces of the monument, or on a marble tablet to be erected in the Fort, as the artists who may design the monument may think most appropriate. It is proposed to appoint one or more of the most distinguished artists and sculptors in the State to design the monument, and make it a work of art appropriate to the event.

We are now one hundred years old as a nation. Our material prosperity and growth is unparalleled in history. For the sake of the future and the perpetuity of our free institutions, we should cultivate sentiments that will inspire in the youth a strong love of country. What more appropriate occasion than the present to erect here a work of art, which will call attention for all time to the disinterested patriotism of these three men who saved our country in the revolution? It was such men among our common soldiers that enabled the country to produce a Washington. The people, the source and fountain of political power, must be kept pure and patriotic if we wish to perpetuate our republican form of government. The more we learn from the men of the revolution, and the more strictly we adhere to the great principles inaugurated in our government by its founders, the better for the future of our country. Although the disinterested patriotism of these three men has conferred its benefits on a great nation of 44,000,000 of people, yet the Empire State of New York enjoys the honor of having had the event occur within its own borders. I feel that her sons and daughters will respond to an appeal for the erection of a work of art, in this beautiful valley of Schoharie, beside this Revolutionary Fort, that will do justice to this important event, and in which we all may take a just pride.

APPENDIX

TO

GRENVILLE TREMAIN'S ADDRESS.

NOTE 1.—When André's remains were removed in 1821, from their burial place in this country, a young peach tree was found growing out of the grave.

NOTE 2.—Remarks of Chief Justice Marshall: "*André having been unquestionably a spy, and his sentence consequently just;* and the plot in which he had engaged having threatened consequences the most fatal to America, his execution, had he been an ordinary person, would certainly have been viewed with cold indifference; but he was not an ordinary person. It would seem that art had been successfully employed in the embellishment of those fascinating qualities which nature had profusely lavished on him.

"Possessed of a fine person and an excellent understanding, he had united the polish of a court, and the refinements given by education, to the heroism of a soldier." * * * * * * * * * * * * *

NOTE 3.—A brother of André's was knighted by the king of England to remove the stain which was supposed to attach to the family on account of the mode of André's death.

NOTE 4.—Letter from Mr. André to Miss Seward. Sargent's Life of André, page 21:

"LONDON, *October* 19, 1769.

"From the midst of books, papers, bills, and other implements of gain, let me lift up my drowsy head awhile to converse with dear Julia. And first, as I know she has a fervent wish to see me a quilldriver, I must tell her, that I begin, as people are wont to do, to look upon my future profession with great partiality. I no longer see it in so disadvantageous a light. Instead of figuring a merchant as a middle aged man, with a bob-wig, a rough beard, in snuff-colored clothes, grasping a guinea in his red hand, I conceive a comely young man, with a tolerable pig-tail, wielding a pen with all the noble fierceness of the Duke of Marlborough brandishing a truncheon upon a sign-post, surrounded with types and emblems, and canopied with cornucopias that disembogue their stores upon his head; Mercuries reclined upon bales of goods; Genii playing with pens, ink and paper; while, in perspective, his gorgeous vessels, "Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames," are wafting to distant lands the produce of this commercial nation. Thus all the mercantile glories crowd on my fancy emblazoned in the most refulgent coloring of an ardent imagination. Borne on her soaring pinions I wing my flight to the time when Heaven shall have crowned my labors with success and opulence. I see sumptuous palaces rising to receive me; I see orphans and widows, and painters, and fiddlers, and poets and builders, protected and encouraged; and when the fabric is pretty nearly finished by my shattered peri-

cranium, I cast my eyes around and find John André by a small coal-fire, in a gloomy compting-house in Warnford Court, nothing so little as what he has been making himself, and, in all probability, never to be much more than he is at present. But oh! my dear Honora! it is for thy sake only I wish for wealth. * * * You say she was somewhat better at the time you wrote last. I must flatter myself that she will soon be without any remains of this threatening disease. It is seven o'clock; you and Honora, with two or three more select friends, are now probably encircling your dressing-room fireplace. What would I not give to enlarge that circle! The idea of a clean hearth, and a snug circle round it, formed by a few select friends, transport me. You seem combined together against the inclemency of the weather, the hurry, bustle, ceremony, censoriousness and envy of the world. The purity, the warmth, the kindly influence of fire — to all for whom it is kindled — is a good emblem of the friendship of such amiable minds as Julia's and her Honora's. Since I cannot be there in reality, pray imagine me with you; admit me to your conversationés — think how I wish for the blessing of joining them! and be persuaded that I take part in all your pleasures, in the dear hope, that ere very long, your blazing hearth will burn again for me. Pray keep me a place; let the poker, tongs or shovel, represent me. But you have Dutch tiles, which are infinitely better; so let Moses, or Aaron, or Balaam's ass, be my representative. But time calls me to Clapton. I quit you abruptly till to-morrow, when, if I do not tear the nonsense I have been writing, I may, perhaps, increase its quantity. Signora Cynthia is in clouded majesty. Silvered with her beams, I am about to jog to Clapton upon my own stumps; musing as I homeward plod my way — ah! need I name the subject of my contemplations?"

NOTE 5.—The important consequence of this cannonade was not understood, when the following note was written by Colonel Lamb:

WEST POINT, 20 *September*, 1780.

SIR — I have sent the ammunition you requested, but, at the same time, I wish there may not be a wanton waste of it, as we have little to spare. Firing at a ship with a four-pounder is, in my opinion, a waste of powder, as the damage she will sustain is not equal to the expense. Whenever applications are made for ammunition, they must be made through the commanding officer of artillery, at the post where it is wanted. I am, sir, yours, etc.,

JOHN LAMB.

COL. LIVINGSTON.

NOTE 6.—Papers found on Major André's person when captured.

I.

[Pass for the use of André. In Arnold's handwriting.]

HEAD-QUARTERS, ROBINSON'S HOUSE,
Sept'r 22*d*, 1780.

Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to White Plains, or below if *he chuses*, he being on public business by my direction.

B. ARNOLD, *M. Gen'l.*

(Indorsed: Arnold to John Anderson — Pass. 22 Sept., 1780.)

II.

[ARTILLERY ORDERS.]

(*Disposition of the Garrison at West Point, in case of an alarm — In Arnold's handwriting.*)

WT. POINT, *Sept. 5th*, 1780.

Artillery Orders:

The following disposition of the corps is to take place, in case of an alarm:

Capt. Dannils, with his company, at Fort Putnam, and to detach an officer with 12 men to Wylly's Redoubt; a non-commissioned officer with 3 men, to Webb's Redoubt, and a like number to Redoubt No. 4; Captain Thomas' company to repair to Fort Arnold; Captain Simmons and company to remain at the North and South Redoubts, at the east side of the river, until further orders.

Lieut. Barber, with 20 men of Capt. Jackson's company, will repair to Constitution Island; the remainder of the company, with Lieut. Masons, will repair to Arnold.

Capt. Lieut. George and Lieut. Blake, with 20 men of Capt. Treadwill's company, will repair to Redoubt No. 1 and 2; the remainder of the company will be sent to Fort Arnold.

Lieut. Jones's company, with Lieut. Fisk, to repair to the South Battery. The Chain Battery, Sherburn's Redoubt, and the Brass Field-pieces will be manned from Fort Arnold, as occasion may require.

The Commissary and Conductor of Military stores will, in turn, wait upon the Commanding Officer of Artillery for orders.

The Artificers in the Garrison (agreeable to former orders) will repair to Fort Arnold, and there receive further orders from the Commanding Officer of Artillery,

J. Bauman, Major Comm't Artillery.

(Indorsed: Artillery Orders, Sept. 5, 1780.)

III.

(*Estimate of the Strength of the Garrison, Sept.* 1780. — *In Arnold's handwriting.*)

Estimate of the forces at Wt. Point and its dependencies, Sept. 13th, 1780:

A Brigade of Massachusetts Militia and two Regiments of Rank and File, New Hampshire, inclusive of 166 Batteaux Men at Verplancks and Stoney Points		992
On command and extra service at Fish Kills, New Windsor, &c., &c., who may be called in occasionally		852
Three Regiments of Connecticut Militia, under the command of Colonel Wells, on the lines near No Castle		488
A Detachment of New York Levies on the lines		115
Militia		2,447
Colonel Lamb's Regiment	167	
Colonel Livingston, at Verplanck and Stoney Pts	80	
Continental		247
Colonel Sheldon's Dragoons on the lines, about one-half Mounted		142
Batteaux Men and Artificers		250
Total		3,086

(Indorsed: Estimate of the Force at West Point and its dependencies, Sept., 1780.)

IV,

(*Estimate of the Force necessary to completely Man the Works.— In Arnold's handwriting.*)

Estimate of the number of men necessary to Man the works at Wst. Point and in the vicinity.

Fort Arnold	620
" Putnam	450
" Wyllys	140
" Webb	140
Redoubt No. 1	150
" " 2	150
" " 3	120
" " 4	100
" " 5	130
" " 6	110
" " 7	78
North Redoubt	120
South Redoubt	130
Total	2,438

VILLEPAUCHE, *Engineer.*

N. B.— The artillerymen are not included in the above estimate.
(Indorsed: Estimate of Men to Man the Works at West Point, &c., Sept., 1780.)

Return of Ordnance in the different Forts, Batteries, etc., at West Point and its dependencies, September 5, 1780.

	Metals.	Garrison carriages.	Garrison carriages.	Traveling carriages.	Garrison carriages.	Stocked carriages.	Garrison carriages.	Garrison carriages.	Stocked carriages.	Traveling carriages.	Garrison carriages.	Traveling carriages.	Traveling carriages.	Mortars. Inches.	Mortars. Inches.	Mortars. Inches.	Howitz.	Total.	N. B.—The following ordnance not distributed.
Calibres		24	18		12		9	6		...	4		3	10	5½	42-5	8		No. 6, Iron 12 pounder. No. 4, Iron 9 pounder. No. 1, Iron 6 pounder. No. 1, Iron 4 pounder. No. 2, Iron 3 pounder.
Fort Arnold	Brass.											1		5	5	1		23	
	Iron.	1	6			1							3						
Fort Putnam	Brass.									2		1			4			14	14
	Iron.		5		2														
Constitution Island	Iron.				4		1	5										10	
South Battery	Iron.		4		1													5	3 brass 24 pounders.
Chain Battery	Iron.				1	2												3	7 brass 12 pounders.
Lantham Battery	Iron.						2											2	1 brass 8 inch howitzer
Webb's Redoubt	Iron.				1				2		1							4	11
Sherman's Redoubt	Iron.							2	3									5	
Megg's Redoubt	Iron.							1				1						2	
South Redoubt	Iron.				1			4										5	
North Redoubt	Iron.		3		3													6	
Wylly's Redoubt	Iron.			2									3					5	
Rocky Hill No. 4	Iron.							2										2	
Rocky Hill No. 1	Iron.						4											4	
Rocky Hill No. 2	Iron.						2											2	
Verplanck's and Stony Point	Brass.														2	1		8	
	Iron.			1	1	2											1		
Total		1	18	3	14	5	9	14	5	2	1	3	6	5	11	2	1	100	

(Signed) L. BAUMAN, *Major,*
Comd't of Artillery

VI.

(*Remarks on Works at West Point, September*, 1780 — *In Arnold's handwriting.*)

Sept. 1780.

Fort Arnold is built of dry fascines and wood, is in a ruinous condition, incomplete and subject to take fire from shells or carcasses.

Fort Putnam, stone wanting great repairs; the wall on the east side broke down, and rebuilding from the foundation at the west and south side; have been a chevaus de frise on the west side broke in many places. The east side open, two Bomb Proofs and Provision Magazine in the Fort, and slight wooden Barrack. A commanding piece of ground, 500 yards west between the Fort and No. 4 — or Rocky Hill.

Fort Webb, built of fascines and wood; a slight work, very dry and liable to be set on fire, as the approaches are very easy, without defenses, save a slight abattis.

Fort Wylly's, built of stone; five feet high, the work above plank filled with earth; the stone work 15 feet; the earth nine feet thick. No Bomb Proofs; the Batteries without the Fort.

Redoubt No. 1. On the south side; wood nine feet; the west, north and east sides four feet thick; no cannon in the works; a slight and single abattis; no ditch or picket; cannon on two Batteries; no Bomb Proofs.

Redoubt No. 2. The same as No. 1. No Bomb Proofs.

Redoubt No. 3. A slight woodwork three feet thick; very dry; no Bomb Proofs; a single abattis; the work easily set on fire; no cannon.

Redoubt No. 4. A wooden work about ten feet high and four or five feet thick; the west side faced with a stone wall eight feet high and four feet thick; no Bomb Proof; two six pounders; a slight abattis; a commanding piece of ground 500 yards west.

The North Redoubt on the east side built of stone, four feet high; above the stone, wood filled in with earth; very dry; no ditch; a Bomb Proof; three Batteries without the Fort, a poor abattis; a rising piece of ground 500 yards south; the approaches under cover to within twenty yards; the work easily fired with faggots dipt in pitch, etc.

South Redoubt much the same as the North; a commanding piece of ground 500 yards due east; three Batteries without the Fort.

(Indorsed: Remarks on Works at West Point, a copy to be transmitted to his Excellency General Washington.)

VII.

(*Copy of a State of Matters laid before a Council of War, by General Washington Sept.* 6, 1780.— *In Arnold's handwriting.*)

At a Council of War, held in Camp, Bergen county, Sept. 6, 1780.

Present — The Commander-in-Chief.

The Commander-in-Chief states to the Council that, since he had the honor of laying before the General Officers, at Morristown, the 6th of June last, a general view of our circumstances, several important events have occurred, which have materially changed the prospects of the campaign.

That the succor expected from France, instead of coming out in one body, and producing a national superiority in these seas, has been divided into two divisions, the first of which, only consisting of seven ships of the line, one forty-four, and three smaller, frigates, with five thousand land forces, had arrived at Rhode Island.

That a re-enforcement of six ships of the line from England having re-enforced the enemy, had made their Naval Force in these seas amount to nine sail of the line, two

fifties, two forty-fours, and a number of smaller frigates, a force completely superior to that of our allies, and which has, in consequence, held them blocked up in the harbor of Rhode Island till the 29th ult., at which period the British fleet disappeared, and no advice of them has since been received.

That accounts received by the alliance frigate, which left France in July, announces the Second Division to be confined in Brest, with several other ships, by a British fleet of thirty-two sail of the line, and a fleet of the allies of thirty-six or thirty eight ships of the line, ready to put to sea from Cadiz to relieve the port of Brest.

The most of the States, in their answers to the requisitions made of them, give the strongest assurances of doing every thing in their power to furnish the men and supplies required for the expected co-operation.

The effect of which, however, has been far short of our expectations, for not much above one-third of the levies demanded for the Continental Battalions, nor above the same proportion of Militia, have been assembled, and the supplies have been so inadequate that there was a necessity for dismissing all the Militia, whose immediate services could be dispensed with, to lessen our consumption, notwithstanding which the troops now in field are severely suffering for want of provisions.

That the army at this post and in the vicinity, in operating force, consists of 10,400 Continental troops and about 400 Militia, besides which is a regiment of Continental troops of about 500 at Rhode Island, left there for the assistance of our allies, against any attempt of the enemy that way; the two Connecticut State regiments, amounting to 800, at North Castle.

That the time of service for which the levies are engaged will expire the first of January, which, if not replaced, allowing for the usual casualties, will reduce the Continental Army to less than 6,000.

That since the state to the council above referred to, the enemy have brought a detachment of about 3,000 men from Charles Town to New York, which makes the present operating force in this quarter between ten and eleven thousand men.

That the enemies' force now in the southern States has not been lately ascertained by any distinct accounts, but the General supposes it cannot be less than 7,000 (of which about 2,000 are at Savannah), in this estimate the diminution by the casualties of the climate is supposed to be equal to the increase of force derived from the disaffected. That added to the loss of Charles Town and its garrison, accounts of a recent misfortune are just arrived from Major-General Gates, giving advice of a general action which happened on the 16th of August, near Campden, in which the army under his command met with a total defeat, and, in all probability, the whole of the Continental troops, and a considerable part of the Militia would be cut off.

That the State of Virginia has been sometime exerting itself to raise a body of 3,000 troops to serve till the end of December, 1781, but how far it has succeeded is not known.

That Maryland had resolved to raise 2,000 men, of which a sufficient number to compose one battalion, was to have come to this army. The remainder to recruit the Maryland line, but in consequence of the late advices, an order has been sent to march the whole southward.

That the enemies' force in Canada, Halifax, St. Augustine and at Penobscot, remains much the same as stated in the preceding Council.

That there is still reason to believe the Court of France will prosecute its original intention of giving effectual succor to this country, as soon as circumstances will permit; and it is hoped the second division will certainly arrive in the course of the fall. That a fleet greatly superior to that of the enemy in the West Indies, and a formidable land force had sailed some time since from Martinique to make a combined attack upon the Island of Jamaica, that there is a possibility of a re-enforcement from this quarter also, to the fleet of our ally at Rhode Island.

The Commander-in-Chief having thus given the Council a full view of our present situation and future prospects, requests the opinion of each member, in writing, what plan it will be advisable to pursue; to what objects our attention ought to be directed in the course of this fall and winter, taking into consideration the alternative of having or not having a naval superiority; whether any offensive operations can be immediately undertaken and against what point; what ought to be our immediate preparations and dispositions, particularly whether we can afford or ought to send any re enforcements from this army to the Southern States, and to what amount; the General requests to be favored with these opinions by the 10th instant at farthest.

(Indorsed: Copy of a Council of War held Sept. 6th, 1780.)

NOTE 7. — So long a time has elapsed since the documents here referred to were originally published, that they had been very generally forgotten; and as they are important to a correct judgment of the conduct and motives of the captors of André, on which even Mr. Sparks, with less than his scrupulous regard for exact justice, has thrown down unmerited distrust, it may not be amiss to reprint them in this connection. They were originally published in February and March, 1817, immediately after the remarks of Major Tallmadge in Congress.

Certificate of Inhabitants of Westchester County.

"We, the subscribers, inhabitants of the county of Westchester, do certify, that during the Revolutionary war, we were well acquainted with Isaac Van Wart, David Williams and John Paulding, who arrested Major André; and that at no time during the Revolutionary war, *was any suspicion entertained by their neighbors or acquaintances, that they or either of them held any undue intercourse with the enemy.*

"On the contrary, they were *universally esteemed, and taken to be ardent and faithful in the cause of the country.*

"We further certify, that the said Paulding and Williams are not now resident among us, but that Isaac Van Wart is a respectable freeholder of the town of Mount Pleasant: that we are well acquainted with him; and we do not hesitate to declare our belief that there is not an individual in the county of Westchester, acquainted with Isaac Van Wart, who would hesitate to describe him as a man whose integrity is as unimpeachable as his veracity is undoubted. In these respects no man in the county of Westchester is his superior.

"Jonathan G. Tompkins, aged 31 years.
"Jacob Purdy, aged 77 years.
"John Odell, aged 60 years.
"John Boyce, aged 72 years.
"J. Requa, aged 57 years.
"William Paulding, aged 81 years.
"John Requa, aged 54 years.
"Archer Read, aged 64 years.
"George Comb, aged 72 years.
"Gilbert Dean, aged 70 years.
"Jonathan Odell, aged 87 years.
"Cornelius Vantassel, aged 71 years.
"Thomas Boyce, aged 71 years.
"Tunis Lynt, aged 71 years.
"Jacobus Dyckman, aged 68 years.
"William Hammond.
"John Romer."

Isaac Van Wart's Affidavit.

"Isaac Van Wart, of the town of Mount Pleasant, in the county of Westchester, being duly sworn, doth depose and say that he is one of the three persons who arrested Major André during the American Revolutionary War, and conducted him to the American camp. That he, this deponent, together with David Williams and John Paulding, had secreted themselves at the side of the highway, for the purpose of detecting any person coming from or having unlawful intercourse with the enemy, being between the two armies — a service not uncommon in those times.

That this deponent and his companions were armed with muskets, and, upon seeing Major André approach the place where they were concealed, they rose and presented their muskets at him and required him to stop, which he did. He then asked them whether they belonged to his party? and then they asked him which party was his party? to which he replied, 'the lower party.' Upon which they — deeming a little stratagem, under such circumstances, not only justifiable, but necessary — gave him to understand that they were of his party; upon which he joyfully declared himself to be a British officer, and told them that he had been out on very particular business. Having ascertained thus much, this deponent and his companions undeceived him as to their characters, declaring themselves Americans, and that he must consider himself their prisoner. Upon this, with seeming unconcern, he said he had a pass from General Arnold, which he exhibited, and then insisted on their permitting him to proceed; but they told him that, as he had confessed himself to be a British officer, they deemed it to be their duty to convey him to the American camp, and then took him into a wood, a short distance from the highway, in order to guard against being surprised by parties of the enemy, who were frequently reconnoitering in that neighborhood.

That when they had him in the wood they proceeded to search him, for the purpose of ascertaining who and what he was, and found inside of his stockings and boots, next to his bare foot, papers, which satisfied them that he was a spy. Major André now showed them his gold watch, and remarked that it was evidence of his being a gentleman, and also promised to make them any reward they might name, if they would but permit him to proceed, which they refused.

He then told them that if they doubted the fulfillment of his promise, *they might conceal him in some secret place, and keep him there until they could send to New York and receive their reward.* And this deponent expressly declares that every offer made by Major André to them was promptly and resolutely refused. And, as for himself, he solemnly declares that he had not, and he does most sincerely believe that Paulding and Williams had not, *any intention of plundering the prisoner, nor did they confer with each other, or even hesitate whether they should accept his promises;* but, on the contrary, they were, in the opinion of this deponent, governed, like himself, by a deep interest in the cause of the country and a strong sense of duty. And this deponent further says that he never visited the British camp, nor does he believe or suspect that either Paulding or Williams ever did, except that Paulding was once, before André's capture, and once afterward, made a prisoner by the British, as this deponent has been informed and believes. And this deponent for himself expressly denies that he ever held any unlawful traffic, or any intercourse whatever, with the enemy.

And — appealing solemnly to that Omniscient Being at whose tribunal he must soon appear — he doth expressly declare that all accusations, charging him therewith, are utterly untrue.

ISAAC VAN WART.

Sworn before me, this 28th day of January, 1817.

JACOB RADCLIFFE, *Mayor.*

John Paulding's Affidavit.

John Paulding, of the county of Westchester, one of the persons who took Major André, being duly sworn, saith that he was three times, during the Revolutionary War, a prisoner with the enemy; the first time he was taken at the White Plains when under the command of Captain Requa, and carried to New York and confined in the Sugar-House. The second time he was taken near Tarrytown, when under the command of Lieutenant Peacock, and confined in the North

Dutch Church, in New York; that both these times he escaped, *and the last of them only four days before the capture of André;* that the last time he was taken he was wounded and lay in the hospital in New York, and was discharged on the arrival of the news of peace there; that he and his companions, Van Wart and Williams, among other articles which they took from Major André, were his watch, horse, saddle and bridle, and which they retained as prize; that they delivered over André, with the papers found on him, to Col. Jameson, who commanded on the lines; that shortly thereafter they were summoned to appear as witnesses at the head-quarters of General Washington, at Tappan; that they were at Tappan some days, and examined as witnesses before the court-martial on the trial of Smith, who brought André ashore from on board the sloop of war; that while there, Col. William S. Smith redeemed the watch from them for thirty guineas; which, and the money received for the horse, saddle and bridle, they divided equally among themselves and four other persons, who belonged to their party, but when André was taken, were about half a mile off, keeping a look-out on a hill; that André had no gold or silver money with him, but only some Continental bills, to the amount of about eighty dollars; that the medals given to him and Van Wart and Williams, by Congress, were presented to them by General Washington, when the army was encamped at Verplanck's Point, and that they on the occasion dined at his table; that Williams removed some years ago from Westchester county to the northern part of the State, but where particularly, the deponent does not know. And the deponent, referring to the affidavit of Van Wart, taken on the 28th of January last, and which he has read, says that the same is in substance true.

JOHN PAULDING.

Sworn before me, this 6th day of May, 1817.

CHARLES G. VAN WYCK,
Master in Chancery.

Autobiography of David Williams.

The following biography of David Williams appeared in the Albany *Daily Advertiser,* in January preceding his death, said to have been dictated by himself:

"I was born in Tarrytown, then called Philips' Manor, Westchester county, New York, October 21st, 1754. I entered the army in 1775, at the age of 21, and was under General Montgomery at the siege of Fort St. Johns, and afterward on board the flat-bottomed boats to carry provisions, etc.; and served out my time which was six months; I then went, listed again in the spring of 1776, and continued in the service by different enlistments, as a New York militiaman, until 1779. In 1778, when in Capt. Acker's company of New York militia, at Tarrytown, I asked his permission to take a walk in company with William Van Wart, a boy sixteen or seventeen years old; I proceeded to the cross-roads on Tompkins' ridge; stood looking a few moments; saw five men coming, they had arms; we jumped over a stone fence and concealed ourselves in a corner of it; observed that they were armed with two muskets and three pistols; they came so nigh that we recognized two of them, viz.: William Underhill and William Mosher, who were tories, and known to be of DeLancy's corps; when they came within proper distance, I said to my companion, 'Billy, neck or no joint!' I then said aloud as if speaking to a number, with a view of intimidating them, 'Men, *make ready!*' They stopped immediately; I told them to ground their arms, which they did; I then said, 'March away; they did so; I then jumped over the fence, secured their arms, and made them march before us to our quarters; I continued in the service until a week or ten days before the year 1780. In December, 1779, Captain Daniel Williams, who was commander of our company, mounted us on horses, and we went to Morrisania, Westchester county. We swept all Mor-

risania clear; took probably $5,000 worth of property; returned to Tarrytown and quartered at Young's house. My feet being frozen, my uncle, Martinus Van Wart, took me to his house; I told Captain Williams that the enemy would soon be at Young's, and that if he remained there he would be on his way to Morrisania before morning; he paid no attention to my remarks — he did not believe me; but in the course of the night a woman came to my uncle's crying, 'Uncle Martinus! Uncle Martinus!' The truth was, the British had surrounded Young's house, made prisoners of all the company except two, and burnt the barn. Having got well of my frozen feet, on the 3d of June, 1780, we were all driven from Tarrytown to the upper part of Westchester county, in the town of Salem. We belonged to no organized company at all; were under no command, and worked for our board or *johnny-cake*. Isaac Van Wart, who was a cousin of mine (the father of Williams and mother of Van Wart were brother and sister), Nicholas Storms and myself went to Tarrytown on a visit; we carried our muskets with us, and on our way took a Quaker who said he was going to New York after salt and other things. The Quaker was taken before the American authority and acquitted.

"In July or August a number of persons, of whom I was one, went on a visit to our friends in Tarrytown, and while on his way took ten head of cattle, which some refugees were driving to New York, and, on examination before the authority, the cattle were restored to their right owners, as they pleaded innocence, saying they were stolen from them. I then returned to Salem, and worked with a Mr. Benedict for my board, until the 22d of September. It was about one o'clock P. M., as I was standing in the door with Mr. Benedict's daughter (who was afterward my wife), when I saw six men coming; she remarked, 'They have got guns.' I jumped over a board fence and met them. 'Boys,' said I, 'where are you going?' They answered 'we are going to Tarrytown.' I then said 'if you will wait until I get my gun I will go with you.' The names of the six persons were, Isaac Van Wart, John Paulding, William Williams, John Yerks and James Romer; the name of the sixth I have forgotton. We proceeded about fifteen miles that night, and slept in a hay barrack. In the morning we crossed Buttermilk hill, when John Paulding proposed to go to Isaac Reed's and get a pack of cards to divert ourselves with. After procuring them we went out to Davis' hill, where we separated, leaving four on the hill and three, viz., Van Wart, Paulding and myself, proceeded on the Tarrytown road about one mile and concealed ourselves in the bushes on the west side of the road, and commenced playing cards three handed, that is, each one for himself. We had not been playing more than an hour, when we heard a horse galloping across a bridge but a few yards from us; which of us spoke I do not remember, but one of us said, 'there comes a trader going to New York.' We stepped out from our concealment and stopped him. 'My lads,' said he, 'I hope you belong to our party.' We asked him 'what party?' he replied, 'the lower party.' We told him 'we did.' He then said, 'I am a British officer, have been up the country on particular business, and would not wish to be detained a minute,' and as a token to convince us he was a gentleman, he pulled out and showed us his gold watch; we then told him we were Americans. 'God bless my soul,' said he, 'a man must do any thing these times to get along,' and then showed us Arnold's pass. We told him it would not satisfy us without searching him. 'My lads,' said he, 'you will bring yourselves into trouble.' We answered 'we did not fear it,' and conducted him about seventy rods into the woods. My comrades appointed me to search him; commencing with his hat, I searched his person effectually, but found nothing until I pulled off his boot, when we discovered that something was concealed in his stocking. Paulding caught hold of his foot and exclaimed, 'by G—d, here it is!' I pulled off his stocking, and inside of it, next to the sole of his foot, found three half sheets of paper inclosed in another half sheet which was indorsed 'West Point;' and on

pulling off the other boot and stocking, I found three like papers, inclosed and indorsed as the others. On reading them, one of my companions said, 'by G—d, he is a *spy!*'. We then asked him where he got those papers? he told us, 'of a man at Pine's bridge,' but he said 'he did not know his name.' He offered us his gold watch· his horse, saddle, bridle and 100 guineas, if we would let him go; we told him 'no unless he would inform us where he got the papers.' He answered us as before, but increased his offer to 1,000 guineas, his horse, etc.; we told him again we would not let him go; he then said, 'gentlemen, I will give you 10,000 guineas' [nearly $50,000] 'and as many dry goods as you will ask; conceal me in any place of safety while you can send to New York with an order to Sir Henry Clinton from me, and the goods and money will be procured so that you can get them unmolested.' [Paulding then told him, as he stated on the trial of Joshua H. Smith, a few days after the arrest]: 'No, by G—d, if you would give us 10,000 guineas you should not stir a step; we are Americans, and above corruption, and go with us you must.' We then took him, about twelve miles, to Col. Jamison's quarters at North Castle."

NOTE 8. — *Letter of Col. Talmadge.*

[Written after André's death, it displays the intimate relations that sprung up between the writer and André, and the natural commiseration which had arisen in the former's heart.]

"Poor André, who has been under my charge almost ever since he was taken, has yesterday had his trial, and though his sentence is not known, a disgraceful death is no doubt allotted to him. By heavens! Colonel Webb, I never saw a man whose fate I foresaw whom I so sincerely pitied! He is a young fellow of the greatest accomplishments, and was the prime minister of Sir Harry on all occasions. He has unbosomed his heart to me so fully, and, indeed, let me know almost every motive of his actions since he came out on his late mission, and he has endeared me to him exceedingly. Unfortunate man! He will undoubtedly suffer death to-morrow, and, though he knows his fate, seems to be as cheerful as though he were going to an assembly. I am sure he will go to the gallows less fearful for his fate, and with less concern than I shall behold the tragedy. Had he been tried by a court of ladies, he is so genteel, handsome and polite a young gentleman, that I am confident they would have acquitted him. But enough of André, who, though he dies lamented, falls justly."

The same officer, in other communications upon the subject, says:

"From the moment that André made the disclosure of his name and true character, in his letter to the Commander-in-Chief, which he handed to me as soon as he had written it, down to the moment of his execution, I was almost constantly with him. I walked with him to the place of execution, and parted with him under the gallows, overwhelmed with grief that so gallant an officer and so accomplished a gentleman should come to such an ignominious end. The ease and affability of his manners, polished by the refinement of good society, and a finished education, made him a most delightful companion. It often drew tears from my eyes to find him so agreeable in conversation on different subjects, when I reflected on his future fate and that, too, as I believed, so near at hand."

"When he came within sight of the gibbet, he appeared to be startled, and inquired, with some emotion, whether he was not to be shot. Being informed that the mode first appointed for his death could not consistently be altered, he exclaimed, 'How hard is my fate!' But immediately added, 'It will soon be over.' I then shook hands with him under the gallows, and retired."

NOTE 9.—See Raymond's oration, delivered at Tarrytown October 7, 1853, on the completion of the monument erected by the young men of Westchester county to the captors of Major André.

NOTE 10.—In Simms' History of Schoharie County and Border Wars of New York, p. 404, it is related, in connection with Sir John Johnson's invasion of this valley, that "Col. Johnson had with him a small mortar and a field-piece, the latter a six-pounder. The carriage for the cannon was carried in parts, and required screwing together." When the enemy approached the Lower Fort, to wit: the stone church with its massive tower, referred to in the original, it is related that the following incident occurred: "Col. Johnson halted, after crossing Fox's Creek. Preparations were now made to give the Americans a passing salute; the gun-carriage was screwed together, and the gun placed upon it. At this time it was supposed, by the men in the tower, from the ease with which the gun was carried, and the manner of its transportation in a wagon, to be a 'peeled log,' placed with the design of frightening its inmates to surrender the fort. On applying the linstock it twice flashed, and the Americans were the more confirmed in their opinion that the fire was 'playing possum,' but the third application of the match was followed by a peal of war's thunder, which sent a ball through one side of the roof of the church, and lodged it in a heavy rafter in the opposite side." This ball is now in the possession of a merchant in Schoharie.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

Hon. DANIEL KNOWER furnishes the following description of the monument which is now completed, occupying a conspicuous position near the Old Fort and by the roadway. "It is a fine block of Massachusetts marble and the work is artistically executed. The height of the monument is twenty-three feet and nine inches. The following are the dimensions:

Base	5 ft. 6 in. x 5 ft. 6 in. x 1 ft. 6 in.
2d Base	4 ft. 2 in. x 4 ft. 2 in. x 1 ft. 6 in.
Die	3 ft. 4 in. x 3 ft. 4 in. x 5 ft. 0 in.
Cap	4 ft. 2 in. x 4 ft. 2 in. x 2 ft. 6 in.
Spire	1 ft. 10 in. x 1 ft. 10 in. x 13 ft. 3 in.
	23 ft. 9 in. high

The following inscriptions, the production of Mr. KNOWER himself, are engraved on the monument:

[*East.*]

Here rest the remains of
DAVID WILLIAMS.
One of the Captors of
MAJOR ANDRE,
Died in Schoharie County,
Aug. 2d, 1831,
Aged 76 years, 6 mos., 8 days.

He with his compatriots John Paulding and Isaac Van Wart, on the 23d of September, 1780, arrested Major John André, and found on his person treasonable papers in the handwriting of Gen. Benedict Arnold, who sought by treachery to surrender the military post of West Point into the hands of the enemy. In resisting the great bribes of their prisoner for his liberty, they showed their incorruptible Patriotism, the American Army was saved, and our beloved Country became free.

Engraved on medal—

[*South.*]

FIDELITY.

By authority of Congress, 1780, a silver medal was voted to them, and presented to the captors by Gen. Washington, at a dinner to which he invited them while the army was encamped near Ver Plank's Point.

The other side of the medal—

[*North.*]

VINCIT AMOR PATRIÆ.

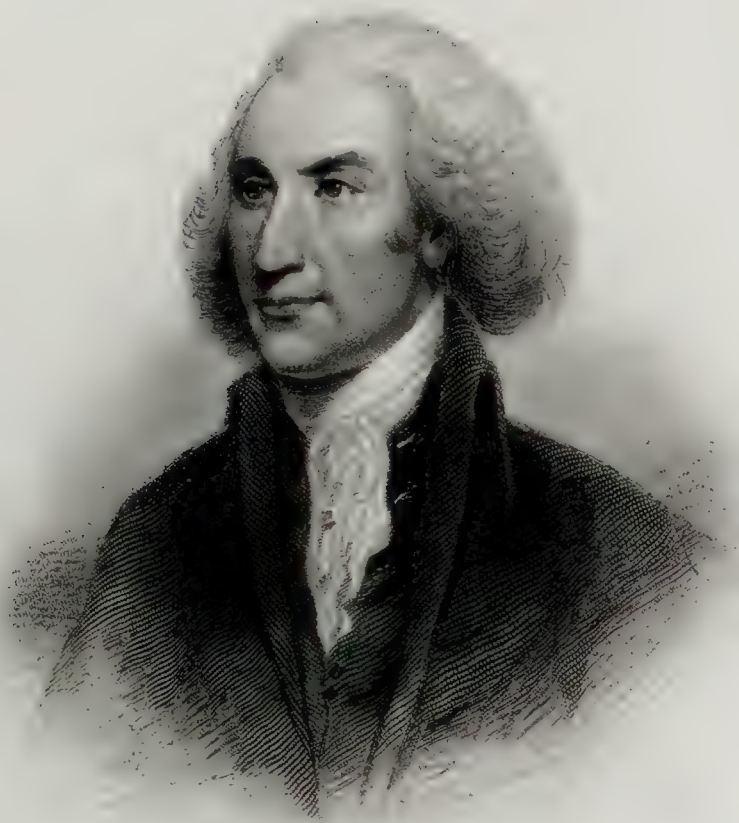
Gen. Washington's letter to the President of Congress, October, 1780: "The party that took Major André acted in such a manner as does them the highest honor and proves them to be men of great virtue."

[*West.*]

NANCY BENEDICT,
Wife of
DAVID WILLIAMS,
Died Aug. 5, 1844, aged 87 y's 6 m., 8 d's.

This Monument was erected by the State of New York from an appropriation made in the Centennial year of 1876, by a bill introduced by Senator W. C. Lamont, under the following State Commissioners: DANIEL KNOWER, RALPH BREWSTER, CHARLES HOLMES.

Schuylerville.



Ph. Schuyler

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

The Celebration at Schuylerville,

OCTOBER 17, 1877.

As Burgoyne's surrender was the occasion of the most imposing centennial celebration, being undoubtedly the most important event of the Revolutionary war, which occurred within the boundaries of New York State, and most probably within the area of the Revolution, it is fit to introduce it by the accompanying narrative of the celebration, written by Mr. Wm. L. Stone. It is the account derived from the pamphlet of the celebration, printed by the Saratoga Monument Association :

THE PROCEEDINGS.

At early day-break on the Centennial of Burgoyne's surrender, I stood upon the highly elevated plateau on which rests the foundation for the Saratoga Monument. A vast amphitheatre was spread at my feet. High as I was above the village of Schuylerville and the surrounding plain, or rather the whole region of country between the Kayaderosseras range on the west, the Green mountains on the east, and the Catskills on the south, the varieties of upland and lowland were lost in the almost perpendicular line of vision in which they were presented to the view. As the dawn grew on apace, a gray jasper tinge slowly crept along the edge of the horizon. Flecks of pale sapphire gradually branched up, which, changing into shooting spires of emerald and chalcedony, grew more and more distinct, until the entire eastern sky was bathed in the hues of the topaz and amethyst. As the day advanced, and the rays of light darted thicker and brighter across the heavens, the purple clouds which hung over Willard's mountain were fringed with a saffron dye of inexpressible beauty. As the sun ascended above the hori-

zon — the broad glare of his beams being somewhat repressed by a dense atmosphere — the orb could be clearly defined by the naked eye. After it had gained the horizon the lesser spires below began to point their tall shadows toward me; a cheerful and mellow light gradually diffused itself around; and the fog, which had rested upon the lower landscape, gently lifting, disclosed hill and vale, wood and river, in all their autumnal loveliness, standing sponsors for the new-born day.

Wednesday, the 17th of October, 1877, was, indeed, a superb autumn day. The air was mild and balmy, and by nine o'clock not a cloud could be descried in any quarter of the heavens. It would seem as if the fates had deliberately combined to render the weather most auspicious. On the Monday previous, a cold, driving rain had set in; and although it had partially cleared, yet the sun of Tuesday had gone down in gloom; while the wailing of the wind in the tall pines and the leaden clouds overhead gave every indication of another storm. Notwithstanding, however, these untoward signs and the continued interrogations "Will it ever clear up?" the citizens of the patriotic little village of Schuylerville continued the work of decoration late into the night. Early in the afternoon of the 16th the advance guard of the visitors, press-reporters and delegates from different military and civic associations, began to arrive. Among these came Battery B, of Troy, Captain A. H. GREEN commanding, with twenty men and five brass twelve pounders, and, also, Captain TRACY of the same city with twenty policemen, whose manly bearing and effective measures for preserving the peace during the celebration received the deserved commendation of all lovers of order. In the evening, the village was generally illuminated, giving to the colored decorations a really fine effect, and eliciting warm encomiums for the tasteful manner in which the ladies and gentlemen had performed their work.

The following morning, a little before sunrise, the artillery men of Battery B turned out, and dividing into four squads proceeded in as many directions to the outskirts of the village where their cannons had previously been placed in position.* The day was formally ushered in by a salute of one hundred guns, the echoes of which had scarcely died away, when the people of Easton, from the heights of Willard's mountain, returned the greeting with the same number of guns. The bells of the churches then rang out merrily, and the steam whistles from the factories in the vicinity blew their shrillest notes. The rumbling of

* These guns were placed respectively near the corner stone of the Saratoga monument; on the site of the camp of the British Grenadiers; on the hill back of Alonzo Welch's house where General Morgan's riflemen were stationed, and on the high bluff on the east side of the river, the site of old Fort Saratoga during the French and Indian colonial wars, and, just previous to the surrender, occupied by Col. Fellows with a battery. An eighteen pounder captured from the British in 1813, and presented to the Saratoga Monument Association by Frederick DePeyster and Gen. J. W. DePeyster, of New York City, was also placed near the corner stone.

wheels along the several roads leading into the village was now heard, and soon the streets were astir with wagons, carriages and omnibuses filled with people from the surrounding country. In Saratoga Springs, twelve miles away, all the stores were closed, and a stillness, more than funereal, hung over its streets; while the entire length of the road leading from that village to Schuylerville was, for more than four hours, covered with a continuous line of vehicles of every description — from the field-wagon, with rough board seat and chains on which to rest the feet and drawn by oxen, to the handsome chariotee of the wealthy citizen.* Toward noon the military, masonic and other organizations that were to take part in the approaching pageant thronged into the town, and by mid-day the pavements and the windows and porches of the houses were filled with an expectant multitude anxious to secure a good view of the procession.†

And well might the scene now presented rivet the eye. It is seldom that a spectacle, such as that which the streets and buildings of Schuylerville afforded on this occasion, is seen. As early as a week previous to the celebration, every flag, large or small, every yard, remnant and piece of colored goods to be found in any of the stores were purchased, to the great gratification of the merchants, who had feared that in their patriotic enthusiasm, they had been unwise in filling their shelves with so large a stock of red, blue and white goods. Nor were the decorations, so universally displayed, massed together in a heterogeneous manner without form or comeliness. Good judgment, a cultivated taste and a lavish expenditure of money gave to the public buildings, the hotels and the stores a brilliant and striking appearance; while the façades of the houses adorned with bunting and various original devices illustrative of scenes and incidents of a century ago, showed good taste and commendable patriotism. This, together with the bright and variegated colors of the autumn foliage in the yards and along the sidewalks, did much to heighten the general effect. When this handsome adornment was so universal, to specify those residences that were more richly dressed than others would be invidious. So general, moreover, was the desire to create a good impression — when neighbor vied with

* Benj. W. Amsden of No. 70 Lake avenue, says that on Wednesday morning vehicles were passing his place, en route to Schuylerville, long before daybreak. Somewhat surprised at the immense number of people moving in the direction of the surrender grounds, he began at six o'clock and kept a tally of each team that passed up to eleven o'clock, five hours, and found the number to be three hundred and fifty-four. As this is but one outlet to our village, some idea may be formed of Saratoga's delegation to the celebration when the other streets and avenues on the east side are taken into consideration. The number of Saratogians who attended the centennial could not have been less than five thousand.—*Saratogian*, Oct. 18th, 1877.

† It was estimated by persons whose experience in large gatherings of a like nature rendered them competent judges, that fully thirty thousand people were in the village and upon the surrender grounds at noon on Wednesday. Had the conveyance to the village been by railroad instead of stages and private teams, undoubtedly more than double that number would have been present. A more orderly and a more intelligent number of persons, it was repeatedly remarked during the day by participants in the Oriskany, Bennington and Bemus Heights celebrations, was never observed in any other place where people were so closely brought together.

neighbor in beautifying their houses and places of business — that great would be the difficulty to know how or what to write in regard to the mottoes, buntings, banners and lanterns of each private dwelling.

Among the public buildings thus decorated were the new school building, the engine-house and the churches of St. Stephen and of the Visitation. The Dutch Reformed church wreathed garlands of the red, white and blue around its Doric pillars, and the Methodists also expressed their patriotism by a fine display of flags and streamers. The Goldsmith and Gaily Houses were profusely hung with bunting and colored lanterns, and the Schuylerville House presented a picturesque front with its heavy festoonings of evergreens interwoven with the red berries of the bay. Suspended over the main street at a prominent point was a pictorial representation of the surrender. Burgoyne was painted in the act of handing his sword to Gates, while underneath the scene was inscribed the British general's remark: "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." At a number of points, from newly erected flag-staffs, American colors were floating;* and here and there one saw now a portrait of George Washington, and again one of Philip Schuyler, Morgan or some other old hero in a frame of evergreen. Nor was this kind of work confined to Schuylerville. Standing near the site of the monument the eye took in, for miles around, flags waving from poles set up for the nonce before innumerable farm-houses. In the distance, snugly nestled among the lower spurs of the Green mountains, the pretty villages of Greenwich and Middle Falls looked like two fleets riding at anchor, their tall masts flying gaily colored penants as if for some great naval victory. Saratoga and Washington counties seemed in very truth to have hung their banners upon the outer walls. Indeed, as it was well said at the time, "What, with the vivid hues of autumn upon the trees, and the vivid hues of patriotism upon the houses, the village and its vicinage looked as gay and attractive as did the splendid army of Burgoyne, as it sailed up Lake Champlain in June, 1777, when the sun shone on the scarlet coats of British grenadiers, and on the bright helmets of the German dragoons."†

As the troops of the several commands arrived they reported to the Grand Marshal, General W. B. FRENCH, on Schuyler Square, where they were assigned positions. In consequence, however, of the late arrival of the more distant organizations, it was noon before the Mar-

*One of these flag-poles, at the corner of Pearl and Burgoyne streets, is one hundred and fifty feet in height; another, close by the corner stone of the monument, is one hundred and sixty feet high. Each of these poles is surmounted by a large glass ball; and the one planted by the corner stone may be readily seen by the aid of a field glass by the citizens of Saratoga Springs, twelve miles distant. These flag-staffs were both the work of Mr. GILES P. LANG, of Schuylerville.

†Mr. MCELROY, in the Albany *Evening Journal*.

shal and his aids had arranged them into column.* Finally, the report of a cannon told that all was in readiness; and at half-past twelve o'clock the procession, headed by a platoon of Troy police, filed out of the square into Gates avenue, General FRENCH and his staff gallantly leading the way. The line of march was from Gates avenue to Grove street, thence to Pearl; from Pearl to Burgoyne; down Burgoyne to Broad; up Broad to Spring; thence to Church, to Burgoyne, to Pearl, to Saratoga, to Green and up Burgoyne avenue to the monument grounds adjoining Prospect Hill Cemetery.

A volume would scarce suffice to detail the particulars necessary to a full description of the flags and emblems and patriotic decorations which graced the arches under which passed the many divisions and sub-divisions of this imposing pageant; nor yet to give the incidents which, like the fragments of a splendid vision, are still floating in bright and glowing masses through the imagination. But the spectacle was too brilliant and the scenes too various for the memory to retain more than certain vague impressions no less beautiful than indistinct. Those who were present and saw the magnificent scene on that lovely autumn day — while it gave them an idea of the appearance of the two armies one hundred years ago at that very hour and on that very spot — will at once admit that it cannot be painted in language; and those who had not that happiness, must content themselves with the assurance that the best endeavors of the writer to convey to them an adequate idea of its effect will fail.

The first arch (tastily draped with flags and bunting) under which the procession marched, was at the corner of Green and Pearl streets, near the handsomely adorned residences of C. W. Mayhew, and G. W. Watson. The next one was at the junction of Burgoyne and Pearl streets in front of the Dutch Reformed church. Upon it in letters of evergreen were the words of welcome ascribed by some to Gates on his first meeting the defeated British general: "I am glad to see you,"† with the century dates of Oct 17th, 1777, and 1877; the right and left of the center inscription bearing the names (also in evergreen), of Schuyler, Gates and Morgan. At the corner of Burgoyne and Broad streets another arch, festooned with laurel, spanned the road; while a little further on and opposite the Methodist parsonage, a graceful arch, thrown across the street, bore on its south side the legend, "Methodism honors the occasion," and on the north, "Methodism

* Gen. FRENCH deserves much credit for the skill with which he held the procession intact along the line of march. No break or impediment caused any of those halts or separations that so frequently occur on occasions of this kind.

† "It is the custom in England, and in America on approaching anybody for the first time to say, 'I am very happy to see you.' General Gates chanced to make use of this expression in accosting General Burgoyne: '*I believe you are*,' replied the general, the fortune of the day is entirely yours.' "—*Travels in North America in* 1780–2, *by the Marquis De Chastellux.*

reveres the heroes of 1777." On the lawn, in front of the Marshall House,* from a tall liberty pole floated the stars and stripes, and a little distance from the foot of Burgoyne avenue on the main street, an old elm, whose trunk was wreathed with the "red, white and blue," bore this inscription: "Near this spot, Oct. 17, 1777, American and British officers met and consummated the articles of capitulation of General Burgoyne to General Gates; and on this ground the British laid down their arms thus securing American independence." Standing on the roof of the Grecian portico of D. L. Potter's dwelling, the Goddess of Liberty, in life size, shone resplendent in a starry crown and a skirt made of the American flag. Within the court-yard of ALANSON WELCH — the site of the old Revolutionary Barracks — stood a large marquee from the top of which were unfurled the American and British colors; while on the north-west corner of Pearl and Ferry streets a wooden monument was placed, having upon one of its sides the following lettering:

SARATOGA,
BEMUS HEIGHTS,
BENNINGTON,
ORISKANY.
LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

The eye of beauty, too, gazed with delight upon the passing scene. Every window was thronged; and the myriads of handkerchiefs which fluttered in the air were only rivaled in whiteness by the delicate hands which suspended them; while the glowing cheeks, the ingenuous smiles of loveliness and innocence, and the intelligence which beamed brightly from many a sparkling eye, proclaimed their possessors worthy of being the wives, mothers and daughters of freemen. It was in fine a proud spectacle; but language fails in attempting its description — much more in imparting to paper the sensations which it created. It is not difficult to describe individual objects correctly, but it is impossible to portray their general effect when happily grouped together. We rejoiced, and all who were there rejoiced; although, as we looked upon the countless throng, we could not but remember the

* "A hundred years ago from yesterday, in the cellar of the house, at present occupied by Mrs. Jane M. Marshall, there was a pitiful picture of a few crouching, terror-stricken women and children, and a number of wounded, hungry soldiers; a century later, yesterday, upon the lawn of the same house, there was a joyous, patriotic company of wives and maidens, raising into the air a liberty pole whereon, in a few days shall float the glorious emblem of freedom and victory. With the dark memories of that house upon their minds did these women lift aloft with willing hands the celebrating staff of its peace and domestic love. The sad records of Madame Riedesel stand in dark contrast with this honorary act of Mrs. J. M. Marshall, Mrs. George W. Smith, Miss Jennie Marshall (the two latter the former's daughters), Mrs. Chas. Bartram of Greenpoint, L. I., Mrs. Wesley Buck and Mrs. Joseph Hudson of this village. The pole is eighty-nine feet from the ground and will float a flag twelve by fourteen feet."—*Schuylerville Standard, Oct.* 15, 1877.

Mrs. Marshall also, gave the two Albany companies of the Twenty-fifth regiment, the day after the celebration, an elegant dinner set out on the lawn.

exclamation of Xerxes, and feel that "a hundred years hence, not one of all that vast multitude will be alive."

Immediately behind the police, and leading the procession proper, came the popular Doring's band of Troy, composed of twenty-six pieces. Following these, and marching by platoons, were Company F, Tenth regiment N. Y. S. N. G., Captain GEORGE D. WEIDMAN commanding, and Company I, Twenty-fifth regiment, under Captain WALKER. Both companies wore a neat gray uniform, and by their soldierly bearing did credit to the capital city. Colt's armory band of twenty pieces, one of the choicest musical organizations in the land, and clad in scarlet, followed next in order; and directly after them were the Governor's Foot Guards of Hartford, Conn., commanded by Major W. H. TALCOTT. The presence, on this occasion, of the Foot Guards, was particulary fortunate and most appropriate. Dressed in the rich and peculiar style of the time of George III — bear-skin caps, scarlet coats, knee-breeches, and black velvet leggins with silver buckles on their shoes — they gave to the spectators a correct idea of the appearance of Burgoyne's "Red-coats," at the time of the surrender. Accompanying the Foot Guards were the Veterans of the corps in citizen's dress, wearing Kossuth hats and crimson badges.* The Park Guards' band, one of Vermont's best, with the Park Guards of Bennington, Capt. N. O. WILCOX, made a striking appearance in their grenadier hats and steel gray uniforms. Having taken part in the Bennington centennial, it gave them pleasure to participate in Saratoga's celebration. It was one of the best equipped commands on the ground. As the procession moved by, the next command that passed along was the Hughes Light Guards of South Glens Falls, Captain GLEESETTLE. This company has only recently been organized, but the members carried themselves like veterans, reflecting credit on the most northerly town in Saratoga county. The Whitehall Cornet band then filed past, leading the well-known and popular Burleigh Corps of Whitehall, Lieutenant BASCOM commanding. The Guards and Corps were dressed in the regulation dark and light blue, and wore the shako, and made a creditable appearance. This military array was followed by the Knights Templar, their gay trappings, in the bright sunlight of an unclouded sky, being sufficiently gorgeous to have filled the eye of a Persian emperor in the height of oriental splendor and magnificence.

* The Governor's Foot Guards were chartered in 1771. In October, 1777, it started for Saratoga to offer its services to Gates, though organized specially as a body guard to the governor and general assembly of the colony of Connecticut. The company, under the command of Captain Jonathan Bull, marched as far as the Rhinebeck flats, where, being met by an express with the news of Burgoyne's surrender, they returned home. The battalion now numbers about one hundred, including a band of twenty-five pieces. JAMES BULL, now living at Saratoga Springs, is a grandson of Captain Jonathan Bull, and was a member of the guards fifty years ago. His father, Isaac D. Bull, was the first major of the organization when it became a battalion in 1813, serving until 1816.

The Knights Templar constituted the second division of the procession, which was under the command of very eminent Grand Commander CHARLES H. HOLDEN, assisted by Sir Knight B. F. JUDSON. Preceding the Washington Commandery of Saratoga Springs was the Ballston Cornet band, dressed in a showy dark blue uniform. Then came the Seventy-seventh regiment band of Saratoga Springs, composed of twenty-two pieces, and dressed in military uniform, followed by the Apollo Commandery of Troy and the Temple Commandery of Albany. These commanderies, together with Washington Commandery, sustained well their reputation as among the finest appearing and best drilled organizations of Sir Knights in the State. The Mozart band of Schenectady, uniformed in white, came next in order preceding the commanderies of St. George of Schenectady, De Soto of Plattsburgh, Holy Cross of Gloversville, Lafayette of Hudson, Little Falls of Little Falls, Killington of Rutland, Vermont, and the Tefft of Bennington of the same State. The Schuylerville Cornet band was the next to pass, followed by the Master Masons, who preceded the Grand Lodge of the State of New York. Along the whole extensive line of march each of the different organizations was received with continual cheers, a circumstance which added not a little to the animation of the scene.

The Saratoga Centennial Cavalry, Major T. S. FASSETT commanding, brought up the rear. This company numbered upward of eighty horsemen, and attired in the attractive uniform of Gates's Continentals, they elicited much praise from the bystanders whenever they appeared. This cavalcade formed the escort, or rather the rear guard, to the orators, poets, officers of the day, members of the Saratoga Monument Association and invited guests, who, seated in open carriages, formed the civic portion of the procession. In one of the carriages were HORATIO SEYMOUR, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS and ALFRED B. STREET, each wearing on his breast, not the gorgeous insignia of the courts of kings, but — typical of Republican simplicity — a silk badge, on which was attached a plain rosette made of the dry leaves of the palmetto.* Among the most honored guests were ex-Senator FOSTER, of Connecticut, whose father was in both battles of Bemus Heights, and GEORGE L. SCHUYLER, of New York, a grandson of Gen. Philip Schuyler. In another carriage, also, rode ALBERT CLEMENTS, aged ninety-six, GEORGE STROVER, eighty-six, and WILLIAM H. MCCREEDY, eighty-six, the three oldest men in the village, and honored both for their own sakes and from having once been the neighbors of Gen. Schuyler. The presence of these three

* At the top of the badge is printed the word "Gates," and at the bottom, "Saratoga, October 17th, 1877." The badges were the gift of Gen. STEPHEN D. KIRK, of Charleston, S. C. Gen KIRK accompanied the gifts with appropriate patriotic sentiments.

venerable, but still hale and hearty, village sires, and the distinguished ex-Senator FOSTER, carried back the minds of the beholders so vividly to those "times that tried men's souls," that they no longer seemed to belong to the "dim past," but to the vitality of the actual present. It had been expected that Governor ROBINSON, of New York, Governor RICE, of Massachusetts, and VAN ZANDT, of Rhode Island, would be present; but illness kept them all away. The governor of New York was represented by members of his military family.

The procession was more than a mile in length, and contained nearly three thousand people. It was, indeed, a pageant of indescribable interest, and, to most, of double attraction, the occasion being one in which the deepest sympathies were enlisted, and it being also altogether the finest display of pomp and circumstance ever witnessed in northern New York.

A large part of the population of Saratoga and Washington counties had given themselves up to the enjoyment of the occasion; and gladness, in all its fullness, was depicted in every countenance, while a noble enthusiasm swelled every bosom. The bond of union was complete; and every man, carrying himself back one hundred years, felt as though his country had been rescued, in the last hour, from the most imminent peril.

The head of the procession reached the open square in front of the monument at half-past one o'clock. The right of line then opened, and the Grand Lodge advanced to its position, being surrounded by the subordinate lodges formed in a square. The commanderies made the same formation outside of the lodges, while the military beyond the commanderies encircled them, having in their rear a vast concourse of citizens, estimated at twelve thousand. The various bands of music which had enlivened the march of the procession were concentrated in the inclosure, but so disposed as not to intercept the prospect. The Grand Lodge occupied a position upon the foundation of the monument, and thus the Masonic ceremonies, which were conducted in the usual form, were in full view of the multitude.

After the corner-stone had been laid, the procession was reformed; and, amid the firing of cannons, counter-marched to the speaking grounds on Schuyler Square, where two stands had been built, on which floated the American and British flags. At the southern stand, where Hon. CHARLES S. LESTER of Saratoga Springs presided, the orations of HORATIO SEYMOUR and GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, and the addresses of Judge LESTER and LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER were delivered together with the poem of ALFRED B. STREET, read by Col. E. P. HOWE of Saratoga Springs. The short impromptu speech by Senator FOSTER was peculiarly timely and fitting, and of extraordinary interest, owing to the

fact that he had often listened to the story of the battle from the lips of his father, who was lieutenant and adjutant of one of the Connecticut regiments on the American side.

At the northern stand, Hon. GEORGE W. SCHUYLER, in the absence of Gen. E. F. BULLARD, was called upon to preside. At this stand were delivered the historical address of WILLIAM L. STONE, and the speeches of B. W. THROCKMORTON of New Jersey, Judge AUSTIN A. YATES of Schenectady, and H. L. GLADDING of Albany. General JAMES GRANT WILSON (the biographer of Fitz Green Halleck) read that poet's *Field of the Grounded Arms*, and the Rev. D. K. VAN DOREN, of Schuylerville, a poem by General J. WATTS DE PEYSTER, prepared expressly for the occasion. A new version of the Star Spangled Banner, by Col. B. C. BUTLER of Luzerne, N. Y., was then read by WILLIAM L. STONE, and the exercises closed by the reading, by Col. RITCHIE, of letters from BENSON J. LOSSING, Mrs. ELLEN H. WALWORTH, GILES B. SLOCUM, and General STEPHEN D. KIRK of Charleston, South Carolina.

It had been the intention to close the celebration with a brilliant military spectacle representing the surrender of Burgoyne to the Continental troops. It was, however, almost dusk when the speaking was finished; and, accordingly, Judge LESTER, in dismissing the audience, stated that the Connecticut boys* refused to surrender, and that the exercises would therefore be brought to an end by a dress parade.

While the literary exercises at the stands were holding, thousands of people who could not get within hearing distance, amused themselves by strolling about the village and visiting the surrender grounds, the remains of old Fort Hardy, the Marshal House (in the cellar of which Mrs. Riedesel took refuge during the cannonade) and the "Relic Tent" containing a sword said to have belonged to Burgoyne, the "Eddy collection," and many other interesting trophies. The Schuyler Mansion, built by General Schuyler near the site of the one burned by Burgoyne and owned and occupied by GEORGE STROVER, was also an object of special attraction during the entire day.† The continental cavalry from Saratoga Springs, upon its arrival in the village, proceeded thither in a body and saluted the house and its occupants. Among the large number of persons who partook of the hospitalities of the house were ex-Governor SEYMOUR, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, H. A. HOMES, State Librarian, Hon. GEORGE W. SCHUYLER, ALFRED B.

*The Governor's Foot Guards, who were to personate British troops.

†This is a good opportunity to correct the common error — into which I have myself fallen in my *Life of General Riedesel* — that the present Schuyler Mansion was built by the American army within ten days after the surrender. The massive foundation of the house is sufficient of itself to refute this idea; but if more evidence is required, we have the testimony of the Marquis de Chastellux, who, visiting Gen. Schuyler at Saratoga in 1782 — five years after the surrender — says that "there is nothing to be seen but some barns and the ruins of General Schuyler's house."

STREET, B. W. THROCKMORTON, Judge A. A. YATES, H. L. GLADDING, CHARLES S. LESTER and many other prominent men. Speaking within bounds, at least three thousand people, during the day and evening, visited the house. The large portico with its high columns were adorned with curtains elegantly folded, and with wreaths and festoons of laurels disposed with beautiful and tasteful effect. Over the doorway was suspended the musket, cartridge-box and powder-horn used by Col. Strover in the war of 1812. Immediately after the exercises of the laying of the corner stone, the Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford, escorted by Major J. C. PARSON of the veteran corps, and Major W. H. TALCOTT, with Colt's Military Band, marched to the house; and, upon its arrival on the lawn, paraded in line and saluted the old mansion and Colonel and Mrs. STROVER, the living representatives of the eighteenth century. The Guards then stacked arms, and upon entering the hospitable mansion were tendered refreshments. They inspected all the quaint and curious things which fill the house from cellar to garret. Upon their departure, a parting salute was given; and the band, which had executed for the large number of guests assembled on the portico and lawn, a number of brilliant pieces of music, then played "Home, Sweet Home," and marched across the bridge into the village. Major W. H. TALCOTT was heard to remark that this visit of the Guards "was one of the most pleasing which he should remember with the laying of the corner stone of the Saratoga Monument."

When at length the sun went down behind the heights upon which Burgoyne had pitched his camp, the multitude slowly dispersed and wended its way through the streets of the village. Broad street took the appearance of Broadway, New York city, and was a thoroughfare of closely packed hacks, stages, wagons and horsemen passing and re-passing toward the several roads leading to their homes. At night, the street with its pendent flags and gayly colored illuminated lanterns; its thronging people; the wild vociferations of the street venders; the passing of uniformed soldiers; and the out-going stages filled with departing visitors, made it a scene not soon to be forgotten by the citizens of Schuylerville.*

*The centennial exercises were continued at Schuylerville throughout the following day. The village presented a beautiful appearance, the artistic decorations and beauties still attracting attention. Though the crowd was not as large as the previous day, yet there were thousands of people present—all happy at being able to assist in prolonging the exercises of the preceding day. In the large tents on Schuyler square hundreds were banqueted, the supply of provisions furnished being more than amply sufficient to meet all the demands made upon it. The grand stands were crowded during most of the day, and the corner stone was visited by thousands of people. The exercises of the day were interspersed with local speeches, music, and a military display by companies F of the Tenth regiment, and I of the Twenty-fifth. The occasion was a most joyous one; and to sum up, the citizens of Schuylerville have reason to feel proud at the success of the Centennial Celebration of 1877.—*Schuylerville Standard.*

Nor, before bringing our narrative to a close, should we neglect to speak of the hospitality displayed, not only of the people of Schuylerville, but also of those of Victory Mills, of Northumberland, of Easton and of Greenwich. These people gave a hearty and hospitable welcome to all.

As night shut in the air became chilly, and the wind, which had seemingly waited until the celebration was ended, now swept around the massive foundation of the monument and over the high table land with a hoarse, sullen roar. But as midnight approached the breeze was lulled to silence, the lights of the village disappeared; the different sounds from the haunts of men ceased; and a gentle silence reigned around. Above hung a broad and sable canopy studded with countless planets; and around stretched the weird-looking horizon apparently dying away into the gloom of that strange firmament. But as it drew on toward the dawn, the stars, led off by the twin Pleiades, tripped away and disappeared one by one; and the light of another day rested on the ground where but a little while before had been gathered a vast multitude, and where, amid the swelling strains of martial music, had been collected and displayed, in one grand view, the flags, and emblems, and costly decorations, which in a continued procession called forth such enthusiasm of admiration. It was one of those few bright visions whose evanescent glory is allowed to light up the path of human life—which, as they are passing, we feel can never return; and which, while diffusing a sensation of pleasing melancholy, leads up the mind to contemplation. The splendor of beauty and the triumph of art serve to excite, dazzle and often to improve the condition and promote the welfare of mankind; but "the fashion of this world passeth away;" beauty and art, with all their triumphs and splendors, endure but for a season; and earth itself, with all its lakes and oceans, its woods and mountains, is only as the small dust of the balance in the sight of Him who dwells beyond the everlasting hills.

OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

PRESIDENTS.

Hon. CHARLES S. LESTER, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Gen. EDWARD F BULLARD, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

GEORGE L. SCHUYLER, New York City.
PHILIP SCHUYLER, " "
Hon. CHARLES O'CONOR, New York.
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, "
Hon. HAMILTON FISH, New York.
Ex-Governor HOFFMAN, "
Hon. FREDERICK DEPEYSTER, Pres. N. Y. Historical Society.
JAMES MCFARLAND, New Jersey.
ETHAN ALLEN, New York
WM. H. THOMAS, Bergen, N. J.
Hon. JOHN. H. STARIN, Fultonville.
PARKER HANDY, New York.
JOHN F. SEYMOUR, Utica.
Hon. B. W. THROCKMORTON, Bergen, N. J.
Hon. HENRY G. ROOT, Bennington, Vt.

Every one appreciated the bounteous refreshments provided by them and departed with loud spoken compliments and thanks for the goodly entertainment. Mr. DANIEL A. BULLARD, also, was not only one of the staunchest promoters of the Saratoga Monument, but on the day of the celebration, assisted by his lovely wife, entertained at his hospitable mansion HORATIO SEYMOUR, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, HENRY A. HOMES, GEORGE L SCHUYLER, ALFRED B. STREET, Senator FOSTER, JAMES M. MARVIN, Gen. WILSON, B. W. THROCKMORTON, Governor ROBINSON'S staff and many others.

Hon. GEORGE W. CURTIS, New York.
MANTON MARBLE, "
HENRY B. DAWSON, "
Hon. ELLIS H. ROBERTS, Utica.
Hon. WILLIAM J. BACON, "
E. F. DELANCEY, New York City.
THOMAS W. OLCOTT, Albany.
JOEL MUNSELL, "
J. V. L. PRUYN, "
Hon. ROBERT S. HALE, Elizabethtown, N. Y.
O. H. MARSHALL, Buffalo, N. Y.
Hon. HILAND HALL, Bennington, Vt.
C. M. BLISS, Sec. Bennington Mon. Ass'n, Bennington, Vt.
GILES B. SLOCUM, Trenton, Mich.
Maj. A. B. VALENTINE, Bennington, Vt.
Hon. M. S. COLBURN, Manchester, Vt.
Ex-Gov. JOHN B. PAGE, Rutland, "
Lt.-Gov. REDFIELD S. PROCTOR, Rutland, Vt.
Lt.-Gov. E. J. PHELPS, Burlington, Vt.
Ex-Gov. JOHN W. STEWART, Middlebury, Vt.
Hon. FREDERICK E. WOODBRIDGE, Vergennes, Vt.
WM. H. CLEMENT, Morrow, Ohio.
President POTTER, Union College, Schenectady.
Col. CLARENCE S. BATE, Louisville, Ky.
Col. JOHN HAY, Cleveland, Ohio.
General STEPHEN D. KIRK, Charleston, South Carolina.

Besides a large number of others.

SECRETARIES.

W. L. STONE, Secretary Monument Association, New York.
E. W. B. CANNING, Cor. Sec. Saratoga Monument Ass'n.
D. F. RITCHIE, A. S. PEASE, E. J. HULING, Saratoga Springs.
H. L. GROSE, W. S. WATERBURY, Ballston Spa.
R. L. PALMATEER, Waterford.
H. C. MORHOUSE, Greenwich.
H. D. MORRIS, Salem.
H. T. BLANCHARD, Fort Edward.
J. L. MCARTHUR, Granville.
J. H. CUSHMAN, Bennington.

GRAND MARSHAL.

Gen. W. B. FRENCH, Saratoga Springs.

ASSISTANT MARSHALS.

Saratoga Springs — Capt. B. F. JUDSON, Col. F. R. ANDES, Maj. W. J. RIGGS, Surgeon WM H. HALL, Col. HIRAM RODGERS, Col. B. C. BUTLER, Col. WM. Q. BARRETT, Capt. A. A. PATTERSON, J. W. LESTER, R. A. HEMINGWAY, Capt. W W. WORDEN, Capt. JAMES M. ANDREWS, Jr., HIRAM OWEN, Maj. E. T. BRACKETT, Capt. E. P. HOWE, EBENEZER HOLMES, Capt. P. F. ALLEN, SAMUEL F. COREY.

Ballston Spa — Col. C. T. PECK, Capt W. W. FRENCH.

Stillwater — Capt. L. VAN DEMARK, Capt. THOMAS.

Greenwich — Dr. GRAY.

Schuylerville — Capt. GEORGE ROBINSON, D. S. POTTER, A. WELCH, J. S. DILLENBECK, C. H. MCNAUGHTON, S. MCCREEDY, P. S. WHEELER, Dr. N. C. HARRIS, Lieutenants DILLINBECK, FLETCHER, PENNOCK.

Albany — Gen DICKERMAN.

Troy — Gen. CARR.

Sandy Hill — Gen. CHARLES HUGHES.

Luzerne — Col. B. C. BUTLER.

The following was the order of the day as issued by the Chief Marshal:

National salute at sunrise by Battery B, Captain A. H. GREEN. The procession will be formed on Schuyler square, 11:30 A. M., in the following order:

FIRST DIVISION.

Platoon of Police; Gen. W. B. FRENCH, chief marshal, and staff; Doring's Band of Troy; Co. F's Drum Corps; Co. F, Tenth regiment, Captain GEORGE D. WEIDMAN, commanding, of Albany; Co. I's Drum Corps; Co. I, Twenty-fifth regiment, Capt. WALKER, commanding, of Albany; First Company Governor's Foot Guards of Hartford, Conn., in old English uniform worn in the reign of George III; W. H. TALCOTT, Maj. Com. Battalion; Colt's Band, Hartford, Conn.,

THOS. G. ADKINS, leader; Capt. A. H. WILEY Com. first company; Lieut. R. D. BURDICK Com. second company; Lieut. S. E. HASCALL Com. third company; Lieut. W. E. EATON, Com. fourth company; Park Guards Band; Park Guards of Bennington, Vt., Capt. O. N. WILCOX, commander; Hughes Light Guards of Glen's Falls, Capt. GLEESETTLE, commanding; Whitehall Band; Burleigh Corps, Capt. THOMAS HALL, commanding, Whitehall Band.

SECOND DIVISION.

Sir TOWNSEND FONDA, R. E. Grand Commander; Sir CHARLES H. HOLDEN, V. D. Grand Commander; Sir Knight B. F. JUDSON; Ballston Spa Cornet Band; Washington Commandery of Saratoga Springs; Seventy-seventh Regiment Band, Saratoga Springs; Apollo Commandery of Troy; Temple Commandery No. 2, of Albany; Schenectady Band; St. George's Commandery No. 37, Schenectady, N. Y.; De Soto Commandery No. 49, of Plattsburgh; Schuylerville Band; Holy Cross Commandery, Gloversville, N. Y.; Lafayette Commandery, Hudson, N. Y.; Little Falls Commandery, Little Falls, N. Y.; Killington Commandery, Rutland, Vt.; Tefft Commandery, Bennington, Vt.; Master Masons; Ashler Lodge, No. 584, Greenwich, N. Y.; Montgomery Lodge, No. 504, Stillwater, N. Y.; Schuyler Lodge, No. 676, Schuylerville, N. Y.; Rising Sun Lodge, No. 103, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Fort Edward Lodge, No. 267, Fort Edward, N. Y.; Home Lodge, No. 398, Northumberland, N. Y.; Grand Master of Master Masons of the State of New York, M. W. J. J. COUCH; Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

THIRD DIVISION.

Capt. W. W. WORDEN, assistant marshal, commanding; New York State officials; Presidents of the day; orators; poets; speakers; clergy and chaplain in carriages; Bemus Heights Centennial committee; the Saratoga Monument Association; descendents of Revolutionary soldiers; invited guests; Continental Cavalry, from Saratoga, Major FASSETT, commanding; his excellency Governor ROBINSON, represented in the person of General J. B. STONEHOUSE and Colonel A. H. TAYLOR.

ROUTE OF MARCH.

Gates avenue to Grove street; Grove to Pearl; Pearl to Burgoyne; Burgoyne to Broad; Broad to Spring; Spring to Church; Church to Burgoyne; Burgoyne to Pearl; Pearl to Saratoga; Saratoga to Green; Green to Burgoyne; Burgoyne to Monument grounds, where a hollow square will be formed by the military outside the Knight Templars, and the corner stone of the Monument laid by M. W. J. J. COUCH, Grand Master, and R. W. EDMUND L. JUDSON, Deputy Grand Master Masons of the State of New York. After which ceremony the procession will march down Burgoyne to Pearl; Pearl to Grove, thence to Schuyler square, where the following exercises will take place at the

FIRST GRAND STAND.

MUSIC, DORING'S BAND.
Prayer, Rev. RUFUS W. CLARK, D. D., of Albany, Chaplain.
MUSIC.
Introductory address by the President of the Day,
Hon. CHARLES S. LESTER.
MUSIC.

Oration by EX-GOVERNOR HORATIO SEYMOUR.
Oration by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.
MUSIC.
Poem, by ALFRED B. STREET,
Read by Col. E. P. HOWE.
MUSIC.
Address by Hon. LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER.

SECOND GRAND STAND.

MUSIC, COLT'S ARMY BAND, Hartford, Conn.
Prayer, Rev. J. E. KING, of Fort Edward, N. Y., Chaplain.
MUSIC.
Introductory address. Hon. GEORGE W. SCHUYLER, Acting President of the Day.
MUSIC.
Historical address by WILLIAM L. STONE.
Address by Hon. B. W. THROCKMORTON, of New Jersey.
MUSIC.
Fitz Green Halleck's *Field of the Grounded Arms*, read by Halleck's Biographer, Gen. JAMES GRANT WILSON.
Addresses by Hon. A. A. YATES and H. L. GLADDING.
Ode by Gen. J. WATTS DEPEYSTER,
Read by Rev. D. K. VAN DOREN.
The Star Spangled Banner, arranged for the anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender by Col. B. C. BUTLER,
Read by WILLIAM L. STONE.
Letters from BENSON J. LOSSING, Mrs. ELLEN H. WALWORTH, GILES B. SLOCUM and STEPHEN D. KIRK, of Charleston, S. C.,
Read by Col. D. F. RITCHIE.
Short addresses, by Hon. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN and E. L. FURSMAN.
GRAND BANQUET.
Brilliant Military spectacle representing the surrender of Burgoyne's army.

LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE.

The ceremony of placing the corner stone in its position was conducted by M. W. J. J. COUCH, Grand Master of Masons of the State of New York, with the ceremonies usual to so important an occasion. The Grand Treasurer placed in the corner stone articles prepared by the trustees as follows:

LIST OF ARTICLES DEPOSITED IN THE CORNER STONE OF THE SARATOGA MONUMENT, Oct. 17th, 1877.

A history of the Saratoga Monument Association by its secretary, WM. L. STONE.

A copy of the Bible translated out of the original, presented by the Saratoga county Bible society.

Burgoyne's Campaign and St. Leger's Expedition, by WM. L. STONE.

A copy of Mrs. Willard's history, and an American flag, presented by R. N. ATWELL.

Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth's Visitor's Guide: Saratoga, the Battle and Battle-grounds.

Gen. Schuyler and the Burgoyne Campaign of 1777 — the annual address delivered by Gen. JOHN WATTS DE PEYSTER, before the New York Historical Society, January, 1877.

Saratoga County, an historical address by GEO. G. SCOTT, and a centennial address by J. L. L'AMOREAUX.

Saratoga and Kay-ad-ros-se-ra, a centennial address by N. B. SYLVESTER.

The Burgoyne Campaign; an address delivered on the battle-field on the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Bemus Heights, September 19th, 1877, by JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS.

History of Saratoga and the Burgoyne Campaign of 1777; an address by Gen. EDWARD F. BULLARD.

An address to the American people in behalf of a monument, to be erected in commemoration of the victory of the American army at Saratoga, under Gens. Schuyler, Gates and Morgan, October 17th, 1777, by J. C. MARKHAM.

Leading industrial pursuits of Glens Falls, Sandy Hill and Fort Edward, by J. S. BUCKLEY.

A silver half dollar coin of George III, dated 1777, and one of the United States, dated 1877, deposited by ALANSON WELCH, president of the village.

Memorial of the opening of the New York and Canada Railway, presented by EDWARD F. BULLARD.

Song, commemorative of the surrender of Burgoyne, arranged by Col. B. C. BUTLER, of Luzerne.

Annual report of the canal commissioners of the State of New York.

Records of Schuyler Lodge, No. 176, F. and A. M., and Home Chapter, No. 176, R. A. M.

A photograph of the monument from the architect's drawing.

The cards of JOHN and SAMUEL MATTHEWS, and E. F. SIMMONS, the operative masons who built the foundation, base and corner-stone of the monument.

The architects' statement of the progress of the work of building the foundation, base and corner-stone. D. A. BULLARD in charge.

Prospectus of the Bennington Battle Monument Association; volume on the Bennington centennial of the week of the 16th of August, 1877.

A pamphlet containing a statement of the Bennington Historical Society, and an account of the battle of Bennington, by ex-Gov. HILAND HALL, published in March, 1877.

The Standard (daily) of Schuylerville; The Saratoga County Standard (weekly), Schuylerville; copy of the Troy Daily Press, Troy; Daily Times, Troy; Daily Whig, Troy; Northern Budget, Troy; Troy Observer, Sunday Trojan; Daily Saratogian, Saratoga Sun; Argus, Press, Express, Journal, Times, and Post, of Albany; Herald, Times, Tribune, Sun, World and Express, of New York city.

ADDRESS OF GRAND MASTER J. J. COUCH.

We are standing upon historic ground; as citizens we join in commemorating the events of one hundred years ago. As masons we bring to the present undertaking the symbol and traditions of antiquity far more remote. The story of the campaign which gives special interest to the day will be recited by eloquent orators who are present with us. It is my office to say a word with reference to the masonic work this day performed. We hold to this truth, that the controlling and characteristic thoughts of a people crystallize and take permanent form in their architecture. That is alike true of the past and the present; we know not how long the material may have been in solution, or for how many generations the process of crystallization may have proceeded among the ancient Egyptians. That process is, however, clearly brought down to us in the pyramids, the obelisks, the sphinx; the square massive portals surmounted by winged globes, all speaking the predominant characteristic of mystery, which has come down to us from that people. In Greece the same process of crystallization is found with its nucleus at the Acropolis at Athens, and the result of that process comes down to us in the single word — classic art. Passing on to Italy, we find the same process again taking the form of empire. The story of the feudal ages is plainly written in the ruins of the castles along the banks of the Rhine. The early architecture of England also tells its own story. In sacred story we have an account of a pilgrimage, the thread of which commences with the mysteries of Egypt and running through the Red sea and the wilderness, reaches to Jerusalem, where the pilgrims builded the temple. From here we have the story of another movement, commencing with the apostles, taking in its way something from the philosophy of Alexandria, something of the classic art of Greece, and gathering to itself also the power of the Roman empire.

This movement received its characteristic architectural illustration in the swelling dome of St. Peter's, and in the magnificent Gothic architecture which spread over Europe. These various forms were the landmarks which permanently fixed the ideas of different peoples and ages.

Crossing to this country the process of crystallization is still going on. The interest of to-day centers upon the closing events of a campaign memorable in our nation's history. In laying the corner stone we essay to make permanent the record of these events. The thousands of people here assembled will separate never to meet again; the orators of the occasion and their orations will after a time pass from the public mind. The one permanent fact which shall remain to recall the tradition associated with this spot will be the monument this day commenced.*

The masonic exercises were then brought to an end by the benediction.

* The gavel used by the grand master on this occasion was made from wood of the historic charter oak, and is the property of Manhattan Lodge, No. 62, of New York city.

AT THE SOUTH STAND.

At this stand Hon. CHAS. S. LESTER presided, and after prayer by the Rev. RUFUS W. CLARK, of Albany, delivered an introductory address to the immense crowds attending at that stand.

ADDRESS BY HON. CHAS. S. LESTER.

CITIZENS OF SARATOGA, AND FELLOW CITIZENS OF OUR GREAT AMERICAN REPUBLIC:

It has been the custom among all nations which have attained to any degree of civilization to commemorate with appropriate ceremonies the returning anniversaries of those events in their histories which have been productive of great results. It has been the custom, too, upon such occasions, to pay a fitting tribute to those whose valor and wisdom have benefited the people and brought advantage to the State and to contemplate their achievements with gratitude and hold up their example to succeeding generations as worthy of imitation.

In pursuance of such a custom and in grateful remembrance of the heroes who successfully resisted the army of the invaders upon the heights of Saratoga, we have come together to celebrate the centennial anniversary of that great event in our history which made it possible for us to assemble here to-day as free citizens of a free republic.

It was on the 13th of September, a hundred years ago, in full view of the place where we now stand, near where the beautiful Battenkill joins the majestic Hudson, that a proud army, under the leadership of a brave general who had won distinction on many a European battle-field, crossed the river to carry out the mandate of a cruel and arbitrary king, and to crush, if possible, the infant colonies which were struggling for independence.

This army, carefully equipped and furnished in abundance with all the munitions of war, was intended to split like a dividing wedge the patriots of Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts from their brethren in the central and southern colonies. It was intended to deprive them of mutual assistance and advice, and cut off all communication with each other. It was intended to effect a junction with the forces of Sir Henry Clinton at Albany, and form an army which might move with irresistible effect upon the New England provinces which had offered the first opposition to the British crown and had evinced a stern determination to maintain to the bitter end the bold and noble principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence.

This army, full of confidence in its ability to overcome every obstacle, full of contempt for the undisciplined militia that the colonies had sent to the field, felt, as it crossed the Hudson, that the important mission with which it had been intrusted was well nigh accomplished, and vainly deemed its own prowess irresistible.

"Ah," said the proud Burgoyne, "Britons never retreat," and after the passage of the army he caused the bridge of boats to be broken up behind him. "Britons never retreat, and I shall eat my Christmas dinner in Albany," said the

exultant general, as he reviewed the splendid columns of the Brunswick grenadiers and British light infantry. And as he marched on he dreamed that Albany was already a captured city; that the rebellious provinces had been subdued, and that he had received from a grateful sovereign the reward he so much coveted.

But this splendid army, led by officers of conspicuous courage and experience, was destined to meet a foe inspired by a feeling loftier than the mere love of victory, and a determination deeper than the mere desire for renown.

It was in defense of their homes, in defense of their liberties, in defense of their families from the savage allies of Burgoyne and the still more cruel arts of domestic traitors, in defense of those noble principles of human rights and human liberty that animated the signers of that immortal declaration not then two years old, that the Americans from every settlement, from every hillside, from every valley, from the log hut of the pioneer and from beautiful mansions like Schuyler's, flocked to the standard of Gates to aid in repelling the invader.

It is not my province to detail to you those events which have become doubly familiar to you all in this centennial year.

You know what happened at Bemus Heights, and of those victories the glorious fruits were gathered and this spot consecrated to freedom and rendered immortal by the complete surrender of the invading army a hundred years ago to-day.

Our elevated social and political condition is the manifest result of that conquest, and I do not think it is mere national pride that induces us to claim that among the many momentous contests of the world's history none were productive of grander results or greater changes in nations and empires than the campaign that closed here a hundred years ago. England and France were powerful nations then, and had been hundreds of years. Their histories stretch back through centuries of growth, of progress, of varying prosperity and power, and of all the powerful nations that existed a century ago, they alone have maintained their leading position.

The deep importance of that event of which this is the anniversary will more plainly appear when we remember that the struggling infant which was on that day baptized down by the banks of this our national Jordan, is to-day the acknowledged equal in arts, in power and civilization of those ancient empires.

My friends, fifty years ago to-day a smaller company than that assembled here was gathered down on the plain by the river, where the ruins of Fort Hardy were then plainly discernible, and where the army of Burgoyne laid down their arms, to celebrate as we are celebrating here to-day the same glorious event. And among the company which was gathered then, there were white-haired men who had fought under General Gates — men who had, from the heights beyond the river, watched the moving columns of Burgoyne — who had seen Morgan at the head of his riflemen, and Lincoln at the head of his brigade — who had known and loved the noble Schuyler, who once owned the broad fields where you now stand — who had lain in the intrenchments which ran along where yonder corner stone has been laid; and men who had modestly stood in line while the captured British army marched by after the surrender.

They were gathered to rejoice in the success of the struggle in which they bore a part; to rejoice in the splendid sunshine of national prosperity, which had followed the termination of that struggle, and to receive the grateful thanks of the generation which had sprung up to enjoy the fruits of their labors.

Fifty years have gone since then and all of that little band have passed away,

Not a soldier is left who stood in the ranks on those memorable days, not a living witness remains of those interesting scenes.

> Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore
> Who danced our infancy upon their knee
> And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
> Of their strange ventures happ'd on land and sea,
> How are they blotted from the things that be!

So completely has that generation passed away that I believe there is here to-day but one man who can remember to have seen and conversed with Philip Schuyler. He is with us as a connecting link between the present and the past.

The services of to-day give promise that soon a monument, too long delayed, shall rise from yonder foundation, bearing suitable inscriptions to the worth and valor of those heroes.

But of those men there remains an unwritten memorial in the heart of every true American. Theirs is the renown that never grows old, but shall be everlastingly recorded with each returning anniversary of this glorious day.

It will be our privilege to-day to listen to the fascinating story of the events to which I have barely alluded, from the lips of eloquent gentlemen who are here to address you.

From the enjoyment of their eloquence I will no longer detain you, but join with you in listening with never flagging interest to the recital of those stirring events

ADDRESS OF HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR.

One hundred years ago, on this spot, American Independence was made a great fact in the history of nations. Until the surrender of the British army under Burgoyne, the declaration of Independence was but a declaration. It was a patriotic purpose asserted in bold words by brave men, who pledged for its maintenance their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. But on this ground it was made a fact, by virtue of armed force. It had been regarded by the world merely as an act of defiance, but it was now seen that it contained the germs of a government, which the event we now celebrate made one of the powers of the earth. Here rebellion was made revolution. Upon this ground, that which had in the eye of the law been treason, became triumphant patriotism.

At the break of day one hundred years ago, in the judgment of the world, our fathers were rebels against established authority. When the echoes of the evening gun died away along this valley, they were patriots who had rescued their country from wrong and outrage. Until the surrender of the British army in this valley, no nation would recognize the agents of the Continental Congress. All intercourse with them was in stealthy ways. But they were met with open congratulations when the monarchs of Europe learned that the royal standards of Britain had been lowered to our flag. We had passed through the baptism of blood, and had gained a name among the nations of the earth. The value of this surrender was increased by the boastful and dramatic display which had been made of British power. It had arrayed its disciplined armies, it had sent its fleets; it had called forth its savage allies, all of which were to move upon grand converging lines, not only to crush out the patriotic forces, but to impress Europe with its strength, and to check any alliances with the American Government. It made

them witnesses of its defeat when it thought to make them the judges of its triumph. The monarchs of Europe, who watched the progress of the doubtful struggle, who were uncertain if it was more than a popular disturbance, now saw the action in its full proportions, and felt that a new power had sprung into existence — a new element had entered into the diplomacy of the world.

The interests excited in our minds by this occasion are not limited to a battle fought, or an army captured; they reach even beyond the fact that it was the turning point of the revolutionary struggle. We are led to a consideration of a chain of events and of enduring aspects of nature, which have shaped our civilization in the past, and which now and throughout the future will influence the fortunes of our country. Burgoyne did not merely surrender here an army, he surrendered the control of a continent. Never in the world's history was there a transfer of territory so vast, and of influence so far reaching, as that made a century ago where we now stand.

We meet to-day to celebrate the surrender of Burgoyne, by appropriate ceremonies, and to lay the corner stone of a monument which will commemorate not only that event, but every fact which led to that result. The reproach rests upon the United States, that while they stand in the front ranks of the powers of the earth, by virtue of their numbers, their vast domains and their progress in wealth and in arts, they give no proof to the eyes of the world that they honor their fathers or those whose sacrifices laid the foundations of their prosperity and greatness. We hope that a suitable structure here will tell all who look upon it that this was the scene of an occurrence unsurpassed in importance and far-reaching consequences in military annals. And it will also show that a hundred years have not dimmed its lustre in our eyes, but that the light shed upon its significance by the lapse of time, has made deeper and stronger our gratitude to those who here served their country so well, and by their sacrifices and sufferings achieved its independence and secured the liberties, the prosperity and greatness of the American people.

All that throws light upon the scope and policy of the designs of the British Government are on this day proper topics for consideration. When we trace out the relationships which these designs bore to preceding occurrences; and when we follow down their bearing upon the present and future of our country we shall see that a suitable monument here will recall to all thoughtful minds the varied history of our country during the past two centuries. It will do more. For the enduring causes which have shaped the past, also throw light upon the future of our government, our civilization and our power.

The occurrences which led to the surrender of the British army have been appropriately celebrated. The great gatherings of our people at Oriskany, at Bennington, at Bemus Heights, show how this centennial of what has been well termed the year of battles, revives in the minds of the American people an interest in the history of the revolution. The celebrations have tended to make our people wiser and better. It is to be hoped that they will be held on every battlefield in our country. They will not only restore the patriotism of our people, but they will teach us the virtues of courage and patient endurance. This is a time of financial distress and of business disorder, and we have lost somewhat of our faith with regard to the future, and we speak in complaining tones of the evils of our day. But when we read again the history of the war of our independence; when we hear the story of the sufferings of all classes of our citizens; when we are reminded that our soldiers suffered from want, and nakedness, and hunger, as no

pauper, no criminal suffers now; when we think that the fears which agitated their minds were not those which merely concerned the pride of success, the mortification of failure, or the loss of some accustomed comfort, but they were the dread that the march of hostile armies might drive their families from their homes, might apply the torch to their dwellings, or worse than this, expose their wives and children to the tomahawks and scalping knives of merciless savages, we blush at our complaints. In view of their dangers and sufferings, how light appear the evils of our day!

But there is something more than all this to be gained by these celebrations. Before the revolution the people of the several colonies held but little intercourse. They were estranged from each other by distance, by sectional prejudices, and by differences of lineage and religious creeds. The British Government relied upon these prejudices and estrangements to prevent a cordial co-operation among the colonists. But when the war began, when the men of Virginia hastened to Massachusetts to rescue Boston from the hands of the enemy and to drive them from New England; when the men of the East and South battled side by side with those from the Middle States and stood upon this spot as brothers to receive with a common pride and joy the standards of a conquered foe; when Green and Lincoln went to the relief of the Southern colonies, all prejudice not only died away, but more than fraternal love animated every patriot heart from the bleak northernmost forests of New England to the milder airs of Georgia. And now that a hundred years have passed, and our country has become great beyond the wildest dreams of our fathers, will not the story of their sufferings revive in the breasts of all the love of our country, of our whole country, and of all who live within its boundaries? Men of the East and men of the South, or you who can trace your lineage back to those who served their country a century ago upon the soil of New York, we do not welcome you here as guests; you stand here of right, by virtue of a common heritage from our fathers, who on this ground were actors in the crowning event of the war waged for the liberties, the glory and the prosperity of all sections of our great country. At this celebration of the grand conclusions of the campaign of Burgoyne, we have a broader field of discussion than that of a battle fought and a victory won. The occasion calls not only for praise of heroic courage, not only for a deep interest in every statement showing the influence of its victories over the judgment of the world as to the strength of our cause, but also for a consideration of its importance as one of the links in the chain of events reaching back more than two centuries, and which will continue to stretch down into the future far beyond the period when human thought or conclusions can be of value.

INFLUENCE OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF OUR COUNTRY.

The speaker and others who have addressed the public with regard to American history have made frequent references to the extent that it has been shaped by the topography of this part of our country. On this occasion it forces itself upon our attention, and we must again outline its relationship to events. We cannot, if we would, separate the design of the campaign of Burgoyne, nor the military aspects of its progress, from the character of the valleys through which its forces were moved, nor from the commanding positions at which it was aimed. Our mountains and rivers have been the causes of so many of the great facts in the history of this continent; they are so closely identified with its political and social

affairs, that they seem to become sentient actors in its events. We are compelled to speak of their bearings upon the course of war, of commerce and of civilization, to make a clear statement of the scope and significance of the events we celebrate. This cannot be given if we speak only of the British invasion of 1777 and its signal defeat.

Those who would learn the causes which have shaped the course of military and political affairs on this continent, which have given victory in war and prosperity in peace, must spread out before them the map of our country. Having traced its grand system of mountains, rivers and lakes, they will be struck with the fact that for a thousand miles the Alleghanies make long ranges of barriers between the Atlantic and the great plains of the interior. About mid-way of their lengths these lofty mountains are cut down to their bases by the gorge of the Hudson, through which the tides of the ocean pour their floods in triumph. Towering cliffs overshadow the deep waters of the river. Had but a single spur of these rocky buttresses which crowd upon either shore been thrown across the narrow chasm, had but one of the beetling cliffs, which stand upon its brink been pushed but a few feet across its course, the currents of events would have been changed as completely as the currents of the floods. The nations who controlled the outlets of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence would have been the masters of this continent. No one who has marked the physical character of our country, and who has studied its history, can pass through the highlands of the Hudson and note how at every turn of its stream the cliffs threaten to close its course, without feeling that the power which made the mountain chains to stop abruptly at its brink, was higher than blind chance — something more than the wild, unreasoning action of convulsed nature. The valley of the Hudson does not end when it has led the ocean tides through the mountain passes. It stretches its channel northward to the St. Lawrence, and holds within its deep basin not only the Hudson flowing south, but Lake Champlain, which empties its waters into the ocean far north through the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It thus not only connected the harbor of New York with the basin of the great lakes, but by the Mohawk branch of the Hudson it has also channeled out another level passage, stretching westward to the plains watered by the confluents of the Mississippi. These valleys of the Hudson and Mohawk have been the pathway of armies in war and the routes of commerce in peace. They have been the highways through which the nations of Europe and the people of the Atlantic coast have poured their hosts of emigrants into the vast regions which stretch out from the Alleghanies to the base of the Rocky Mountains. But nature did not stop in her work when she gave to the regions in which we meet the advantages of deep valleys, making easy communication from the sea-coast to the interior of our country. From the outward slopes of highlands which guard these channels of intercourse, the waters flow by diverging valleys into almost every part of our Union. These highlands make in many ways the most remarkable watersheds to be found on the face of the earth. There is not elsewhere an instance where interlocking sources of rivers pursue courses diverging in so many directions, forming so many extending valleys, and at length find their outlets into the ocean at points so distant from each other, and from the head waters on the ground where they had their common origin. For these reasons the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk, and the mountain strongholds which command them, have ever been the great central points of control in the wars of both civilized and savage races. Once, when in company with Gen. Scott, we overlooked from an elevated point

the ground on which we stand and the confluence of these rivers, and the range of highlands which marked their courses. The old warrior with a kindling eye, stretched out his arm and said: "Remember, this has been the strategic point in all the wars waged for the control of this continent."

The mountains and valleys of New York not only make channels for commerce in peace, but a grand system for defense and attack in war. They are nature's commanding works, which dwarf by comparison all human monuments of engineering skill into insignificance. Their influence is most clearly shown by the power they gave to the Indian tribes who held them when Europeans first visited our continent. The rivers which flowed in all directions from their vantage ground on the highlands, first taught the Iroquois the advantage of united action and led to the formation of their confederacy. Pouring their combined forces at different times into the valley of the Delaware, or of the Susquehanna, they were able to subdue in detail the divided tribes living upon these streams. Gaining courage and skill by constant victories, they boldly pushed their conquests into remote sections of our country. The British ordnance maps published during the colonial period make the boundaries of their control extend from the coast line of the Atlantic and from the great lakes to the center of the present State of North Carolina. There is no instance in history where a region so vast has been conquered by numbers so small. Their alliance with the British Government was one of the grounds on which the latter contested the claims of France to the interior of our continent by virtue of its discoveries on the St. Lawrence and Mississippi.

Thus the victories gained by the Iroquois, through their geographical position, had a great influence in deciding the question, whether the civilization of North America should be French or English in its aspects, laws and customs. It is a remarkable fact, that with a view of overcoming the British power on this continent, nearly a century before the campaign of Burgoyne, its plan was forecast by Frontenac the ablest of the French colonial commanders. He proposed to move against the colony of New York by the same routes followed by the British forces in 1777. He was to lead his army through the valley of Lake Champlain and Upper Hudson to Albany. At that point he designed to seize vessels to pass down the river, and there to act with the French ships of war, which were to meet him in the harbor of New York. Nothing can show more clearly the stragetic importance of the valley in which we meet than the fact that he urged this movement for the same reason which led the British King to adopt it after the lapse of so many years. Frontenac saw that by gaining the control of the course and outlet of the Hudson, the French would command the gateway into the interior, that they would divide the British colonies, and New England thus cut off, would in the end fall into the hands of the French. He also urged that in this way the Iroquois would be detached from the British alliance.

The influence of the valleys of our country has not been lost in the wars of our day. "We should have won our cause," said Governor Wise, a distinguished leader of the Southern Confederacy, "had not God made the rivers which spring from the highlands of New York, to flow from the North to the South, thus making, by their valleys, pathways for armies into all parts of our territories. Had their courses been in other directions, their streams would have made barriers against northern armies instead of giving avenues by which they could assail us." Nor have they been less controlling in peace than in war. They make the great channels of commerce between the East and the West, and enable us to draw to

the seaboard the abundant harvests of the valley of the Mississippi, and to send them to the far-off markets of Europe. Numerous and varied as have been the movements of armies along these water-courses, even they sink into insignificance compared with the vast multitudes which poured through them from Europe and the Atlantic coast to fill the West with civilized States. Through them we draw armies of immigrants — prisoners of peace captured from Europe by the strength of the inducements held out to them by the material advantages of our country.

We are in our day the witnesses of a greater movement of the human race, both as to numbers and influence upon civilization, than is recorded in past history. It can tell of no such continued and great transfer of population from one continent to another. Unlike other invasions, it does not bring war and rapine, but it bears peaceful arts and civilization into vast regions heretofore occupied only by scanty tribes of warring savages. Familiar with this great movement, we are prone to look upon it with some degree of indifference. But through the centuries to come it will be regarded as one of the greatest events in the history of mankind.

I have not dwelt upon these hills and valleys merely because they have been the scenes of the most dramatic and important events in American annals, but because they have given birth to these events. I have spoken of them, not because they have been associated with history, but because they have made history. They gave to the Iroquois their power; they directed the course and determined the result of the war between France and Britain for domination on this continent. Neither the surrender of the British army on these grounds, the causes which preceded, nor the consequences which flowed from it, can be appreciated until the enduring influences of the great features of our country are clearly brought into view. Elsewhere rivers and mountains mark the lines which make enemies of mankind. Here they form the avenues which bind us together by intercourse. They give not merely to a country, but to nearly our whole continent, a common language, customs and civilization. The world has never before seen a social structure with foundations so broad. Time may make many changes, but there will ever be a unity in the population of North America, a community of interests upon a grander scale than has yet been seen among mankind. He who studies the map of our continent and doubts this does not merely lack political faith, but is guilty of impiety when he closes his eyes to the truths which God has written, by streams and valleys, upon the face of this continent.

It was the design of the British government in the campaign of 1777 to capture the center and stronghold of this commanding system of mountains and valleys. It aimed at its very heart — the confluence of the Mohawk and Hudson. The fleets, the armies, and the savage allies of Britain were to follow their converging lines to Albany. Its position had made that city the place where the Governors and agents of the colonies had been used to meet with reference to their common interest. Here the agents of the New England and Southern provinces came to consult with the chiefs of the Iroquois, and to gain their alliance in their wars with the savages of the West; who threatened the European settlements. In the expressive language of the Indians, Albany was called the "Ancient Place of Treaty." It was also the point at which the military expeditions against the French at the north and west were organized. Even before Benjamin Franklin brought forward his plan at Albany for colonial union, the idea of such alliance was constantly suggested by the necessity for common action in attack or defense against savage or civilized enemies. There was much to justify the boastful con-

fidence of the British that they could crush out American resistance. To feel the full force of this threatened blow we must forget for a time our present power, we must see with the eyes of our fathers and look at things as they stood a century ago. The care with which the army of Burgoyne was organized, its officers and men selected, and its material for an advance and attack provided, has been made familiar to our people by this year's addresses.

The progress of the British navy up the Hudson to a point west of the Alleghany range, its seizure in its course of Stony Point and Fort Clinton, its success in forcing a passage through the highlands at West Point, the capture and burning of Kingston, where the British Admiral awaited communication from Burgoyne, have all been clearly narrated on the pages of history. Had the commander of the expedition gone to Albany he might have saved the army of Burgoyne. General Gates saw if this had been done he would have been forced to retreat to New England. But it was not known at the time how great a peril was averted by an act of negligence in the British War Department. It appeared that orders were prepared, but not sent to General Howe, directing him to co-operate with Burgoyne with all his forces. If this had been done, there is reason to fear the result would have been fatal to our cause. This is one of those strange occurrences recognized in the lives of individuals as well as in the affairs of nations, which shows there is an overruling Providence that watches over both. (Note A.)

The importance of the movement from the west by St. Leger and his Indian allies is not generally understood by our people. It was made with confidence of success; and when its commander wrote to Burgoyne that he would be able to sweep down the valley of the Mohawk and place himself in the rear of the American army, there was much to justify his confidence. The address of Mr. ROBERTS and others at the Oriskany celebration, are valuable contributions to the history of St. Leger's invasion.

The Palatines who inhabited the valley of the Mohawk were, by their position, language and usages, severed from the body of the American colonies. The wise policy of Sir William Johnson had done much to attach them to the British crown. To enable them to worship God in accordance with their own creed and in the faith of that part of Germany from which they came, aid was given to them for the erection of churches. Many of these were strong stone structures, which were afterward fortified and used as places of refuge and defense during the Revolution, by the families of the settlers, against the ruthless warfare of savages. Most of these churches still stand, monuments of the past, and are now used for the sacred purposes for which they were built. The heirs and representatives of Sir William were with the army of St. Leger, and assured him that the dwellers upon the Mohawk would respond to their appeals, and rise in arms to uphold the cause of the crown. No stronger proof can be given that the love of liberty and of Democratic principles was engendered and born upon our soil, and not imported in some latent form in the ships which brought over the first colonists, than the fact that these settlers from the Palatinates of Germany, who had not known of Republican usages in their native land, and who could not, from their position and their language, receive impressions from the other colonists, had yet, amidst the trials and perils of border life and warfare, gained the same political convictions which animated the colonists in all parts of our country. It was the most remarkable fact of the Revolutionary war, and of the formation of State and General Governments, that, although the colonists were of different lineages and languages, living under different climates, with varied pursuits and forms of labor,

cut off from intercourse by distances, yet, in spite of all these obstacles to accord, they were from the outset animated by common views, feelings and purposes. When their independence was gained, they were able, after a few weeks spent in consultation, to form the Constitution under which we have lived for nearly one hundred years.

There can be no stronger proof of the fact that American constitutions were born and shaped by American necessities. This fact should give us new faith in the lasting nature of our government. In the case of the Palatines of the Mohawk, this truth shines out more clearly than elsewhere. Isolated by language, lineage and position, the great body of them fought for the American cause, and showed a sturdy valor from the outset. They endured more of suffering and danger in its most appalling form, than was felt elsewhere. The change of their language, and the inflow from other States and countries into central New York, many of the traditions and incidents of the valley of the Mohawk have been obscured. Its history should be developed and made familiar to our people. The most telling blow to the cause of the crown and to the hopes of St. Leger, was that the mustering of the men under Herkimer, their desperate valor in the fight at Oriskany, showed that he was to be met with undying hostility where he had looked for friends and allies. From that day the hope, which animated him when he promised to aid Burgoyne, faded away.

The defeat of St. Leger and their allies was given by Burgoyne as one of the great causes of his failure to reach Albany.

INDIAN ALLIES.

The importance of the Indian alliance with the British during the Revolution has been under-valued by most of those who have written the histories of the Revolution. We look upon Indian wars as mere savage outbursts, which may cause much misery and suffering, but which threaten no danger to governments. We are apt to think that savages were merely used to divert and distract the American forces. But such was not its import then, in the judgment of the contending parties, or of the nations of Europe, who watched with interest the course of military events on this continent. We must bear in mind the estimation in which the Iroquois were held at the close of the French war. Their alliance had done much to give the victory to the English. At times, the hostility of these savage confederates would have been fatal to the British cause. Their position made them conquerors of their kindred races. Victories inspired them with heroism. Extended conquests had taught them much of the polity of government. In the councils of their confederacy, orators and statesmen had been formed. They extorted from their French enemies expressions of admiration and statements of virtues, which we should do well to imitate in our own day and in our own councils. Colden, who was familiar with their polity, states that the authority of their rulers consisted wholly of the estimation in which they were held for integrity and wisdom, and that they were generally poorer than the rest of the people. He adds, "there is not a man in the Five Nations who has gained his office otherwise than by merit." Their enemies, the French, testified in their histories, that while they were the fiercest and most formidable people in America, they were politic and judicious in the management of their affairs. For nearly a century the French and English struggled to gain their alliance by every influence of religion, of diplomacy and display of power. Even as late as 1754, George Washington,

then a colonial officer, called upon them for assistance in his movements against the French on the Ohio river, and claimed that he went forth to fight for their rights, because the French were occupying territories which belonged to the Iroquois. Only twenty years before the Revolutionary war, the British Minister insisted in its correspondence with the French Government, that the Iroquois were the owners by conquest, of the Ohio territory, and that they were the subjects of the British Crown. This was the claim set up against the French rights of discovery. It is a remarkable fact, that the French did not deny the rights of conquest by the Iroquois, but denied that they were the subjects of Britain in these strong words: "Certain it is that no Englishman durst, without running the risk of being massacred, tell the Iroquois that they are the subjects of England." One of the first acts of the Continental Congress was designed to secure the alliance of the Six Nations. In this they were unsuccessful, except as to the Oneidas. The co-operation of their savage allies was deemed of the utmost importance by the British. (Note B.)

I do not speak of the action at Bennington nor of the battle of Bemus Heights. The late celebrations upon the grounds upon which they took place have made the public familiar with all their aspects and results.

INFLUENCE OF BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

France saw that upon the very theater of war, where Britain had wrested from it the control of this continent, its ancient enemy had been beaten by the new power which was springing into existence. To the French Government this victory had a significance that no like victory could have had upon other fields. It knew better than others the commanding features of this region. Its missionaries were highly educated men, who marked with care the character of our mountains, lakes and streams. Impelled by religious zeal and devotion to the interests of their native land, they boldly pushed into the remote portions of the continent in advance of commercial enterprise or military expeditions. Their narratives are to this day of great value and interest. The surrender of Burgoyne had also a marked effect upon the tone and policy of the British Cabinet; it no longer fought for conquest but for compromise. Its armies were moved with a view of saving a part if it could not hold all of its jurisdiction. It was able to take possession of the principal cities, but it could not find elsewhere positions, like that aimed at by Burgoyne, which would enable it to sunder and paralyze the patriot forces. It exhausted its armies in campaigns which produced no results, even when successful in repulsing our forces or in occupying the points at which they were directed. Its commanders were animated by only one gleam of hope. The proud power, which at the outset called upon the world to witness its strength in crushing rebellion, stooped to dealings with a traitor, and sought to gain by corruption what it could not gain by force. The treason of Arnold excited the deepest feelings, because the loss of West Point, the key of the Hudson, would have given the British a position from which they could not have been dislodged, at the center of the strongholds for defense and for attack. The fact that the loss of West Point would have been deemed a fatal blow to the American cause places the strategic importance of this region in the strongest light.

The surrender of Burgoyne not only gave new hope to the patriots, but it exerted a moral influence upon our soldiers. The colonists up to that time had been trained in the belief that British soldiers were irresistible. To hold them superior

to all others in arms had been American patriotism. Through the century of the French wars precedence had always been yielded to the officers of the Crown; and the colonists looked mainly to the British army to protect their homes from invasion. Colonial papers showed an extravagance of loyalty which is frequently exhibited in the outlying and exposed settlements of all nations. The Revolution, while it made a revulsion of feeling, did not at the outset destroy this sense of the superior skill and power of British arms. The early engagements in the open field had not been fortunate for the patriot cause. The armies of the Crown were still buoyed up by that sense of superiority which, in itself, is an element in martial success. Burgoyne did not doubt his ability to destroy any army he could reach. The battle of Bemus Heights was a fair and open contest on equal terms. In strategy, in steadiness, in valor, the Continental troops proved themselves in all ways equal to the picked and trained men against whom they fought. From the day that victory was won, the American soldier felt himself to be the equal of all who could be brought against him, and he knew that he was animated by higher and nobler purposes than those which moved the ranks of his enemies. The whole spirit of the contest was changed. Our armies reaped a double triumph on this field. There was much in the contempt which had been shown by their enemies of their qualities as soldiers, much in the taunts and sneers of the British Cabinet, much in the pillage and destruction which ever attend the march of the invading armies, to excite our fathers to exhibitions of exultation over fallen foes. But they bore themselves, not as men intoxicated by successful fortunes in war, but as men who felt it was in them to win victories there or elsewhere. There was a calmness in the hour of triumph, which more even than courage upon the battle-field impressed the defeated armies with the character of those of whom they had spoken so contemptuously. The enemy were twice conquered, and in many ways the last victory over them was most keenly felt. The moral and military advantages of the surrender of the British army was marred by no act which lessened the dignity of the conquerors. And he who reads the story of the contest, finds himself most triumphant in his feelings over the moral rather than the martial victory.

General Schuyler.

When we read the story of the event which we now celebrate, whether it is told by friend or foe, there is one figure which rises above all others upon whose conduct and bearing we love to dwell. There is one who won a triumph which never grows dim. One who gave an example of patient patriotism unsurpassed in the pages of history. One who did not, even under cutting wrongs and cruel suspicions, wear an air of martyrdom, but with cheerful alacrity served where he should have commanded. It was in a glorious spirit of chivalrous courtesy with which Schuyler met and ministered to those who had not only been enemies in arms, but who had inflicted upon him unusual injuries unwarranted by the laws of war. But there was something more grand in his service to his country than even the honor he did to the American cause by his bearing upon this occasion. The spirit of sectional prejudice, which the British Cabinet relied upon to prevent cordial co-operation among the colonies, had been exhibited against him in a way most galling to a pure patriot and a brave soldier. But, filled with devotion to his country's cause, he uttered no murmur of complaint, nor did he for a moment cease in his labors to gain its liberties. This grand rebuke to selfish intriguers

and to honest prejudices did much to discomfit the one and to teach the other the injustice of their suspicions and the unworthiness of sectional prejudices. The strength of this rebuke sometimes irritates writers who cannot rise above local prejudices, and they try to lessen the public sense of his virtue by reviving the attack, proved to be unjust upon investigation, and which, by the verdict of men honored by their country, was proved to be unfounded. The character of Gen. Schuyler grows brighter in public regard. The injustice done him by his removal from his command, at a time when his zeal and ability had placed victory within his reach, is not perhaps to be regretted. We could not well lose from our history his example of patriotism and of personal honor and chivalry. We could not spare the proof which his case furnishes, that virtue triumphs in the end. We would not change if we could, the history of his trials. For we feel that in the end they gave lustre to his character, and we are forced to say of Gen. Schuyler that, while he had been greatly wronged, he had never been injured.

SARATOGA MONUMENT.

The Association formed under the laws of this State, to erect a suitable monument to commemorate the defeat of the British army under Burgoyne, has selected this spot upon which to place it, because here it will recall to the mind not only the final act, but every event which led to the surrender. It will carry the thoughts of him who looks upon it back to the first and fierce fight at Oriskany. It will remind him of the disaster to the British forces at the battle of Bennington. It will excite the deepest interest in the contest on the hills at Bemus Heights. It will do more. It will bring before the public mind that grand procession of events, which for two centuries have passed through the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk. When it shall excite the interests which attach to the occasion which we celebrate, linked history will lead the public mind back, step by step, to the earliest period of the French and English settlements on this continent. We shall be taught what made the savage tribes of this region superior in war and polity to their kindred races. We shall be reminded of the forays of savages, the march of disciplined armies, the procession of Christian missionaries, which exceed in dramatic interest and in far-reaching consequences all other incidents of war, of diplomacy, and of religious zeal exhibited on this continent. The events which have occurred in these valleys have also been closely connected with those most important in European history. The ambition of Louis the Fourteenth of France aimed at supremacy on two continents. The prolonged war over the balance of power in Europe concerned the civilization of America. The genius of Marlborough and the victory of Blenheim were of more enduring consequence to us than to the parties engaged in the contest. They did not foresee that they were shaping the civilization of a continent, the destinies of a people at this day exceeding in numbers the united populations of the countries engaged in the war. Where else in our country can a monument be placed, from which will radiate so much that is instructive? Where else can a structure be erected which will teach such a varied history? Elsewhere, great achievements in peace or war make certain spots instinct with interest. Elsewhere, the great features of nature have influenced the fate of nations. But it is not true that elsewhere mountains and rivers have been such marked and conspicuous agents in shaping events. Here they have directed the affairs of this continent as if they were sentient things. In selecting a place where a monument should stand, this Association has not been

embarrassed by any questions as to the comparative importance of the act of surrender of the British army, or of the battles which made that surrender inevitable. Each has its peculiar interest, and each should be marked by suitable monuments. But the last scene in the drama unfolds to the mind the plot and incidents which reach their conclusion at the close. A monument on this ground not only commemorates what occurred here, but it recalls to the mind all the incidents and battles which preceded it, and gives to each a deeper interest than when they are considered separately. Each is viewed not only in the light of the wisdom, valor or patriotism displayed, but of its bearing upon the grand result. He who visits the scene of the bloody fight at Oriskany, or looks over the hills where the men of Vermont drove back the troops of Burgoyne, or studies the movements of the armies at the battle of Bemus Heights, does not rest until he dwells upon the grand conclusion reached upon this spot. When his mind is kindled with patriotic pride upon either of the battle-fields to which I have alluded, he will turn his thoughts to the ground upon which we now meet, and thank God for the event we now celebrate. The surrender of Burgoyne marks the dividing line between two conditions of our country: the one the colonial period of dependence, and the other the day from which it stood full armed and victorious here, endowed with a boldness to assert its independence, and endowed with a wisdom to frame its own government. From this review of the past we instinctively turn our minds and try to scan the years that are to come. It is not given to us to forecast the future. But when we study the great natural features of our country, and see how they have directed the past, we learn from the silver links of the rivers and the rocky chains of mountains that God has written and stamped on the face of this continent, that it shall ever be held by those speaking a common language, with a common civilization, and living together with that freedom of intercourse which shall forever, under some forms, make them one people.

A monument upon this spot will not merely minister to local pride; it will not foster sectional prejudices; every citizen of every State of this Union will feel as he looks upon it that he has a right to stand upon this ground. It will tell of the common sacrifices and common trials of the fathers of the Republic. Men from all parts of our Union will here be reminded that our independence as a people was wrought out by the sufferings and sacrifices of those who came from every quarter of our country to share in this valley in the perils of battle and in the triumphs of victory. Here sectional passions will fade away; and the glorious memories and the fraternal feelings of the past will be revived.

We are told that during more than twenty centuries of war and bloodshed, only fifteen battles have been decisive of lasting results. The contest of Saratoga is one of these. From the Battle of Marathon to the field of Waterloo, a period of more than two thousand years, there was no martial event which had a greater influence upon human affairs than that which took place on these grounds. Shall not some suitable structure recall this fact to the public mind? Monuments make as well as mark the civilization of a people. Neither France, nor Britain, nor Germany, could spare the statues or works of art which keep alive in the minds of their citizens the memories of patriotic sacrifices or of personal virtues. Such silent teachers of all that ennobles men, have taught their lessons through the darkest ages, and have done much to save society from sinking into utter decay and degradation. If Greece or Rome had left no memorials of private virtues or public greatness, the progress of civilization would have lost a powerful stimulus. If their crumbling remains should be swept away, the world would mourn the loss,

not only to learning and arts, but to virtue and patriotism. It concerns the honor and welfare of the American people, that this spot should be marked by some structure which shall recall its history, and animate all who look upon it by its grand teachings. No people ever held lasting power or greatness, who did not reverence the virtues of their fathers, or who did not show forth this reverence by material and striking testimonials. Let us, then, build here a lasting monument, which shall tell of our gratitude to those who, through suffering and sacrifice, wrought out the Independence of our country.

ADDRESS BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

Within the territory of New York, broad, fertile and fair, from Montauk to Niagara, from the Adirondacks to the bay, there is no more memorable spot than that on which we stand. Elsewhere, indeed, the great outlines of the landscape are more imposing, and on this autumnal day the parting benediction of the year rests with the same glory on other hills and other waters of the imperial State. Far above, these gentle heights rise into towering mountains; far below, this placid stream broadens and deepens around the metropolis of the continent into a spacious highway for the commerce of the world. Other valleys with teeming intervale and fruitful upland, rich with romantic tradition and patriotic story, filled like this with happy homes and humming workshops, wind through the vast commonwealth, ample channels of its various life; and town and city, village and hamlet, church and school, everywhere illustrate and promote the prosperous repose of a community great, intelligent and free. But this spot alone within our borders is consecrated as the scene of one of the decisive events that affect the course of history. There are deeds on which the welfare of the world seems to be staked; conflicts in which liberty is lost or won; victories by which the standard of human progress is full high advanced. Between sunrise and sunset, on some chance field the deed is done, but from that day it is a field enchanted. Imagination invests it with

"The light that never was on sea or land."

The grateful heart of mankind repeats its name; Heroism feeds upon its story; Patriotism kindles with its perennial fire. Such is the field on which we stand. It is not ours. It does not belong to New York; nor to America. It is an indefeasible estate of the world, like the field of Arbela, of Tours, of Hastings, of Waterloo; and the same lofty charm that draws the pilgrim to the plain of Marathon resistlessly leads him to the field of Saratoga.

The drama of the Revolution opened in New England, culminated in New York, and closed in Virginia. It was a happy fortune that the three colonies which represented the various territorial sections of the settled continent were each in turn the chief seat of war. The common sacrifice, the common struggle, the common triumph, tended to weld them locally, politically and morally together. Doubtless there were conflicts of provincial pride and jealousy and suspicion. The Virginia officers smiled loftily at the raw Yankee militia; the Green Mountain boys distrusted the polished discipline of New York; and the New York Schuyler thought those boys brave but dangerously independent. In every great crisis of the war, however, there was a common impulse and devotion, and the

welfare of the continent obliterated provincial lines. It is by the few heaven-piercing peaks, not by the confused mass of upland, that we measure the height of the Andes, of the Alps, of the Himalaya. It is by Joseph Warren, not by Benjamin Church, by John Jay, not by Sir John Johnson, by George Washington, not by Benedict Arnold, that we test the quality of the revolutionary character. The voice of Patrick Henry from the mountains answered that of James Otis by the sea. Paul Revere's lantern shone through the valley of the Hudson, and flashed along the cliffs of the Blue Ridge. The scattering volley of Lexington green swelled to the triumphant thunder of Saratoga, and the reverberation of Burgoyne's falling arms in New York shook those of Cornwallis in Virginia from his hands. Doubts, jealousies, prejudices, were merged in one common devotion. The union of the colonies to secure liberty foretold the union of the states to maintain it, and wherever we stand on revolutionary fields, or inhale the sweetness of revolutionary memories, we tread the ground and breathe the air of invincible national union.

Our especial interest and pride, to-day, are in the most important event of the Revolution upon the soil of New York. Concord and Lexington, Bunker Hill and Bennington, the Brandywine and Germantown, have had their fitting centennial commemorations, and already at Kingston and Oriskany, New York has taken up the wondrous tale of her civil and military achievements. In proud continuation of her story we stand here. Sons of sires who bled with Sterling on the Long Island shore; who fought with Herkimer in the deadly Oneida defile; who defended the Highland forts with George Clinton; who, with Robert Livingston and Gouverneur Morris, were driven from town to town by stress of war, yet framed a civil constitution, all untouched by the asperity of the conflict and a noble model for all free States; sons of sires who, leaving the plough and the bench, gathered on this historic war-path — the key of the then civilized continent; the western battle-ground of Europe; the trail by which Frontenac's Indians prowled to Schenectady, and crept to the Connecticut and beyond; the way by which Sir William Johnson and his army passed in the old French war, and humbled Dieskau at Lake George; the road along which Abercrombie and his bright array marched to disaster in the summer morning, and Amherst marshalled his men to co-operate with Wolf in the humbling of Quebec; sons of sires, who, mustering here on ground still trembling with the tread of armies, where the air forever echoes with the savage war whoop, or murmurs with the pathetic music of the march and the camp —

> "Why, soldiers, why,
> Should we be melancholy, boys?
> Whose business 'tis to die."

even here withstood the deadly British blow and enveloping the haughty Burgoyne, compelled not only him to yield his sword, but England to surrender an empire; sons of such sires, who should not proudly recall such deeds of theirs and gratefully revere their memory, would be forever scorned as faithless depositaries of the great English and American tradition, and the great human benediction, of patient, orderly, self-restrained liberty.

When King George heard of the battle of Bunker Hill, he consoled himself with the thought that New York was still unswervingly loyal; and it was the hope and the faith of his ministry that the rebellion might at last be baffled in that great colony. It was a region of vast extent, but thinly peopled, for the population was but little more than one hundred and sixty thousand. It had

been settled by men of various races, who, upon the sea shore, and through the remote valleys, and in the primeval wilderness, cherished the freedom that they brought and transmitted to their children. But the colony lacked that homogeneity of population which produces general sympathy of conviction and concert of action; which gives a community one soul, one heart, one hand, interprets every man's thought to his neighbor, and explains so much of the great deeds of the Grecian commonwealths, of Switzerland, and of Old and New England. In New York, also, were the hereditary manors — vast domains of a few families, private principalities, with feudal relations and traditions — and the spirit of a splendid proprietary life was essentially hostile to doctrines of popular right and power. In the magnificent territory of the Mohawk and its tributaries, Sir William Johnson, amid his family and dependents, lived in baronial state among the Indians, with whom he was allied by marriage, and to whom he was the vicar of their royal father over the sea. The Johnsons were virtually supreme in the country of the Mohawk, and as they were intensely loyal, the region west of Albany became a dark and bloody ground of civil strife. In the city of New York, and in the neighboring counties of Westchester upon the river and sound, of Richmond upon the bay, and Queens and Suffolk on the sea, the fear that sprang from conscious exposure to the naval power of Great Britain, the timidity of commercial trade, the natural loyalty of numerous officers of the crown, all combined to foster antipathy to any disturbance of that established authority which secured order and peace.

But deeper and stronger than all other causes was the tender reluctance of Englishmen in America to believe that reconciliation with the mother country was impossible. Even after the great day on Bunker Hill, when, in full sight of his country and of all future America, Joseph Warren, the well-beloved disciple of American liberty, fell, congress, while justifying war, recoiled from declaring independence. Doubtless the voice of John Adams, of Massachusetts, counseling immediate and entire separation, spoke truly for the unanimous and fervent patriotism of New England; but doubtless, also, the voice of John Jay, of New York, who knew the mingled sentiment of the great province whose position in the struggle must be decisive, in advising one more appeal to the king, was a voice of patriotism as pure, and of courage as unquailing.

The appeal was made, and made in vain. The year that opened with Concord and Lexington ended with the gloomy tragedy of the Canada campaign. On the last day of the year, in a tempest of sleet and snow, the combined forces of New England and New York made a desperate, futile onset; and the expedition from which Washington and the country had anticipated results so inspiring was dashed in pieces against the walls of Quebec. The country mourned, but New York had a peculiar sorrow. Leaving his tranquil and beautiful home upon this river, one of her noblest soldiers — brave, honorable, gentle — the son-in-law of Livingston, the friend of Schuyler, after a brief career of glory, died the death of a hero. "You shall not blush for your Montgomery," he said to his bride as he left her. For fifty years a widow, his bride saw him no more. But while this stately river flows through the mountains to the sea, its waves will still proudly murmur the name, and recall the romantic and heroic story of Richard Montgomery.

The year 1776 was not less gloomy for the American cause. Late in November Washington was hurriedly retreating across New Jersey, pursued by Cornwallis, his army crumbling with every step, the state paralyzed with terror, congress flying affrighted from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and the apparent sole remaining hope

of American independence, the rigor of winter, snow, and impassable roads. Ah, no! It was not in winter but in summer that that hope lay, not in the relentless frost of the elements, but in the heavenly fire of hearts beating high with patriotic resolve, and turning the snow flakes of that terrible retreat into immortal roses of victory and joy. While Howe and his officers, in the warm luxury and wild debauchery of the city they had captured, believed the war ended, gaily sang and madly caroused, Washington, in the dreary Christmas evening, turned on the ice of the Delaware, and struck the Hessians fatally at Trenton; then in the cold January sunrise, defeating the British at Princetown, his army filed with bleeding feet into the highlands of New Jersey, and half starved and scantily clothed, encamped upon the frozen hills of Morristown. "The Americans have done much," said despairingly one of their truest friends in England, Edmund Burke, "but it is now evident that they cannot look standing armies in the face." That, however, was to be determined by the campaign of 1777.

For that campaign England was already preparing. Seven years before, General Carleton, who still commanded in Canada, had proposed to hold the water line between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the bay of New York, to prevent a separation of the colonies. It was now proposed to hold it to compel a separation. The ocean mouths of the great waterway were both in complete possession of the crown. It was a historic warpath. Here had waged the prolonged conflict between France and England for the control of the continent, and in fierce war upon the waters of New York, no less than on the plains of Abraham, the power of France in America finally fell. Here, also, where it had humbled its proud rival, the strong hand of England grasping for unjust dominion was to be triumphantly shaken off. This region was still a wilderness. Seventy years before, the first legal land title in it was granted. In 1745, thirty years before the Revolution, it was the extreme English outpost. In 1777, the settlers were few, and feared the bear and the catamount less than the tory and the Indian. They still built block houses for retreat and defense like the first New England settlers a hundred and fifty years before. Nowhere during the Revolution were the horrors of civil war so constant and so dire as here. The tories seized and harassed, shot and hung the whigs, stole their stock and store, burned their barns and ruined their crops, and the whigs remorselessly retaliated. The stealthy Indian struck, shrieked and vanished. The wolf and the wildcat lurked in the thicket. Man and beast were equally cruel. Terror overhung the fated region, and as the great invasion approached, the universal flight and devastation recalled the grim desolation in Germany during the thirty years' war.

Of that invasion, and of the campaign of 1777, the central figure is John Burgoyne. No name among the British generals of the Revolution is more familiar, yet he was neither a great soldier nor a great man. He was willing to bribe his old comrade in arms, Charles Lee, to betray the American cause, and he threatened to loose savages upon the Americans for defending it. Burgoyne was an admirable type of the English fashionable gentleman of his day. The grandson of a baronet, a Westminster boy, and trained to arms, he eloped with a daughter of the great whig house of Derby, left the army and lived gaily on the continent. Restored to a military career by political influence, he served as a captain in France, and returning to England, was elected to parliament. He went a brigadier to Portugal, and led a brilliant charge at Valentia d' Alcantara, was complimented by the great Count Lippe, and flattered by the British prime minister. For his gallantry the king of Spain gave him a diamond ring, and with

that blazing on his finger he returned once more to England, flushed with brief glory. There for some years he was a man of pleasure. He wrote slight verses and little plays that are forgotten. Reynolds painted his portrait in London, as Ramsay had painted it in Rome. Horace Walpole sneered at him for his plays, but Lord Chatham praised him for his military notes. Tall and handsome, graceful and winning in manner, allied to a noble house, a favorite at court and on parade, he was a gay companion at the table, the club and the theater. The king admired his dragoons, and conferred upon him profitable honors, which secured to him a refined and luxurious life. In parliament, when the American war began, Burgoyne took the high British ground, but with the urbanity of a soldier, and he gladly obeyed the summons to service in America, and sailed with Howe and Clinton on the great day that the British troops marched to Concord. He saw the battle of Bunker Hill, and praised the American courage and military ability, but was very sure that trained troops would always overcome militia. The one American whom he extolled was Samuel Adams. He thought that he combined the ability of Cæsar with the astuteness of Cromwell; that he led Franklin and all the other leaders, and that if his counsels continued to control the continent, America must be subdued or relinquished.

Burgoyne saw little actual service in this country until he arrived at Quebec on the 6th of May, 1777, as commander of the great enterprise of the year. The plan of campaign was large and simple. One expedition led by Burgoyne, was to force its way from Quebec to Albany, through the valley of the Hudson, and another, under St. Leger, was to push through the valley of the Mohawk, to the same point. At Albany, they were to join General Howe, who would advance up the river from the bay. By the success of these combined operations, the British would command New York, and New England would be absolutely cut off. This last result alone would be a signal triumph. New England was the nest of rebellion. There were the fields where British power was first defied in arms. There were the Green mountains from which Ethan Allen and his boys had streamed upon Ticonderoga. There was Boston bay where the tea had been scattered, and Narragansett bay where the Gaspe had been burned, and the harbors of Machias and of Newport, from which the British ships had been chased to sea. There were Faneuil Hall and the town meeting. There was Boston, whose ports had been closed — Boston with the street of the massacre — Boston, of which King George had bitterly said that he would "as lief fight the Bostonians as the French." There were the pulpits which preached what Samuel Adams called liberty, and Samuel Johnson sedition. The very air of New England was full of defiance. The woods rustled it, the waters murmured it, the stern heart of its rugged nature seemed to beat in unison with the stout heart of man, and all throbbed together with the invincible Anglo-Saxon instinct of liberty. To cut off New England from her sisters — to seize and hold the great New York valleys of Champlain and the Hudson — was to pierce the heart of the rebellion, and to paralyze America. Here then was to be the crucial struggle. Here in New York once more the contest for the western continent was to be decided. Burgoyne had airily said in London, that with an army of ten thousand men he could promenade through America, and now the brilliant gentleman was to make good his boast.

While he was crossing the ocean to begin his task, and when every possible effort should have been made by congress to meet the ample and splendid preparations for the British invasion, wretched intrigues displaced General Schuyler in

the northern department, and it was not until late in May that he was restored to the command. The peril was at hand, but it was impossible to collect men. By the end of June, the entire garrison of Ticonderoga and Fort Independence, the first great barrier against the advance of Burgoyne, consisted of twenty-five hundred continentals and nine hundred militia, barefooted and ragged, without proper arms or sufficient blankets, and lacking every adequate preparation for defense. But more threatening than all, was Sugar-loaf hill, rising above Ticonderoga, and completely commanding the fort. General Schuyler saw it, but even while he pointed out the danger, and while General St. Clair, the commandant of the post, declared that from the want of troops nothing could be done, the drums of Burgoyne's army were joyfully beating in the summer dawn; the bugles rang, the cannon thundered, the rising June sun shone on the scarlet coats of British grenadiers, on the bright helmets of German dragoons, and on burnished artillery and polished arms. There were more than seven thousand trained and veteran troops besides Canadians and Indians. They were admirably commanded and equipped, although the means of land transport were fatally insufficient. But all was hope and confidence. The battle flags were unfurled, the word was given, and with every happy augury, the royal standard of England proudly set forward for conquest. On the 1st of July, the brilliant pageant swept up Lake Champlain, and the echoes of the mighty wilderness which had answered the guns of Amherst and the drum-beat of Montcalm, saluted the frigates and the gunboats that, led by a dusky swarm of Indians in bark canoes, stretched between the eastern shore, along which Riedesel and the Germans marched, and the main body advancing with Phillips upon the west. The historic waters of Champlain have never seen a spectacle more splendid than the advancing army of Burgoyne. But so with his glittering Asian hordes, two thousand years before, the Persian king advanced to Salamis.

At evening the British army was before Ticonderoga. The trained eye of the English engineers instantly saw the advantage of Sugar-loaf, the higher hill, and the rising sun of the 5th of July glared in the amazed eyes of the Ticonderoga garrison, on the red coats intrenched upon Sugar-loaf, with their batteries commanding every point within the fort, and their glasses every movement. Sugar-loaf had become Mount Defiance. St. Clair had no choice. All day he assumed indifference, but quietly made every preparation, and before dawn the next day he stole away. The moon shone, but his flight was undetected, until the flames of a fire foolishly set to a house suddenly flashed over the landscape and revealed his retreat. He was instantly pursued. His rear guard was overtaken, and by the valor of its fierce but hopeless fight gave an undying name to the wooded hills of Hubbardton.

Ticonderoga fell, and the morning of its fall was the high hour of Burgoyne's career. Without a blow, by the mere power of his presence, he had undone the electric deed of Ethan Allen ; he had captured the historic prize of famous campaigns. The chief obstruction to his triumphal American promenade had fallen. The bright promise of the invasion would be fulfilled, and Burgoyne would be the lauded hero of the war. Doubtless his handsome lip curled in amused disdain at the flying and frightened militia, plough boys that might infest but could not impede his further advance. His eager fancy could picture the delight of London, the joy of the clubs, of parliament, of the king. He could almost hear the royal George bursting into the queen's room and shouting, "I have beat all the Americans." He could almost read the assurance of the minister to the proud earl, his

father-in-law, that the King designed for him the vacant Red Ribbon. But his aspiring ambition surely anticipated a loftier reward — a garter, a cornet, and at last Westminster Abbey and undying glory.

Ticonderoga fell, and with it, apparently, fell in Europe all hope of the patriot cause; and in America, all confidence and happy expectation. The tories were jubilant. The wavering Indians were instantly open enemies. The militia sullenly went home. The solitary settlers fled southward through the forrests and over the eastern hills. Even Albany was appalled, and its pale citizens sent their families away. Yet this panic stricken valley of the upper Hudson was now the field on which, if anywhere, the cause was to be saved. Five counties of the State were in the hands of the enemy ; three were in anarchy. Schuyler was at Fort Edward with scarcely a thousand men. The weary army of St. Clair, shrunken to fifteen hundred continentals, all the militia having dropped away, struggled for a week through the forest, and emerged forlorn and exhausted at the fort. Other troops arrived but the peril was imminent. New York was threatened at every point, and with less than five thousand ill-equipped regulars and militia to oppose the victorous Burgoyne, who was but a single long day's march away, with only the forts and the boom and chain in the Highlands to stay Clinton's assent from the bay, and only the little garrison at Fort Stanwix to withstand St. Leger, General Schuyler and the council of State implored aid from every quarter. A loud clamor, bred of old jealousy and fresh disappointment arose against Schuyler, the commander of the department, and St. Clair, the commander of the post. The excitement and dismay were universal, and the just apprehension was most grave. But when the storm was loudest it was pierced by the calm voice of Washington, whose soul quailed before no disaster : "We should never despair; our situation has before been unpromising and has changed for the better; so I trust it will be again." He sent Arnold to Schuyler, as an accomplished officer, familiar with the country. He urged the eastern states to move to his succor. He ordered all available boats from Albany to New Windsor and Fishkill, upon the Hudson, to be ready for any part of his own army that he might wish to detach. While thus the commander-in-chief cared for all, each cared for itself. The stout hearted George Clinton, and the council of New York were thoroughly aroused and alert. Vermont called upon New Hampshire, and the White Mountains answered to the Green by summoning Stark and Whipple, who, gathering their men, hastened to the Hudson.

While this wild panic and alarm swept through the country, Burgoyne remained for a fortnight at the head of Lake Champlain. He, also, had his troubles. He was forced to garrison Ticonderoga from his serviceable troops. His Indian allies began to annoy him. Provisions came in slowly, and the first fatal weakness of the expedition was already betrayed in the inadequate supply of wagons and horses. But the neighboring tories joined him, and counting upon the terror that his triumphant progress had inspired, he moved at the end of July from Lake Champlain toward the Hudson. His march was through the wilderness which Schuyler had desolated to the utmost, breaking up the roads, choking with trees the navigable streams, destroying forage, and driving away cattle. But Burgoyne forced his way through, building forty bridges and laying a log-wood road for two miles across a morass. The confidence of triumph cheered the way. So sure was victory, that as if it had been a huge pleasure party, the wives of officers accompanied the camp, and the Baroness Riedesel came in a calash from Fort George to join her husband with Burgoyne. But before that slowly toiling army, the star-

tled frontier country fled. Almost every patriot house west of the Green mountains and north of Manchester was deserted. The tories, proud of British protection, placed signs in their hats and before their doors and upon the horns of their cattle, wearing the tory badge, as Gurth wore the collar of Cedric the Saxon. To us the scene is a romantic picture. The scarlet host of Burgoyne flashes through the forest with pealing music; the soldiers smooth the rough way with roystering songs; the trains and artillery toil slowly on; the red cloud of savages glimmers on his skirts, driving before him farmers with wives and children, faint and sick with cruel apprehensions, flying through a land of terror. To us, it is a picture. But to know what it truly was, let the happy farmer on these green slopes and placid meadows, imagine a sudden flight to-night with all he loves from all he owns, struggling up steep hills, lost in tangled woods, crowding along difficult roads, at every step expecting the glistening tomahawk, the bullet, and the mercies of a foreign soldiery. Not many miles from this spot, the hapless Jane Mac Crea was killed as Burgoyne's savages hurried her away. Her story rang through the land like a woman's cry of agony. This, then, was British chivalry! Burgoyne, indeed, had not meant murder, but he had threatened it. The name of the innocent girl became the rallying cry for armies, and to a thousand indignant hearts, her blood cried from the ground for vengeance. We come with song and speech and proud commemoration to celebrate the triumph of this day. Let us not forget the cost of that triumph, the infinite suffering that this unchanging sky beheld; the torture of men; the heartbreak of women; the terror of little children, that paid for the happiness which we enjoy.

Burgoyne reached the Hudson unattacked. As he arrived, although he had no tidings from below, he heard of the successful advance in the valley of the Mohawk. St. Leger had reached Fort Stanwix without the loss of a man. It was necessary, therefore, for Burgoyne to hasten to make his junction at Albany with Howe and St. Leger, and on the 6th of August he sent word to Howe that he hoped to be in Albany by the 22d. But, even as he wrote, the blow fatal to his hopes was struck. On that very day the patriots of Tryon county, men of German blood, led by Nicholas Herkimer, were hastening to the relief of Fort Stanwix, which St. Leger had beleaguered. The tale has just been eloquently told to fifty thousand children of the Mohawk valley gathered on the field of Oriskany, and it will be told to their children's children so long as the grass of that field shall grow, and the waters of the Mohawk flow. In the hot summer morning, Herkimer and his men marched under the peaceful trees into the deadly ambush, and in the depth of the defile were suddenly enveloped in a storm of fire and death. Ah! blood-red field of Oriskany! For five doubtful desperate hours, without lines, or fort, or artillery, hand to hand, with knife and rifle, with tomahawk and spear, swaying and struggling, slipping in blood and stumbling over dead bodies, raged the most deadly battle of the war. Full of heroic deeds, full of precious memories; a sacrifice that was not lost. The stars that shone at evening over the field, saw the Indian and the white man stark and stiff, still locked in the death grapple, still clenching the hair of the foe, still holding the dripping knife in his breast. The brave Herkimer, fatally wounded, called for his Bible and tranquilly died. He did not relieve the fort, but it held out until Benedict Arnold, sent by Schuyler, coming up the valley, craftily persuaded St. Leger's Indians that his men were as the leaves of the forest for number. The savages fled; St. Leger's force melted away; the Mohawk expedition had wholly failed, and the right hand of Burgoyne was shattered.

Every day lost to the English general was now a disaster. But his fatal improvidence forced him to inaction. He could not move without supplies of food and horses, and an expedition to secure them would also serve as a diversion to favor St. Leger. Three days after Oriskany, and before he had heard of that battle, Burgoyne detached the expedition to Bennington. New England was ready for him there as New York had been at Stanwix. Parson Allen from Pittsfield came in his chaise. Everybody else came as he could, and when the British advance was announced, John Stark marched his militia just over the line of New York, where the enemy was intrenched on the uplands of the Walloomsic, and skillfully surrounding them, the Yankee farmers who had hurried away from their summer work, swept up the hill with fiery and resistless fury, seized the blazing guns, drove the veteran troops as if they were wolves and wild cats threatening their farms, and after a lull renewing the onset against fresh foes, the New England militia won the famous battle of Bennington, and the left hand of Burgoyne was shattered.

So soon was the splendid promise of Ticonderoga darkened. The high and haughty tone was changed. "I yet do not despond," wrote Burgoyne on the 20th of August, and he had not yet heard of St. Leger's fate. But he had reason to fear. The glad light of Bennington and Oriskany had pierced the gloom that weighed upon the country. It was everywhere jubilant and everywhere rising. The savages deserted the British camp. The harvest was gathered, and while New England and New York had fallen fatally upon the flanks of Burgoyne, Washington now sent Virginia to join New York and New England in his front, detaching from his own army Morgan and his men, the most famous rifle corps of the Revolution. Indeed, Burgoyne's situation was worse than he knew. It now appears that the orders of co-operation with him were not sent to Lord Howe. Lord Shelburne in a memorandum upon Lord George Germaine, recently published, says of the inconsistent orders, given to the two Generals in America, that Lord George was very impatient of trouble, and that he had appointed to call at his office and sign the despatches, but by some mistake those of Lord Howe's were not fairly copied; Lord George would not stop and the clerks promised to send them to the country. But then ensued forgetfulness and delay, and the packet sailed without Lord Howe's orders. Of this, however, Burgoyne knew nothing. He was still counting upon the active co-operation of Lord Howe, while he chafed under his own mishaps. But while the American prospect brightened, General Schuyler, by order of Congress, was superseded by General Gates. Schuyler, a most sagacious and diligent officer whom Washington wholly trusted, was removed for the alleged want of his most obvious quality, the faculty of comprehensive organization. But the New England militia disliked him, and even Samuel Adams was impatient of him; but Samuel Adams was also impatient of Washington. Public irritation with the situation, and jealous intrigue in camp and in Congress procured Schuyler's removal. He was wounded to the heart, but his patriotism did not waver. He remained in camp to be of what service he could, and he entreated Congress to order a speedy and searching inquiry into his conduct. It was at last made, and left him absolutely unstained. He was unanimously acquitted with the highest honor, and Congress approved the verdict. General Schuyler did not again enter upon active military service, but he and Rufus King were the first senators that New York sent to the senate of the United States. Time has restored his fame, and the history of his State records no more patriotic name among her

illustrious sons than that which is commemorated by this village, the name of Philip Schuyler.

Largely re-enforced, Gates, on the 12th of September, advanced to Bemus Heights, which the young Kosciusko had fortified, and there he awaited Burgoyne's approach. Burgoyne's orders had left him no discretion. He must force his way to Albany. With soldierly loyalty, therefore, he must assume that Howe was pushing up the Hudson, and that his own delay might imperil Howe by permitting the Americans to turn suddenly upon him. On the 11th of September he announced to his camp that he had sent the lake fleet to Canada, that he had virtually abandoned his communications, and that his army must fight its way or perish. On the 13th he crossed the Hudson, and then received his first tidings from Howe, in a letter from him written long before, and which did not even mention a junction. Burgoyne had already felt himself deserted if not betrayed, and he comprehended his critical situation. Howe was on the Delaware and Carleton would give him no aid from Canada. The country behind him was already swarming with militia. He was encamped in a dense forest, with an enemy hidden in the same forest before him, whose drum-beat and morning gun he could hear, but whose numbers and position he did not know. Yet while he could see nothing, every movement of his own was noted by an eagle eye in a tree top on the eastern side of the Hudson, and reported to Gates. And when at last Burgoyne marched out in full array, with all the glittering pomp of war, to find the foe in the forest, Gates instantly knew it. Burgoyne boldly advanced, his communication with Canada gone, the glory of Ticonderoga dimmed, the union with Howe uncertain, disaster on the right hand and on the left, the peerage and Westminster Abbey both fading from hope, and he suddenly confronted breastworks, artillery and an eager army. He must fight or fly, nor did he hesitate. At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 19th of September, he advanced in three columns toward Gates's line on Bemus Heights. At one o'clock the action began; at four it was general and desperate; at five, Burgoyne's army was in mortal peril; at nightfall the Germans had stayed the fatal blow, and the battle ended. Both sides claimed the victory, and the British bivouacked on the field. As on Bunker Hill, the first battle in America which Burgoyne had seen, if this were a British victory another would destroy the British army.

Burgoyne huddled his dead into the ground, hastily intrenched and fortified a new position, soothed a discouraged army and meditated a fresh assault. But receiving the good news of Howe's success at the Brandywine, and of the immediate advance of Clinton, who had been left in command in the city of New York, to break through the Highlands of the Hudson and fall upon the rear of Gates, he decided to wait. He was encamped in the wilderness without communications, but he sent word to Clinton that he could hold out until the 12th of October. Again through the forest he heard the morning and evening gun and the shouting of the American camp, and once the joyful firing of cannon that he could not understand, but which announced American victories in his rear. The alarm of the British camp was constant. The picket firing was incessant. Officers and men slept in their clothes, rations were reduced, and the hungry army heard every night the howling of the wolves that haunted the outskirts of the camp as if making ready for their prey. At last, with provisions for sixteen days only, and no news from Clinton, Burgoyne summoned his generals for a final council. It was the evening of the 5th of October, and, could he but have known it, Howe, at Germantown, had again succeeded, and Sir Henry Clinton

was just breaking his way through the Highlands, victorious and desolating. On the very morning that Burgoyne fought his fatal battle the river forts had fallen, the boom and chain were cleared away, the marauding British fleet sailed into Newburgh bay, Clinton sent word gaily to Burgoyne, "Here we are! nothing between us and Albany," while Putnam was hastening up along the eastern bank and George Clinton along the western, rousing the country and rallying the flying citizens from their alarm. Of all this Burgoyne knew nothing. In his extremity his own plan was to leave boats, provisions and magazines, for three or four days, and falling upon the left of the Americans to attempt to gain the rear. The German General, Riedesel, advised falling back toward the lake. The English Fraser was willing to fight. The English Phillips was silent. Compelled to decide, Burgoyne at last determined to reconnoitre the Americans in force, and if he thought that an attack would be unwise, then to retreat toward the lake.

On the morning of the 7th of October, at ten o'clock, fifteen hundred of the best troops in the world, led by four of the most experienced and accomplished generals, with a skirmishing van of Canadian rangers and Indians, moved in three columns toward the left of the American position into a field of wheat. They began to cut forage. Startled by the rattling picket fire, the American drums beat to arms, and the British approach was announced at head-quarters. Morgan and the Virginia sharpshooters were thrown out beyond the British right. Poor, with the New York and New Hampshire men, moved steadily through the woods toward the British left, which began the battle with a vigorous cannonade. The Americans dashed forward, opened to the right and left, flanked the enemy, struck him with a blasting fire, then closed and grappling hand to hand, the mad mass of combatants swayed and staggered for half an hour, five times taking and re-taking a single gun. At the first the fire upon the left, the Virginia sharpshooters, shouting, and blazing with deadly aim, rushed forward with such fury that the appalled British right wavered and recoiled. While it yet staggered under the blow of Virginia, New England swept up, and with its flaming muskets broke the English line, which wildly fled. It reformed and again advanced, while the whole American force dashed against the British center, held by the Germans, whose right and left had been uncovered. The Germans bravely stood, and the British General Fraser hurried to their aid. He seemed upon the British side the inspiring genius of the day. With fatal aim an American sharp-shooter fired and Fraser fell. With him sank the British heart. Three thousand New Yorkers, led by Ten Broeck, came freshly up, and the whole American line, jubilant with certain victory, advancing, Burgoyne abandoned his guns and ordered a retreat to his camp. It was but fifty-two minutes since the action began. The British dismayed, bewildered, overwhelmed, were scarcely within their redoubts, when Benedict Arnold, to whom the jealous Gates, who did not come upon the field during the day, had refused a command, outriding an aid whom Gates had sent to recall him, came spurring up; Benedict Arnold, whose name America does not love, whose ruthless will had dragged the doomed Canadian expedition through the starving wilderness of Maine, who volunteering to relieve Fort Stanwix had, by the mere terror of his coming, blown St. Leger away, and who, on the 19th of September, had saved the American left, — Benedict Arnold, whom battle stung to fury, now whirled from end to end of the American line, hurled it against the Great Redoubt, driving the enemy at the point of the bayonet; then flinging himself to the extreme right, and finding there the Massachusetts brigade, swept it with him to the assault, and streaming over the breastworks,

scattered the Brunswickers who defended them, killed their colonel, gained and held the point which commanded the entire British position, while at the same moment his horse was shot under him, and he sank to the ground wounded in the leg that had been wounded at Quebec. Here, upon the Hudson, where he tried to betray his country, here upon the spot where, in the crucial hour of the Revolution, he illustrated and led the American valor that made us free and great, knowing well that no earlier service can atone for a later crime, let us recall for one brief instant of infinite pity, the name that has been justly execrated for a century.

Night fell, and the weary fighters slept. Before day dawned, Burgoyne, exhausted and overwhelmed, drew off the remainder of his army, and the Americans occupied his camp. All day the lines exchanged a sharp fire. At evening, in a desolate autumn rain, having buried solemnly, amid the flash and rattle of bombs and artillery, his gallant friend, Fraser; leaving his sick and wounded to the mercies of the foe, Burgoyne who, in the splendid hour of his first advance had so proudly proclaimed "this army must not retreat," turned to fly. He moved until nearly day-break, then rested from the slow and toilsome march until toward sunset, and on the evening of the 9th he crossed Fish creek and bivouacked in the open air. A more vigorous march — but it was impracticable — would have given him the heights of Saratoga, and secured the passage of the river. But everywhere he was too late. The American sharpshooters hovered around him, cutting off supplies, and preventing him from laying roads. There was, indeed, one short hour of hope that Gates, mistaking the whole British army for its flying rear-guard, would expose himself to a destructive ambush and assault. When the snare was discovered, the last hope of Burgoyne vanished, and unable to stir, he sat down grimly north of the creek, where his army, wasted to thirty-four hundred effective men, was swiftly and completely encircled by the Americans, who commanded it at every point, and harassed it with shot and shell. Gates, with the confidence of overpowering numbers, purposely avoided battle. Burgoyne, deserted by his allies, his army half gone, with less than five days' food, with no word from Clinton, with no chance of escape, prepared honorably to surrender.

On the 14th of October he proposed a cessation of arms to arrange terms of capitulation. His agent, Lieutenant-Colonel Kingston, was received at the crossing of the creek by Adjutant-General Wilkinson, and was conducted by him, blindfolded, to General Gates. Gates's terms required an unconditional surrender of the army as prisoners of war. Burgoyne, anxious to save his army to the king for service elsewhere, insisted that it should be returned to England, under engagement not to serve again in North America during the war. Gates had no wish to prolong the negotiations. He had heard from Putnam that the English army and fleet were triumphantly sweeping up the river, and that he must expect "the worst," and he therefore hastened to accept the proposition of Burgoyne. But Washington, with his Fabian policy, scorned even by Samuel and John Adams, had made "the worst" impossible. Hanging upon the army of Howe, engaging it, although unsuccessfully, at the Brandywine and at Germantown, he had perplexed, delayed and disconcerted the British general, gaining the time which was the supreme necessity for success against Burgoyne. By reason of Washington's operations, Howe could not strengthen Clinton as they both expected, and Clinton could not move until his slow re-enforcements from over the sea arrived. When they came, he burst through the Highlands indeed, with fire and pillage, and

hastened to fall upon the rear of Gates. But before he could reach him, while still forty miles away, he heard the astounding news of Burgoyne's surrender, and he dropped down the river sullenly, back to New York, he, too, baffled by the vigilance, the wariness, the supreme self-command of Washington.

For a moment, when Burgoyne heard of Clinton's success, he thought to avoid surrender. But it was too late. He could not, honorably, recall his word. At nine o'clock on the morning of this day, a hundred years ago, he signed the convention. At eleven o'clock his troops marched to this meadow, the site of old Fort Hardy, and with tears coursing down bearded cheeks, with passionate sobs and oaths of rage and defiance, the soldiers kissing their guns with the tenderness of lovers, or with sudden frenzy knocking off the butts of their muskets, and the drummers stamping on their drums, the king's army laid down their arms. No American eyes, except those of Morgan Lewis and James Wilkinson, aids of General Gates, beheld the surrender. As the British troops filed afterward between the American lines, they saw no sign of exultation, but they heard the drums and fifes playing "Yankee Doodle." A few minutes later, Burgoyne and his suite rode to the head-quarters of Gates. The English general, as if for a court holiday, glittered in scarlet and gold; Gates plainly clad in a blue overcoat, attended by General Schuyler in citizen's dress, who had come to congratulate him, and by his proud and happy staff, received his guest with urbane courtesy. They exchanged the compliments of soldiers. "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." Gates gracefully replied, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your Excellency." The generals entered the tent of Gates and dined together. With the same courtly compliment the English general toasted General Washington, the American general toasted the king. Then, as the English army, without artillery or arms, approached on their march to the sea, the two generals stepped out in front of the tent, and standing together, conspicuous on this spot, in full view of the Americans and of the British army, General Burgoyne drew his sword, bowed, and presented it to General Gates. General Gates bowed, received the sword, and returned it to General Burgoyne.

Such was the simple ceremony that marked the turning point of the Revolution. All the defeats, indeed, all the struggles, the battles, the sacrifices, the sufferings, at all times and in every colony, were indispensable to the great result. Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Moultrie, Long Island, Trenton, Oriskany, Bennington, the Brandywine, Germantown, Saratoga, Monmouth, Camden, Cowpen, Guilford, Eutaw Springs, Yorktown,— what American does not kindle as he calls the glorious battle roll of the Revolution! whether victories or defeats, are all essential lights and shades in the immortal picture. But, as gratefully acknowledging the service of all the patriots, we yet call Washington father, so mindful of the value of every event, we may agree that the defeat of Burgoyne determined American independence. Thenceforth it was but a question of time. The great doubt was solved. Out of a rural militia an army could be trained to cope at every point successfully with the most experienced and disciplined troops in the world. In the first bitter moment of his defeat, Burgoyne generously wrote to a military friend, "A better armed, a better bodied, a more alert or better prepared army in all essential points of military institution, I am afraid is not to be found on our side of the question." The campaign in New York also, where the loyalists were strongest, had shown, what was afterward constantly proved, that the British crown, despite the horrors of Cherry Valley and Wyoming, could not

count upon general or effective aid from the tories nor from the Indians. At last it was plain that if Britain would conquer, she must overrun and crush the continent, and that was impossible. The shrewdest men in England and in Europe saw it. Lord North himself, King George's chief minister, owned it, and grieved in his blind old age that he had not followed his conviction. Edmund Burke would have made peace on any terms. Charles Fox exclaimed that the ministers knew as little how to make peace as war. The Duke of Richmond urged the impossibility of conquest, and the historian Gibbon, who in parliament had voted throughout the war as Dr. Johnson would have done, agreed that America was lost. The king of France ordered Franklin to be told that he should support the cause of the United States. In April he sent a fleet to America, and from that time to the end of the war, the French and the Americans battled together on sea and land, until on this very day, the seventeenth day of October, 1781, four years after the disaster of Burgoyne, Cornwallis, on the plains of Yorktown, proposed a surrender to the combined armies of France and the United States. The terms were settled upon our part jointly by an American and a French officer, while Washington and La Fayette stood side by side as the British laid down their arms. It was the surrender of Burgoyne that determined the French alliance and the French alliance secured the final triumph.

It is the story of a hundred years ago. It has been ceaselessly told by sire to son, along this valley and through this land. The latter attempt of the same foe and the bright day of victory at Plattsburgh on the lake, renewed and confirmed the old hostility. Alienation of feeling between the parent country and the child became traditional, and on both sides of the sea a narrow prejudice survives, and still sometimes seeks to kindle the embers of that wasted fire. But here and now we stand upon the grave of old enmities. Hostile breastwork and redoubt are softly hidden under grass and grain; shot and shell and every deadly missile are long since buried deep beneath our feet, and from the mouldering dust of mingled foemen springs all the varied verdure that makes this scene so fair. While nature tenderly and swiftly repairs the ravages of war, we suffer no hostility to linger in our hearts. Two months ago the British governor-general of Canada was invited to meet the president of the United States, at Bennington, in happy commemoration not of a British defeat but of a triumph of English liberty. So, upon this famous and decisive field, let every unworthy feeling perish! Here, to the England that we fought, let us now, grown great and strong with a hundred years, hold out the hand of fellowship and peace! Here, where the English Burgoyne, in the very moment of his bitter humiliation, generously pledged George Washington, let us, in our high hour of triumph, of power, and of hope, pledge the queen! Here, in the grave of brave and unknown foemen, may mutual jealousies and doubts and animosities lie buried forever! Henceforth, revering their common glorious traditions, may England and America press always forward side by side, in noble and inspiring rivalry to promote the welfare of man!

Fellow citizens, with the story of Burgoyne's surrender — the revolutionary glory of the State of New York — still fresh in our memories, amid these thousands of her sons and daughters, whose hearts glow with lofty pride, I am glad that the hallowed spot on which we stand compels us to remember not only the imperial state, but the national commonwealth whose young hands here together struck the blow, and on whose older head descends the ample benediction of the victory. On yonder height, a hundred years ago, Virginia and Pennsylvania lay encamped. Beyond, and further to the north, watched New Hampshire and Ver-

mont. Here, in the wooded uplands at the south, stood New Jersey and New York, while across the river to the east, Connecticut and Massachusetts closed the triumphant line. Here was the symbol of the Revolution, a common cause, a common strife, a common triumph; the cause not of a class, but of human nature — the triumph not of a colony, but of United America. And we who stand here proudly remembering — we who have seen Virginia and New York — the North and the South — more bitterly hostile than the armies whose battles shook this ground — we who mutually proved in deadlier conflict the constancy and the courage of all the States, which, proud to be peers, yet own no master but their united selves — we renew our heart's imperishable devotion to the common American faith, the common American pride, the common American glory! Here Americans stood and triumphed. Here Americans stand and bless their memory. And here, for a thousand years, may grateful generations of Americans come to rehearse the glorious story, and to rejoice in a supreme and benignant American Nationality.

BURGOYNE.

A POEM BY ALFRED B. STREET.

When fell Rome's fabric, dire the ruin wrought;
With spectral twilight all the earth was fraught;
A few stars shone that twilight to illume
Where Superstition groped in Gothic gloom.
To cloistral walls fled Learning in affright
Missals to blazon mystic scrolls indite.
What though breathed music in Provencal bowers,
And Architecture wreathed its fadeless flowers;
Built the dim church, with painted panes aglow,
And arched the abbey on its pillars low;
Though Painting, of all Nature's hues the heir,
Enameled canvas into jewels rare;
The loftiest virtues of the soul lay dead,
Right, swordless, crouched beneath Wrong's conquering tread,
And though grand Freedom's essence never dies,
It drooped, despairing, under despot-skies.
If aught it asked, Darius like, the Throne,
At its awed look, in wrathful lightnings shone.
Its food the acorn and its home the cell,
Its only light but showed its manacle;
Until its eye, at throned Oppression's foot,
Saw slavery's towering tree, its heart the root,
Cast Upas shadow o'er one common grave,
With naught but its own soul its life to safe.
And then it rose; up with one bound it sprung;
Thunder from a clear sky, its war-shout rung;
Out flashed its falchion with a sunburst wide,
And wakened thousands sought its warrior side.
As the mist streaming from some towering crag,

It spread the blazon of its glittering flag;
In savage gorges which the vulture swept,
In lonely caverns where the serpent crept,
Close where the tumbling torrent hurled its spray,
And shadowy cedars twined a twilight day,
Clutching its sword and battling on its knee,
Still Freedom fought; and though the swelling sea
Of cruel Wrong yet drove it, struggling, higher,
It could not quench its pure, celestial fire;
From peak to peak it rose, until the height
Showed it but heaven wherein to take its flight.
Round flew its glance, it saw its myriad foes
Following, still following, rising as it rose;
Following, still following! was no refuge nigh?
Naught on the earth, and only in the sky?
Round flew its glance, it pierced beyond the wave?
Ha! the New World emerges! — shall it save?
Hark, a wild cry! — it is the eagle's scream!
See, a broad light, the far league-conquering stream
Linking all climates, where it reaching flows,
Its head the snow-drift, and its foot the rose.
Mountains rise there that know no tread of Kings;
Blasts that waft liberty on chainless wings;
Lakes that hold skies, the swallow tires to cross;
Prairies, earth-oceans; woods, a whirlwind's toss
Would seem a puny streak; and with one tongue
All thundered "come!" the welkin, echoing, rung
"Come!" and it went; it took its Mayflower flight.
Fierce raged the blast, cold billows hurled their might,
Winter frowned stern, he pierced to Freedom's heart;
White spread the strand, and Hunger reared his dart;
The tree-crouched panther met, by day, its sight,
The wolf's eye starred the window-pane at night;
Though winter entered in its heart, he braced
With strength its frame; its feet the forest traced,
Despising hardship; by the torrent rocked
Its bark canoe; the wild tornado shocked
Way through the prostrate woods and, grazing, sent
No dread, as by its roof the horror went; —
From choice it climbed the dizzy cliff to glance
Over its realm's magnificent expanse.
There the vast forest stood, the free, the green,
The wild, a tangled, thronging, vaulted scene.
In mantling emerald stretched its wavy floor
Carpets of moss and vines rich spreading o'er;
There, the white cohosh, furzy sumac, gems
Of the wild allspice, grass and clover stems,
And strawberry, the curious Indian pipe,
The creeping pine that lays its fringy stripe

Beside the running hemlock; higher stood
Oak, beach and maple sprouts, a brotherhood
Twin-leaved; the branchy fern and feathery brake;
Still higher, the dense bushes wreathed, that make
A sea waist-deep; the saplings higher still;
Then loftier leaves that, one twined ceiling, fill
The eye; and towering over all, the pine
And hemlock, whose green crowns forever shine
In light, or frown in gloom, and feel the breath
Of every wind; while, motionless as death,
The depths below; through this cleft roofing, pries
The sunshine; vistas open where the skies
Admit the grass to grow and bird to build,
The flowers to flourish and the sunlight gild.
Through ambush green the little mole-rill tells
Its burrowing by its purl along the dells;
Mounds in the soft, black mould proclaim the dens
Of reedy marmot, fox and rabbit; fens
Bristle; vast swamps of laurel spread around
In pools where trees dead, spectral, stand; the ground
Sodden with wet, yields rank, green slime and moss
To old, black logs and branches fallen across;
In hideous contrast to the lovely green
And living things of the surrounding scene.
Here glance the graceful dear; the panther prowls;
The big, black bear jolts round; the gaunt wolf howls;
The small, red tribesmen of the woodland swarm,
Live their glad summer lives, and nestle warm
In their close winter haunts; the eagle claps
His pinion here; the famished vulture flaps
In searching flight; the pigeon of the wood
Colors the green with blue; her downy brood
The partridge hides at danger's sign; the quail
Chequers the vista's gold; its nightly wail
The whippoorwill repeats; till Autumn's sad
Katydid dirge proclaims that all things glad
Are leaving; then October's sunset glows
And Winter's twilight brings the choking snows;

Broadening the picture, here, grand rivers rolled,
Grand mountains rose; and in their numbers bold,
Wild foemen thronged with tomahawk and knife
Ready to whelm in most unequal strife,
But what of these! a stalwart heart and arm
Freedom upbore, the danger owned a charm,
And in the forest with bold tread it trod
Waging the contest for itself and God.
And soon blithe harvests waved where forests frowned;
Roofs studded rivers; and in gladdening sound
The song of Peace and industry arose,

Where burst the war-whoops of unsparing foes;
And church-spires pointed where up towered the pine;
And Freedom planted sure its ever-living shrine.

Oh! glorious Freedom! grandest, brightest gift
Kind heaven has given our souls to heavenward lift!
Oh! glorious Freedom! are there hearts so low
That its live flame finds there no answering glow?
It soars sublime beyond the patriot's love,
Stateliest that sways, save thought that dwells above!
Slaves love their homes; a patriot glad will die
For Native land, though she in chains may lie;
Noblest by far, the soul that loves to fall
In the red front at Freedom's sacred call;
His heart right's shield, he braves the Despot's ban
Not for himself to perish, but for man.

So when crowned Wrong made here his first advance,
Flashed from our fathers, wrath's immediate glance;—
Freedom their life, the sceptre but essayed
Attempt, to send their swift hand to their blade.
Their serried front said "stay!" their eyes "beware!
"Rouse not the still prone panther from his lair!"
But vain the mandate, vain the warning spoke,
The King strode onward and the land awoke.

Stately the sight, Recording history shows
When the red walls of our Republic rose!
Reared in deep woods, beneath a scarce-known sky,
In puny strifes that hardly claimed the eye
Of lands still trembling with the thundering track
Of Saxe and Marlborough; where startling, back
Russia's black Eagle had the Crescent hurled,
Threatening so late to dominate the world.

In a grand age our Nation opened eye!
A dazzling sunshine bathed the mental sky;
Voltaire his keen bright darts of wit still sent;
Rousseau his tender moonlight sentiment;
Napoleon's star was rising to absorb
All space in grandeur of his fierce, wild orb;
Painting wore garland that Sir Joshua wreathed;
Promethean life Canova's marble breathed;
Cowper was shedding his soft gentle strains
Over old England's rustic fields and lanes;
Burns, lyric lark! whose nest was by the plow,
Forming his song-pearls for his Scotia's brow;
At Garrick's art the Drama laughed and grieved;
In Dibdin's sailor songs, pleased Ocean heaved;
Johnson was building up his pomp of words;

White hearkening speech from animals and birds;
Goldsmith had just, by death, from his resort
Been freed, his picturesque, cracked, clothes-lined court;
Linnæus was yielding language mute to flowers;
Gibbon re-rearing Rome's majestic towers;
Herschel, with daring clutch, was making prize
Of God's grand secrets in the startled skies;
Burke shedding round his rich auroral gleams;
Pitt weaving Britain in a web of schemes;
While Cook, his far away sea-bird wing unfurled,
Searching Pacific's dim, mysterious world
Weltering round isles where Fancy reared her throne,
In scenes to Learning's utmost lore unknown.
Mid all this affluence of deed and thought
With which this age of majesty was fraught,
Two war-cries rung on a new nation's breath,
This from the warm South, "Liberty or Death!"
This from the cold North, both stern shouted thence,
"Nothing for tribute, millions for defense!"
Up sprung a land with weapon bared for use,
Like Pallas bounding from the brow of Zeus.

The Revolution, our Heroic Age!
Its deeds, its times should every heart engage!
Not in the mist of mythic doubt it lies;
Its fingers touch us and it fills our eyes.
The household antlers hold the musket yet
Which rang at Concord;—that bent bayonet
Glittered at Yorktown;—yea, but few years back,
The grand-sire lingered who had seen the track
Of famed Burgoyne a century ago,
Who bowed his haughty head before his generous foe.

Yea, a Heroic Age! athwart the breast
Of many a battle-field, its seal is prest;
In woods, still sighs the pine for many a lost;
Fields in thick waves, by many a grave are crossed
Many the deeds that dear Tradition keeps;
Many the heart with household fame that leaps.

The dead that perished! many and many a shrine
Is strewed around where tenderest memories twine;
In gloomy gorges where the eagle wheels,
Under the storm-cliff where the thunder peals,
In grassy dingles where the wild-bird sings,
By the bright streamlet where the cowslip swings,
In rocky glens where cascades whiten down,
In chasms where hemlocks cast eternal frown,
In woods where wail the winds without a break,

In lonely clearing and by sail-white lake,
There sleep the brave; we reap the seed they sowed!
Cherish their memories then, while memory holds abode.

On Concord green, the rustic king's arm woke;
And Bunker donned his battle helm of smoke;
Clubbing his musket, on he strode to where
His footstep led him through the Lion's lair;
The Union Flag, with crosses of St. George
And Andrew, and the stripes in Freedom s forge
Wrought like hot steel's white crimson hues, appeared
At Cambridge camp, by Washington up-reared;
(The crosses sign of our yet loyalty;
The stripes significant we would be free);
The foe was swept from Boston, but his tread
Was o'er the Excelsior City's humbled head;
Washington, printing Jersey with his blood,
Fled from the foe, then o'er the icy flood
Of Trenton sent the king his Christmas-dole
Launched in fierce lightnings from his wrathful soul;
And then his New Year greeting, where the height
Of Princeton gleamed in victory's gladdening light.

The Crown surveying thus the varying tide
Of conquest, towering in its haughty pride,
In close debate, at last its plan evolved,
And on one final crushing blow resolved.

New England, east of the Excelsior State,
In its stern hills and rocky vales, the great
And teeming camp for freedom's battles, formed;
West, the wild lakes with savage nations swarmed,
That struck the war-post for their sire, the King;
Could Britain's arm, in one grand effort, swing
A blow to cleave the Excelsior State beneath;
New England's blade were powerless in its sheath;
Their portals spread, the Great Lakes would outpour
Their fierce red floods to whelm the region o'er,
The struggling, hopeless South, then, part by part,
Would yield, till freedom left the nation's heart.

Three threatening strands were woven by the Crown;
One stretching up Champlain; one reaching down
The Mohawk Valley whose green depths retained
Its Tory heart, Fort Stanwix scarce restrained;
And one of Hudson's flood; the three to link
Where stood Albania's gables by its brink.

Glance at the picture — ere we spread our wing —
Of the grand battle whose famed deeds we sing!
Here spreads Champlain with mountain skirted shore

Caniadere Guarentie, open door
Of the fierce Iroquois to seek their foes
In regions stretching from Canadian snows.
West, in a purple dream of misty crag,
The Adirondacks' wavy outlines drag;
East, the Green Mountains, home of meadowy brooks,
Of cross road hamlets, sylvan school-house nooks,
Church-covered hills and lion-hearted men
Taught by the torrent tumbling down the glen,
By the grand tempests sweeping around the cliff,
By the wild waters tossing by their skiff
Freedom, till freedom grew their very life
And slavery with all earthly curses rife.
Next, the dark Horican* that mountain vein,
Bright islet-spangled tassel to Champlain;
The highlands souled with Washington and grand
With his high presence watching o'er the land;
Thy heights, oh Bemus! green with woods yet white
With flakes of tents, zigzag with works and bright
With flags; while, in perspective, we discern
Grouped round great Washington, with features stern
In patriot care and doubt, the forms of Wayne
Putnam and Green and all the shadowy train
Of Congress, wrapt spectators from afar,
Of where fierce battle drove his flashing, thundering car.

As when some dream tumultuous fills the night
With changeful scenes, and plunges past the sight
In hazy shapes, and dark looks, till at last
With all its weird, wild phantasm, it is past,
So the broad picture as it melts away,
And once more in our heart peals out the trumpet-lay.

A deep stern sound! the starting signal roar!
And up Champlain Burgoyne's great squadron bore.
In front his savage ally's bark canoes
Flashing in all their bravery wild of hues;
Their war-songs sounding and their paddles timed;
Next the batteaux, their rude, square shapes sublimed
With pennon, sword and bayonet, casting glow
In penciled pictures on the plain below:
From winter lingering in the Indian Pass,
Mantled the locust; as in April grass
Rich dandelions burn, the basswood showed
Its bells of yellow; while the dogwood glowed
In a white helmet thickly plumed atop;
The earlier cherry let its sweet pearls drop
With every breeze; the hemlock smiled with edge

* Lake George is beginning to be known at last as Lake Horican, so named by the great American novelist, Cooper.

Fringed in fresh emerald; even the sword-like sedge,
Sharp mid the snowy lily-goblets set
In the nooked shallows like a spangled net,
Was jeweled with brown bloom. By curving point
Where glittering ripples umber sands anoint
With foamy silver, by deep crescent bays
Sleeping beneath their veil of drowsy haze,
By watery coverts shimmering faint in film,
Broad, rounded knolls one creamy, rosy realm
Of laurel blossom with the kalmia-urns
Dotted with red, the fleet, as sentient turns
The winding channel; in tall piles of white
The stately ships reflect the golden light
Dazzling the lake; the huge batteaux ply deep
Their laboring, dashing pathway; fronting, keep,
With measured paddle-stabs, the light canoes
Their gliding course; the doe, upstarting, views
And hides her fawn; the panther marks the scene
And bears her cubs within the thickets screen;
The wolf lifts sharpened ear and forward foot;
Waddles the bear away with startled hoot
As some sail sends a sudden flash of white
In the cove's greenery, slow essaying flight
The loon rears, flapping, its checked, grazing wings,
Till up it struggling flies and downward flings
Its Indian whoop; the bluebird's sapphire hue
Kindles the shade; the pigeon's softer blue
Breaks, swarming, out; the robin's warble swells
In crumply cadence from the skirting dells;
And restless rings the bobolink's bubbly note
From the clear bell that tinkles in his throat.
Thus stately, cheerily moves the thronging fleet!
On the lake's steel the blazing sunbeams beat;
But now a blast comes blustering from a gorge;
The white caps dance; it bends the tall St. George
And even the Thunderer tosses; the array
Breaks up; canoe, batteau, grope doubtful way
Through the dim air; in spectral white, each sail
Glances and shivers in the whistling gale;
All the green paintings of point, bank and tree
Vanish in black and white, and all but see
A close horizon where near the islands lose
Their shapes, and distant ranks of forest fuse
Into a mass; at length the blast flies off
Shallows stop rattling, and the hollow cough
Of surges into caves makes gradual cease
Till on, the squadron glides, once more in sunny peace.

So on some blue-gold day white clouds up-float
In shining throng, and next are dashed remote

By a fierce wind, then join in peace again
And smoothly winnow o'er the heavenly plain;
Or so some fleet of wild fowl on the lake,
Dipping and preening, quiet journey take,
Till the sky drops an eagle circling low
For the straight plunge; wild scattering to and fro
They seek the shed of bank, the cave of plants,
Tunnel of stream, wherever lurk their haunts,
Until the baffled eagle seeks again
His sky, and safely holds once more, his reign.

When lay Champlain in eve's gold plated glass
And rich, black pictures etched the glowing grass,
The crews debarked; their camp-fires round would rear
And hang their kettles for their nightly cheer;
Then rose the tents, like mushrooms, to the moon;
Swords would be edged and muskets polished; soon
Slumber would fan its wings, and in the bright
Soft, delicate peace, would croon the Summer Night.

Then the gray day-dawn through the leaves would look;
Red coats would gleam in every emerald nook
And weapons glitter; as the mist would crawl
From the smooth lake and up the forest wall,
Sails would shine out and blottings of canoe
Blent with batteau would thicken on the view;
Rings of dead ashes, prostrate trees half burned,
Trunks into black Egyptian marble turned
Where curling fires had scorched the streaky moss,
Roofs of dead leaves where branches stooped across
And soil burned black and smoking still, would show
Where through the night had shone the camp-fire glow,
Limbs drooping loose and logs with gaping cuts
Where the brigade had reared their bushy huts;
A deer's head on the stump, a bear-skin cast
Beneath, where late the red man held repast;
The drum's beat then would sound, and shrilly fife;
Dingle and aisle would flash with martial life;
Once more the fleet would start, and up its way
Take as the whole scene brightened into day.

On Lady Mary's deck Burgoyne would stand
Drinking the sights and sounds at either hand
Replete with beauty to his poet-heart;
Laughing to scorn man's paltry works of Art.

The grassy vista with its grazing deer;
The lone loon oaring on its shy career;
The withered pine-tree with its fish-hawk nest;
The eagle-eyrie on some craggy crest;

The rich white lilies that wide shallows told;
Their yellow sisters with their globes of gold
At the stream's mouth; the ever changeful Lake;
Here, a green gleaming, there, a shadowy rake
Of scudding air-breath; here, a dazzling flash
Searing the eyeball; there a sudden dash
Of purple from some cloud; a streak of white
The wake of some scared duck avoiding sight;
The dogwood plumed with many a pearly gem,
Was a bright queen with her rich diadem;
An oak with some crooked branch up pointing grand,
A monarch with his sceptre in his hand;
A rounded root a prostrate pine-tree rears
A slumbering giant's mighty shield appears;
A long-drawn streak of cloud with pendent swell
Of hill, a beam with its suspended bell;
In some grey ledge, high lifted up, he sees
An ancient castle looking from its trees;
Some mountain's rugged outline shows the trace
Of the odd profile of the human face;
A slender point tipped with its drinking deer
Seems to his losdier eye a prostrate spear;
In the near partridge-pinion's rolling hum,
He hears, with smiles, the beating of the drum;
And in the thresher's tones with music rife,
The stirring flourish of the whistling fife;
And thus his fancy roams, till twilight draws
Around the fading scene its silver gauze.

A golden, lazy summer afternoon!
The air is fragrant with the scents of June
Wintergreen, sassafras and juniper,
Rich birch-breath pungent mint and spicy fir
And resinous cedar; on Carillon's walls
The sentry paces where cool shadow falls;
His comrade sits, his musket on his knee,
Watching the speckling gnats convulsively
Stitching the clear dark air that films some nook.
He hears the dashing of the Horican brook
Loud at the West — that curved and slender chain
By which the Tassel hangs upon Champlain —
It chimes within his ear like silver bells,
And the sweet jangling only quiet tells;
In front he sees the long and leafy points
Curving the waters into elbow-joints
Of Bays; a crest beyond the old French Lines,
Domes the flat woods; east, opposite, inclines
Mount Independence, its sloped summit crowned
With its star-fort, with battery breast-plate bound,
The floating bridge between, the massive boom

And chain in front, and in the rearward room
A group of patriot craft; and sweeping thence
The forest landscape's green magnificence.
Southward the lake a narrowed river bends
With one proud summit where the brook suspends
Horican's tassel to King Corlaer's* crown,
Close to Carillon's dark embattled frown.

Sunset its arrows through the fortress shot;
In velvet softness shone the warlike spot;
Gold filled embrasures, walls in rich array
Stretched betwixt bastions; shadows crawled away
To nooks and angles, or slept cool and dark
Within the ball-coned corners; many a spark
The cannon glanced, their grim mouths bright in sheen
With muskets yoked to pyramids between.
Owned the steel-pointed spear beside him cast,
Sudden one starts! around the northward curve,
Turrets of white, in stately motion, swerve,
With blocks, like giant beetles, stretched in rank,
Canoes, batteaux and boats! and either bank
In gleam and flash with moving spots of red,
Telling the coming foeman's landward tread;
While hovering in the front, like ducks, in nooks
Of the bent banks and coves of entering brooks,
In the wreathed lilied shallows, mid the drift
Of brush-wood bays, white rapids shooting swift,
Or threading some low brink's impending arch,
The patriot watch-boats warn the approaching march;
The flashing shores, the moving fleet between,
Making a picture of the sunset scene.

Through roused Carillon quick the story flies;
Guns change to groups and loopholes stare with eyes.
Up glides the flag, defiant shouts outbreak;
Soon would Burgoyne his backward pathway take!
Swift will Carillon's thunder hurl his doom
Even ere he splintered on the barrier-boom!
Ah, false belief! ah, mocking cheer! but stay!
Let sad experience the fell truth display!

Twilight creeps grayly forth; the French Lines crest
And Sugar Loaf in dreamy blue are drest;
Glimmers the Lake, the sails, in dusky white,
Seem ghosts half merged within the pallid light;
Peace with her soft, warm stars, breathes o'er, till soon
Rosy and roundly lifts the whitening moon.

* French name for Ticonderoga.

A silver painting now the scene displays;
The forests glitter and the waters blaze;
Carillon's black is turned to tender white
Where the moon enters with transforming light;
Bastions are sleeked, grim curtains smoothed, and loops
Dart streaks of pearl o'er ball and musket-groups;
The hostile sails are brightened into snow;
The woods seem slumbering in the mantling glow;
The French Lines summit surges on the sky;
Peaceful and soft and quiet to the eye
Looks towering Sugar Loaf! could Carillon's sight
Have pierced the distance, what a shuddering fright
Had seized his heart! there, struggling groups of men
Clambered rough rocks; the torrent of the glen
Sprinkled strained ropes that lifted cannon up
From tree to tree; the hollow's ferny cup,
The cavern's lichened ledge, the panther's lair,
The wolf's close haunt, the chamber of the bear,
Felt trampling throngs all fighting toward the top;
The moonlight mountain, as they climbed, let drop
Its varied sounds; its ear had never before
Hearkened such tumult; thus the night hours bore
The chequered pictures to the tints that make
Day-break cartoons of forest and of lake.

The scene now glimmers with the frescoes drawn
By the gray pencil of the rising dawn;
Then the white pictures painted by the mist;
Then the east's rim by living radiance kissed;
Sugar Loaf glitters in the crimson hues;
Not those the dyes the morning beams diffuse!
Like a dense curtain up the mist is rolled;
The Lake expands in point and headland; bold
The woods stand forth, the vessels whiten out;
And a fresh summer sunrise smiles about.
Carillon gazes; those rich tints now here
Now there, gleam brokenly and disappear;
Is that a banner-flash? that brassy glow
Cast by a cannon? yes! it is the foe!
Carillon shudders; there he naked stands
His vain-drawn weapons useless in his hands;
Certain destruction threatens from on high;
Naught can avert, like lightning from the sky.

On the warm ledges of the mountain's crest
Starred with blue harebells o'er the velvet breast
Of fringy moss, the red-coat sentry sees,
As sunset glitters through the golden trees,
Carillon quiet, with his sullen frown,
Seeming in slumber; Night with pearly crown

Follows; what glare bursts sudden forth! the sheen
Startles to fierce, wild, crimson life, the scene!
It shows dark masses through the floating bridge
Streaming where Independence rears its ridge,
Streaming from bared Carillon; on the Lake
A fleet of patriot boats and galleys take
Their upward path; Mount Hope, the French Lines crest
Named by the foe to mark the joyous zest
Its capture gave — sends Fraser, battle-famed,
In quick pursuit; while Mount Defiance — named
From Sugar Loaf to show his scorn — yields too
Its throngs exultant, eager to pursue.
Within the eastward woods they plunged, in rear
Of the retreating foe; by moonlight clear
And mottled gloom, the rough road led them on; —
O'er zigzag rails the elder blossoms shone
Like silver lanterns; on the banks, in spots
The foxfire glared; the yager over knots
Of roots groped slow, his spatterdashes soaked
In the fern's dew, his bayonet frequent yoked
With branches; the chasseur's huge helmet now
Cleaved the low leaves like some aerial plow,
And now the grenadier of Barner crushed
His sharp cap on some ledge as by he brushed.
Dawn its gray glimmer through the gloom distils;
Then morning glitters on the Pittsford hills.
At Hubbardton the patriot foe makes pause,
And Battle, for the first his falchion draws.
But stay not, Song, thy fairy sandal here!
The lyre is mute at whistle of the spear!
Let but one cadence, brief and mournful, tell
How Fraser triumphed and how Francis fell.
While on St. Clair through wilds, torn, bleeding, passed
Until Fort Edward refuge gave at last.

Meanwhile, Burgoyne pursued the patriot fleet
Up the curved narrowing Lake; the glittering sheet
Showed now their path, and now, where high banks wound,
Hidden the way; Morn flings her jewels round
Where the lake's head sweeps, crescent like, about,
And Skenesboro' stands with store-house and redoubt;
Moored, there, the patriot-craft; but soon War claims
His horrid spoil; the spot is wrapped in flames
Waked by the patriots and Burgoyne; at night
Brave Long, with his Carillon force in flight,
Threads a blind pathway tunnelled through the trees
To where Wood Creek Fort Anne's earth-rampart sees.

All night, a stump or bush, along their road,
Like a crouched savage lurking for them, showed.

Or flashes of some hunter's camp-fire looked
Like red-coats; with a log, beside them nooked,
Seeming a cannon to dispute their way;
So on they struggled till the rich moon's ray
Shrank in the rosy brilliancy of day.
Haste, likewise, from this spot, oh Song! thy lyre
Too frail for thunder-tones; the battle-fire
Makes its gold strings too hot for thy soft touch;
In the bright spear thou seest the wretched crutch
Of the maimed soldier; in the trumpet's twang
Thou hear'st the orphan's cry; yet if the clang
Of war could joy thee, well thy tones could ring
Here, where the Lion felt the Eagle's wing
Cut keen and deep; but as thy tones expire,
Haste! scenes more grateful claim thy jeweled lyre.

Face to the foe brave Schuyler down retreats;
Fort Edward's ruined bastions now he greets;
His thin ranks thinning with the thickening days
Now Saratoga meets his longing gaze.
In vain! no refuge! on! till Mohawk's smile
Welcomes the wanderer to her safety-isle.

Days roll along; at length Burgoyne begins
His downward march, but progress brief he wins.
Schuyler, with prescient, patient toil, had wrought,
Till the wide pathway of the foe was caught
Within a web of levelled woods, of streams
Bridgeless, paths choked, tangles of broken beams,
Smooth avenues beckoning to quick-sand swamps,
All shackling every step; war's glittering pomps
Turned to a huddling, struggling, writhing mass
Striving with wild, convulsive strength, to pass.

Thus, the wroth region flings itself across
The invader's path; the pines and hemlocks toss
Their mighty arms, ask hoarse through windy leaves
"Why comes he here?" the towering windfall weaves
Its torturing net; the bog its treacherous length
Clutching the footstep, wearying down the strength,
Spreading its Indian plumes in crimson glow
As if to warn him of the blood to flow;
The streamlet, hid in nooks of sunken logs
And marshy reeds, the ponderous cannon clogs;
Vainly the gallant Jones swift plies his scourge,
His buried battery-wheels can scarce emerge;
The hoof of Fraser's stout grey warhorse sinks
In flowery mire; Riedesel's sabre clinks
On the prone trunk his barb essays to scale;
Low boughs the flag, wrapped round its staff, assail;

Order was lost; the sword of the chasseur
Jostled the drum; the trail the moccasin wore
The musket widened to a path; o'er hill
Through vale, beside the little lyric rill,
Over ravines by prostrate trees, they wend
From morn till evening's blurring shades descend.

Here, zigzag breast-works, left so late, the print
Of leaving feet shows fresh; the crushed down mint
There, telling where the gun was hauled away
From the embrasure; pickets in array
With none to man them; on, thus, on, they go,
Weary with seeking a dissolving foe.

The Kingsbury marshes shine one blushing hue
Of rarely absent Indian plumes; in blue
Of moose-heads, glow the streams; warm mulber tints
Display the rushes in wet nooks; a chintz
Of lovely tinges in the glossy browns
Of piny knolls their own hue nearly drowns
In flowery dyes; and in green dells is spilt
A mass of color like a brindled quilt.
The running-hemlock's drops of ruddy wax,
The hanging honeysuckle's streaky sacks,
The yet scarce aster, and the golden rod
Whose curling plume begins to light the sod,
Kindle their path with all the wealth of flowers
That Summer summons to her forest bowers.

At night, the camp-fire's mighty eyeballs glare
In flashing rings; the trees around them stare;
The grenadier's red coat shines one fixed blush;
The Hessian's crimson cap takes livelier flush;
Here, gleams a buckle; there, a feather-plate;
A brazen clasp; in all his painted state
The Indian stands and edges by the glow
Anew his hatchet for the coming foe.

As on, Burgoyne — Fear flies before, around,
With ear erect to catch the faintest sound,
And eyes wild starting every sight to see;
Is that a red-coat glancing from a tree?
Or sunset's straggling beam? that sound, the tramp
Of the approaching foe? the hunter's camp
Cowers lonely in the woods; the settler's hut
Has lost its latch-string, and its door is shut.
The ambushed trap lurks baitless by the creek;
The deer treads fearless to the pearly lick;
The cattle-group have left the rubbing-tree,
In far away coverts they roam wild and free;

The ripened rye lies matted round the stumps;
Through whitening buckwheat bold the rabbit jumps,
Among the graining corn beneath the moon
Nibbles, unmarked, the seated, shy raccoon;
The back-log blackens where the kettle sung;
The cat stalks ghostly where the clock-tones rung
To merry household groups; and the dust pearls now
The fringed asparagus, whose mounded bough
Filled the wide hearth-stone; in the yard, the axe
Lies in the chips late showering from its hacks;
And the dry grindstone hangs its wheel of gray
Stirless; and but half-pitched, stands by its loft, the hay.

War's red romance now claims the sorrowing lyre!
Love's victim! let the trumpet-tones expire!
No dulcet strain beneath the moonlit sky;
The mournful cadence breathes but one long sigh.
Ah, hapless maiden! ah, poor Jennie McCrea?
The Wyandotte Panther grasps his hapless prey!
Ah, savage heart! he aims — she falls! the sweep
Of glorious tresses, black as midnight, heap
The wampum belt! ah, lovely, lovely head,
By the unsparing knife so foully shred!

But let the minstrel of the period tell
How that dark deed, that murder base, befell.
The mill his muse, its great throb beat the strain
Of the poetic measure in his brain;
Its gliding straps the lines in smoothness wrought;
Its hoppers, reservoirs of stirring thought;
The wheat wove golden pictures as it poured;
The tireless millwheel music as it roared;
And all the region round, with blended will,
Hailed as the minstrel, Robbie of the Mill.
This ruthless slaughter claimed his tuneful tongue,
Though shudderings shook his soul, aud thus he sung:

List all you good people my sorrowful lay,
While I sing the sad doom of poor Jennie McCrea.

She waited her lover, her lover to join,
As near came the forces of British Burgoyne.

He came, the fierce savage, preceding his path
As the cloud with the lightning red launching its wrath.

She waited her lover, instead of him came
The Wyandotte Panther with eyeballs of flame.

He seized her, and bearing her up on his way,
From her steed shot the maiden, poor Jennie McCrea?

Another fierce savage, as demon-like, shred
The long glossy-locks from her beautiful head.

Weep, souls of soft pity! weep over this woe!
Swear, hearts of stern vengeance! to strike back the blow!

Let us peal forth the shout, as we rush to the fray,
The loud, wrathful war shout of "Jennie McCrea!"

For as sure as God lives, will he deeply repay
The dark, bloody deed of poor Jennie McCrea.

With soldier songs down treads the exultant foe,
Down with the region showing wild its woe.
"Britons retreat not," boasts Burgoyne; and down,
Still down, his buoyant march. Can fortune frown
On such a host, rebellion foul to crush
With courage burning, and with conquest flush?
But while he boasts thus, bright with fortune's sun,
"Never despair," rings out from Washington.
In his wild Highland "Clove" he fixes gaze
With dauntless spirit, and the scene surveys.
As some grand eagle poising in the sky,
Sees the wide prospect with unwavering eye;
Clouds roll around him, veiling all the light;
Yet through the darkness, penetrates his sight
To where the sun is waiting forth to spring,
And o'er all Nature gleams of gladness fling.
So he, and on his heart, amid the storm,
He upward bore the Nation's fainting form.

Turn we to other scenes! In beauty bright
The Mohawk Valley claims our wandering sight
Veined by its river; loveliest landscapes smiled
On every side, the rural and the wild.
Here, shone the field in billowy gold, and there,
The shornless forest twined its leafy lair.
Here, the red homestead weltering in its wheat;
There, the rude shanty in its green retreat;
Where the plow paused, the trapper hid his trap;
The kinebell mingled with the rifle's clap;
The league-long sable-line stretched on, where ceased
The farm-lane with the frequent hay cart creased,
The jutting, loop-holed block-house standing guard
O'er the rude hamlet by its pickets barred.
Along the river, poled the heaped batteau;
O'er the rough roads the wagon jolted slow;
And civilization reared her school-house, where
The skin-clad hunter lately slew the bear.

At the green valley's head Fort Stanwix stood,
Its bastions, half restored, ringed close with wood,
Smooth meadows, southward to the Mohawk led
North, De-o-wain-sta's mile-long portage spread
To wild Wood Creek which linked beneath its screen
With Lake Oneida's rich, transparent green.
Opening that region where a fringe of lakes
Hangs from a skirt of wilderness that makes
A sylvan border to the southern flow
Of the grand inland sea, Ontario;
Those watery pendents not disordered flung,
But seeming as in measured spaces hung
To ornament Ontario's emerald dress
With tassels of pure, diamond loveliness.

A band of boats spots dark Oswego's breast;
St. Leger's corps, Fort Stanwix to invest;
Where foamed the Falls, they plunge within the woods
In battle order; the wild solitudes
Glitter with knife and musket; massive boots
Tear through the thickets, stumble over roots;
Here, the lithe Indian's light, elastic bound,
There, the slow yager's tramp; the Ranger found
His old hacks on the trees when other days
Saw him a trapper; and the sylvan maze
Welcomed the Royal Green whose erewhile tread,
Tracked, as the hunter, where the runway led.
Oneida shines between the stems; again
They launch their barks upon the grass-hued plain;
They fright the wild duck from her haunt, they rouse
The fish-hawk from her pine-built nest; they mouse
Around some lurking bay; they penetrate
Tunnels of branches where the shores create
Roofs of dim, watery caves; when daylight fades,
The Indians, tramping through the forest shades,
Kindle their camp-fires like great panther eyes,
And dance their dances; the flotilla plies
Dabbling, still upward, till the boats they beach
At the Creek's mouth, and soon Fort Stanwix reach,
Where gallant Gansevoort and brave Willett stand,
To hurl defiance at the coming band.
Gansevoort, the young, the gallant, with a soul
That only knew bold duty for its goal.
What though the walls were incomplete! behind
Uptowered a heart no abject fear could bind!
To the foe's threat his fort-made flag he reared,
Sustained by patience, and by courage cheered;
When came demand to yield, he calm replied
With firm refusal, and the worst defied

Down the green valley fly the tidings; swift
The Germans spring; the living torrents drift
To the Fort's aid; by day, the thronging trees
Are freckled with quick glints; steel glitterings seize
Upon the leaves and change them to white gems;
By night the camp-fires dance along the stems,
Turn green to ruddy gold, and black to red,
Build crimson roofs and floors of carmine spread,
Bold Herkimer has left, to lead the band,
His hearth, half fortress and half house, to stand
Defenseless on the Mohawk; many a roof
A rustic manor-house, walls bullet proof,
Stately in terraces and shrubbery,
Old oaks, green walks to dingle, statued tree
Eagle-shaped thicket, bushes carved to deer
And wolf, and whose huge hearth glared red with cheer,
Fragrant with woodland feasts, is left to breeze
And sunshine and protecting walls of trees
While the roused dwellers march with Cox the brave,
And Paris, their loved sylvan soil to save
From the invader's tread; the farm-house, too,
With broad piazza, dormer windows, hue
Of red, and native poplars belted round,
Whose leaves in hot days yield a cooling sound,
With the vast barn of stone, a fort at need;
And pastures where sleek cattle, frequent steed
And flock luxuriate, also sends its throngs
Wild to avenge the invaded region's wrongs
And smite the foe; the hamlet, likewise, set
At grassy cross-roads, where the rude church met
The ruder Inn, in whose broad, straggling streets
Neighbor, with news of humblest import, meets
With neighbor, where the learned surveyor dwells
Who chains wild lots, and where the Justice spells
The law to litigants, the hunter claims
Bounty for wolf-scalps, fighting fallow-flames
The settlers strive with handspike and with axe,
Seeing their buckwheat-plats and meadow-stacks
Melting, sends freemen to drive back the foe,
Their sluggish bosoms warmed to patriot-glow.
And the lone dingle, where the shanty's shape
Juts from the windfall's orb — a jaw agape —
With pan and kettle under the propped lid
Of the rough ox sled, where the spring is hid
In the sunk barrel, and on hemlock-fringe
The inmate sleeps, but up at daylight's tinge
For trap or runway, lone the shanty sees
As the wild dweller, groping by blazed trees,
Wades his dim way to join the patriot band
Summoned to drive the foeman from the land.

Together blent at last, the gallant throng
Down the rough road, unmindful, streams along;
A hollow lies in front; the patriots reach
Its causeway: with a sudden burst and screech
Of rifle shots and warwhoops, savage forms
Rise from the marshy borders; hissing storms
Of bullets rain upon the broken ranks
That strive to rally; from the deadly banks
Blazes swift death; the painted warriors dash
Wild in the whirling midst; knives, hatchets flash
And foes mad throttle; Indian, German, close
In grapple; Ranger, neighbor, meet as foes
Bosom to bosom; as speeds fierce the fray
The Germans form in circles and repay
Carnage with carnage; Herkimer has dropped
But still directs the furious conflict propped
Against a friendly stem; a flashing wakes
Fiercer and redder, a loud tumult breaks
Grander and sterner than the deadly scene,
The battle of the skies! its mightier mien
Of loftier anger checks the lesser strife,
But as it marches off, the fight for life
Rages anew with fiercer, wilder burst,
For now the Royal Greens, friends, neighbors erst
Yea brothers of their foes, have joined the fight
And Havoc greets them with renewed delight.
Here, the clubbed rifle, there, the thrusting spear
And plunging knife; Cox, Paris fall! career
The steeds of slaughter through that awful dell
Till baffled, beaten, the cowed redskins swell
Their shrill retreating cries, and quick the form
Of battle strides away, as strode the storm
From the red dell; down, quiet settles sweet;
The bobolink gurgles, and the yellow feet
Of the checked partridge print the neighboring scene,
But Nature to itself consigns the dread ravine.

During the sky's fierce onslaught, at the Fort
A whirlpool raged of strife; the sallyport
Sent Willett forth to Johnson's camp at hand,
And drove him headlong; evening's air-breaths fanned
The sylvan Fort in its renewed repose,
While night closed sad on its disheartened foes.

Down to Fort Edward, now Burgoyne has passed.
Want gnaws his forces; his red allies fast
Forsake his darkening path; but full supplies
At Bennington are stored, war's welcome prize
Of food and steeds. Hoosic's green landscapes sound
With Baum's approach; its rustic roads are ground

With cannon-wheels; the red-coat grenadier
And green chasseur trudge on, the promised cheer
Brightening their brows; but lion-hearted Stark
Stands with his rural ranks before the mark.

A picturesque, rude church its little bell
Tinkles one Sabbath morn; wild hills upswell
About a hamlet with its palisade.
Meadows of grass stretch out and fields arrayed
In ripening grain; bold Parson Allen mounts
The rustic pulpit, and with fire recounts
How boastful, vain Burgoyne has hither sent
Baum's fierce dragoons on schemes of plunder bent.
"Rouse men of Berkshire, I will lead you! meet
"The red-coat foe!" all spring upon their feet;
The hunter leaves, within the hamlet-square,
The frowning carcass of the sable bear;
The trapper slings his traps upon his back;
The settler cuts his latch-string; to his stack
The farmer ropes his ox; the sawmill sings
No longer to its dam; the slider brings
No more the prone log to the severing saw;
The steed stamps idly the locked stable's straw;
The miller brushes from his coat the meal,
And his white rafters hear no more the wheel;
All flock, with Parson Allen at their head,
Down the wild hills; the heavens their torrents shed,
But on they stream to where with his platoons,
Stark waits the coming of the Baum dragoons.

For days along the dim and rainy scene
Had glimpsed the red-coat host; but now serene
Glitters the summer day; Walloomsac's banks
View in their rude array the patriot ranks.
Stark mounts the meadow fence; "see, men," says he,
"The red-coats! ours by sundown they must be
Or Molly Stark's a widow!" words that claim,
Though quaint, the tongue of everliving Fame.
The golden quiet of the afternoon,
The forests sleeping and the fields in tune,
Is broken by the battle; twice the throat
Of War roars forth its fierce and fiendish note;
In vain the Hessian battery hurls its death!
Up climbs the foe albeit no blasting breath
Of cannon aids them; up, still up! they sweep
The Tory ranks away; like panthers leap
Over the breastwork; vain the weighty sword
Of the chasseur! as sunset's gold is poured
Along the scene the Hoosic woods ring out
Freedom's great thunder-voice, her grand victorious shout.

On glide the days; the Lion Banner droops
Over Fort Edward's walls. Burgoyne still stoops
His ear for Clinton's hoped approach; instead
Oriskany and Bennington with dread
Seize on his heart and paralyze his strength;
And thus time drags along its lazy length;
The chasseur sees the leafy Deadman's Point
Drowsing in noon's hot haze; the dews anoint
The Balm of Gilead at the water-gate
That lately reared its green and three-trunked state,
With honey dew for bees whose murmurings fill
The drummer boy with sleep; on Jennie's Hill
Beside the rustic breastwork overgrown
With brambles by rich, ripening raspberries strown,
The hunter pauses with his hound to look
Down in the Fort; within some shady nook
He sees the grenadier in coarse, red cap
Playing with dice; upon some grassy lap
The green-garbed Hessian mends his spatterdash,
The Sergeant crooks his chevron, and his sash
The ensign twines; all speak of peaceful day;
And as the limping partridge lures away
The hunter from her brood, on Panther Hill
He meets the trapper who, with hearty will
Says Schuyler calls all patriots to his side,
And toward Cohoes both speed with willing stride.

On Rogers Island, lazy red-coats stray
Among its shades to pass the summer day;
Or seek the Griffin House where cattle browse
In stumpy pastures, for a night's carouse;
Tramp the Old Lumber Road where, on its creek
The ruined saw-mill yields no more its click;
Where blackened shingles and prone logs stripped nude
And broken stone-boats, all around are strewed;
Or wander the Old Military Road,
Where stares for hours the unmolested toad;
Wade through the marsh to gather Indian plumes,
Or seek the foot-path full of chequered glooms;
Hang on the wreck of Bagley's Bridge athwart
Fort Edward's creek, whose pools are the resort
Of poising trout; or, Black Tom roping slow,
Cross McCrea's ferry in his rough batteau.

Others along the Richfield Plains would wend,
Between Forts Anne and Edward, at the bend
Of Hudson's bed where the Great Carrying Place
Began, and the batteau its polling pace
Ceased for the wagon's jolt whose canvas cave
Was piled with rustic goods and blankets brave

For settler and for savage, or jerked slow
O'er stony roads, with swinging pail below
And trotting dog, its four great steeds with stalk
Stately, and shrill bell jangling in their walk;
Pausing at roofs where buyers could be found,
And stores with shelves of cloths and dangling round
With bacon, loaves, whips, lanterns, in dim nooks
Hogsheads and barrels, and with blinking looks
Ranges of cutlery, and bringing up
By night, at small, rough, wayside Inns, to sup
And lodge, then on, repeating day by day
The life; o'er these smooth Plains they oft would stray
Sheeny with flowers, where roads all courses led
Vocal with frogs from swamps at each side spread
Or rolled in dells and knolls of pine-trees tanned
With their brown fringe, and veined with silver sand;
Or in some dimpling dingle would they rest
Playing at cards upon a prone tree's breast
Pearled with white lichen, rough with glossy spines
Crimsoned with moss or fringed with fairy pines.
The striped ground squirrel cantered by their side
Brush lifted like a gun; the woodchuck tried
To leave his den but shrank back as they looked;
And the rare black fox from his burrow crooked;
The quail gazed at them, and a movement quick
Betrayed the bell-owl in his covert thick
Wakened from sleep; the breezes flitting brief
Would plant white stars on every wavering leaf;
The flying squirrel, bird and brute combined,
Would shoot askance, until the arbors twined
Thickened in evening's shades of India ink
And from the skies the silver stars would wink.

Or in some gravel-pit where bushes clung,
And merry music from the insects rung,
On the warm gravel they their length would lay
Helmet cast down and musket laid away,
And think how sweetly they could slumber here
With naught but crickets chirping to their ear
Instead of reveille and quick tattoo
Or march to time their tread, and naught to view
But moonlight stepping on her tender feet
Straying around as if their eye to greet
Free from the tent's close folds: till glowing red
On the pit's rim would tell that day had fled.

Beneath a bridge above some shrunken stream
Where bent the arch, or stretched the web-like beam,
On the ridged earth they oft would crouch and hear
The frog's hoarse bellow echoing on their ear

SCENE OF BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER, AT PRESENT DAY.

From Site of Proposed Monument.

Like a far gun roar; cool the shadows lay
With here and there the gold dart of a ray
From chink and knot-hole; on the bits of sod
Stood spears of grass and tufts of golden rod;
And, now and then, a robin would look in
And chirp to see the scarlet colors win
Gleams from the dusk; below, the waters dark
Shone like gilt ebony, or shot a spark
Bright as a toad's eye; cool and sweetly damp
The sheltered spot until they sought the camp.

Changing the scene, Burgoyne his camp would trace
Round the Red House at the Great Carrying Place;
There when the sun is bright, the sentry sees
Madame Riedesel dining under trees.
As the chasseur beholds her gliding round
Off flies his bear-skin helmet, to the ground
His carbine slides; the bronze-browed grenadier
Lifts his red cap and smiles with honest cheer,
For the glad vintage of the father land
Lives in her presence; through its mountains grand
Winds the loved Rhine; the forests melt away,
Cot, wife and children smile; all shines one happy day.

Now like a sun blot in the circling camp
Her sandal specks the lumbering yager's stamp;
In the rain-rumbling barn, now, round rough boards
Sitting, with spades by plumes and scythes by swords;
Under the loft stuffed full of fragrant hay
Where the mustachioed weasel prowls for prey;
Where pronged the pitchfork, the strawcutter showered
Its glittering dots, and the wheelbarrow cowered
With the grey grindstone, and the resting plow
By the tall ladder leading to the mow
Rustling with insects like a trickling brook;
And the ash-barrel rounded from the nook.

Burgoyne, too, often, brings his epaulets
In the dusk barn when rain the landscape wets;
His scarlet coat upon the straw would gleam;
His snowy plumes beneath the rafters stream;
And when he left it seemed as if the place
Relapsing dim had lost a gliding grace.

Still restless, he Fort Miller's walls would seek
Where at the spreading ford, the rapids wreak
Their foam on sloping rocks; their ceaseless tongue
Soothed his vexed ear, and when rich film was flung
By the soft south wind on the mellow air,
His glittering greenduke bait would dimple where

The whirling pebble-stones of Bloody Run
Had scooped deep pools; his fowling piece would stun
Some cedar cavern where the quail had sought
Refuge; or he would rouse his tuneful thought
To poesy amid the glorious scenes
Of forest gorges, dingles and ravines;
Or, with pleased smile would watch the timid doe
Hiding her fawn too young to flee, as slow
He trod some grassy aisle; or as his hound
Treed the scared partridge, echo would rebound
To his loud shout, while the poor brindled thing
Too faint with fright to spread delivering wing
Would cower among the leaves; and thus the hours
On led his steps through mingled thorns and flowers.

As sunset glows, up Horican's pure tides,
A battery-corps of Phillips slowly glides
In large batteaux; as ripple their fronts along,
The boatmen wake the echoes with the song
Of their wild, frontier life; the mounted brass
In the low light gleams golden; black the mass
Of shade from point and curve of bank; the lake
Reflects the scarlet coats; the pennons shake
In the light puffs of air; they pass Burnt Camp
As the first breeze of sunset winnows damp;
Then Bosom Bay allures their wandering eyes
In the rich coloring of the western skies;
Sabbath Day Point in streaks of brilliance glows
And its black picture paints the Lake's repose;
By the bold grandeur of famed Rogers Slide
Shining in varied tinge, they sluggish glide;
Past Prisoner's Island rich in sunset stains;
Juniper Island now their pathway gains;
Past green Slim Point; Bluff Point is now before
Buck Mountain rears its crest along the shore;
Sugar Loaf Mountain glows in tender red;
On Battery Island, softest tints are spread;
Over the water breathes the birch's scent
The mints and pines in balmiest fragrance blent;
The golden beauty of the evening lies
Round like a blessing; the flotilla plies
Up past Tongue Mountain where the wood-duck oars
Her flight of terror, and her duckling shores;
The heavy battery-wheels, stout traces, chains,
Thick massive collars, tough but pliant reins,
Large saddles studded with big nails of brass,
And stalwart, stamping steeds, all upward pass.
Balls are coned round; great powder-bags and swabs
Lean in the nooks of trunnions and of knobs,
With rammers; men stand, sit, at full length lie;

They shout and whistle, gaze on earth and sky,
Wrestle in sport and fisticuff in joke,
Their limbs they dangle, and their pipes they smoke,
Rehearse old war-scenes, fondly hope for new,
Discuss commanders, pass in swift review
The late events, and laugh derisively
At such rude rustics fancying to be free.
Darker and darker grow the spreading shades,
Till twilight's glamor the wide scene pervades.
The sparkling isles all round them looked confused,
And the whole scene in lonely silence mused.
Heaves Shelving Rock in front; they pass it now
The jeweled Dipper beaming on its brow.
They mark the lovely tints of evening play
On the calm surface of Ganouskie Bay;
And now Dome Island in mid sight appears,
And toward it each batteau, loud rippling, steers
Here lies the goal until the morning sheen
And soon the camp-fires glitter on the scene.
Large as a cannon-wheel, the rosy moon
Rises; the Lake begins its nightly croon,
Ripple on bank, rustle of circling leaves,
All the soft sounds that summer silence weaves,
Some wakeful bird's note, the loon's startling whoop,
The myriad, differing cadence in one group
Filling the ear. Morn dawns in gorgeous tints:
The flashing deep the rude flotilla prints;
Soon Diamond Island's glossy shade is spread
Upon the water's gemmy gold and red;
Next, close adjoining, sits Long Island green
With leafy beauty, rich in dewy sheen;
On the batteaux; Phelp's Bay upon the east,
Yields to their gazing sight a dazzling feast;
Along the west, they pass the Rattlesnake
Lifting its crest above the glittering Lake,
Where the glad lustre twines its golden wreath
Upon the trees in the ravine beneath;
Artillery Cove, with its one cedar isle,
Sends o'er the sparkling flood its sylvan smile;
And now the ramparts of a ruined Fort
Rise on the shore, and there, they all resort.
They haul their cannon and they hoist their stores;
They scale cracked walls and traverse broken floors,
Planting their loads; Fort George that late was mute
In forest silence, save the wavelet's flute,
The bobolink's bugle, robin's flageolet,
And frog's bassoon, now buzzed with rush
Of busy life; and there, for many days
Horican viewed the scarlet banner blaze;
Till the rough road, that linked Fort Edward, saw

Thither the train its jolting progress draw.
Along the base of wild French Mountain, slow
They plunge and crunch; its summit shines aglow
With sheen, but shaded winds the road; beyond
They cross the stream of neighboring Long Pond;
Still on they jolt; they pass the old stockade
Of the French War; at night they bivouac made
Within Fort Amherst, at the Half-Way Brook.
And when morn glowed, again their pathway took
Along the forests chirping either side
Until they hailed the Fort at eventide.

Meanwhile the tidings of Oriskany
And Bennington careered; and glad and free
Hope spread white pinions; throngs to Schuyler pour
Swelling his ranks, all abject terror o'er.
Poor Jennie's mournful doom had roused an ire
Wrapping the region with consuming fire.
The boy strode downward in his rustic sleeves,
His coarse frock fragrant with the wheaten sheaves;
The brassy buttoned, blue, artillery coat
Trod by the hunting-shirt from wilds remote;
The scythe, sword-handled, met the king's arm red
In rust; the plumed cap touched the shaggy head;
Hid away hamlets, far away farms sent out
Their patriot throngs; the hunter's startling shout
No longer checked the flying deer; at dusk.
The fireflies saw the trap whose snaring musk
Allured the mink, snap on its gasping prey
With no rough hand to bear the fur away;
Unseen by prying eyes the otter slid
Down the smooth bank and in the streamlet hid;
From glossy hamlets and from forests wide,
From lakes like oceans, and from river-tide,
From streaks of fresh-blazed trees where sable-lines
Ran leagues, from watery dungeon-nooks where shines
The Indian Plume's rich torch; where slender reeds
Point by the cabin, bright in pickerel-weeds,
From the green cross road soft with school-house hum,
From tumbling milldams, and from dingles dumb
Save the whistling bird; from all points, came
High patriot hearts, shrines bright in freedom's flame,
Crowding the camp where Schuyler, lingering lay,
His strength increasing each succeeding day.
As when the spring tide brings the roaring rains
And the swollen Mohawk from its winter chains
Dashes in fury down the broad Cohoes
And wakes the forests from their calm repose,
So came the living torrents to the scene
Where Freedom's banner shone in beckoning sheen.

Back to Fort Stanwix. As Time onward stepped,
Closer St. Leger's threatening parallels crept.
In the near meadow at the Scalping Tree,
The patriot saw the red-skin in his glee
Wield the keen knife in token of the hour
When his hot head would feel its horrid power.
Oft did he see, too, in the evening glow
St. Leger's swarthy face and huge chapeau
By the wild, painted Brant, or Johnson bluff,
As he surveyed the Fort that in its rough
Half finished form still showed defiant teeth
At the thronged foe its sylvan walls beneath.

At last a night of scowling tempest saw
Willett and Stockwell from the fortress draw
Their snaky lengths through slumbering foes ; they grope
Through the black wilds until their blinding scope
Is kindled by the sun ; then on they steer,
The brook and blackberry their only cheer,
Till down the valley on their flying steeds
They Schuyler seek; their summons warm he heeds;
And Arnold tracks Fort Dayton's valley trail
And sends on Hon Yost with his cunning tale.

Along the Fort's rough road that led to where
Fort Stanwix stood, a man with slouching air
And wandering glance moved swift on ponderous feet;
The noontide sunbeams in his pathway beat
A thread-like trail that through the forest wound
And scarce mid thickets faint existence found.
Now the trail vanished in some windfall vast;
And now he vaulted o'er the pine tree cast
By the tornado, rearing frequent bulk;
Now waded some slow stream with snaky skulk
Oozing through rotten mould till one loose bog
Wallowed about; his large splay foot would clog,
And stumble o'er the blind and sketchy trail
Touching along; 'twas Hon Yost with his tale
Apt to his tongue to tell the savage foe
Of Arnold striking his o'erwhelming blow.

About the Scalping Tree, the red skins form
In solemn council; the debate is warm —
After wise Hah-wen-ne-yo's aid was sought —
Whether to leave at once the war-path fraught
With such dire evil as Oriskany,
Or follow still the King, their Father; free
Flows their fierce, guttural talk; their minds in doubt
Waver; a figure at a warning shout
Bursts on their rows; 'tis Hon Yost! "red men fly!

The white man comes to slay! his hosts are nigh
Thick as the leaves!" he shouts; they start, recoil;
The council breaks; they flee in wild turmoil,
In vain St. Leger hurls his wrath, and storms
The furious Johnson; quick retreating forms
Fill all the portage toward Wood Creek; and soon
The golden quiet of the afternoon
Steeps the wide landscape; field and stream and tree
Restored once more to soft tranquillity.

All round the sylvan Fort as sunset shone
Settled the forest stillness, and alone,
Instead of wild, fierce prowling forms, it sees
The steadfast columns of the peaceful trees:
Instead of flitting red-coats gleaming rich
In the gold rays from battery wall and niche
Of breastwork, it beholds the sweep of leaves
Gorgeous in all the pomp that sun-down weaves.
Left even the bombardier in slumber cast,
And the hung kettles for the eve's repast.
The low light bathes the empty meadows spread
Along the Mohawk, trampled with the tread
So late of foes; as silver twilight falls,
And umber thickens on the forest walls
The landscape hears, instead of sounds that fright,
The murmured music of the quiet night.

As here scenes change, in Schuyler's island-camp
As the famed Sprouts, Night hangs her diamond lamp,
Day his nectarian dome ; it sees the fall
Of dark Cohoes; watches the drowsy crawl
Of the batteau up Mohawk's branching blue,
The noiseless periagua the canoe
With paddle-foot, for De-o-wain-sta's belt
Where the sweet valley-river's sources melt
In spongy mosses and in bubbly ooze.
Until all trace the lurking trickles lose.

Upon the rocky isle, like wintry drifts
Tents ridge the scene; a zigzag breastwork lifts
Now, the flat shore; a loop-holed curtain, now,
Joins bastions; a bomb-battery rears its brow
Betwixt low rocks; embrasures skirt the scene;
War darkening frowns in natures smiling green.
Here Gates, the reins of battle's crouching steeds
Seizing from Schuyler's guiding grasp, succeeds
To that wise hero's post within the car
Whose wheels still wait on fortune's fickle star.

Fronting, in whirling, flashing, plunging shocks,
Cohoes comes dashing down its bridling rocks;—

Comes like a warrior whooping on his path,
His hatchet glittering in his tameless wrath.
Thence the broad Mohawk, dark in eddying flow,
Steals to the Hudson's broader wave below.
In the calm, wrinkling flood, the patriot-camp
Stands on its island, one of four that cramp
The waters to the Sprouts that, smiling, bring
Their crystal jewels to the River-King.

Now their adieu, the days of Summer bid,
And cool September brings her catydid.
Gates, roused to action, takes his upward way
To meet Burgoyne who, waked from his delay,
Is marching downward, with his earthward ear
Keen sharpened, Clinton's hoped for tread to hear.
The forests glint with patriots steel; the air
Echoes and glitters with the stamp and glare
Of foot and weapon; dead leaves turn to mire
At trampling feet; the air, one sounding lyre
Of fife and drum; the old oak's leafy speech
Says "on" not "back;" the compass of the beech
By its moss-hands points north; the hemlock thinned
With austral blasts says "up;" the maple skinned
By the lodged fir, creaks "come;" and glad the ranks
Obedient track the Hudson's upward banks.

His fife within his hand, the fifer-lad
Tramped on; the baggage-driver whirled his gad;
The cannonier, beside his gleaming gun,
His crunching, pounding, plunging pathway won;
Vaulting the prostrate log, the snare-loosed drum
Jarred by the bound, gave out a sullen hum;
The king's arm clanked upon the buckle; rang
The sword against the rock; with bell-like clang
The brass-plate of some plumed cap struck a branch
Drooped low; the steel-tipped flagstaff, flashing launch
Made to the arch the weeping elm o'erhung,
While in some gust the dangling bugle sung.
The rifleman's red hunting shirt yields fringe
To the thorn's clutch; the mould's black, smirchings tinge
Laced leggins; farm-boys in their butternut,
Find how the sedges like keen knives can cut;
And soaked boots rumble as they toiling tread
The deep morass with yielding mosses spread.
They trace the deer path round the swamp and seize
The meaning of the blaze-hacks on the trees
Traced by the trapper for his figure four,
Or dead-fall with its death-pole slanting o'er
Couched in the bush; even guided by the scent
Of the pierced bait for its furred prey, they went.

But fronting heights now meet the wandering eye
Where river flats in meadowy smoothness lie
In crescent green; the army halts, and day
By day, the spot assumes war's stern array.
Breastworks crown knolls; and point the bristling spears
Of sharp abattis; now, a wall careers
Over some marsh; and an embrasure, now,
Runs through a panther-lair; the hillock's brow
Bears the strong battery; while in ranks of snow
The tents their many lanes and alleys show.

Thy skill, oh! noble Kosciusko! wakes
These warlike looks! thy peerless genius breaks
Over this scene in wily webs that sent
Freedom's brave son, to strife; so subtly blent,
So closely hidden, with such caution traced
That the foe knew not where they lurked, till placed
In contact by surrender, and thus made
To fight with a veiled enemy arrayed
In battle order; gladly History keeps
Enshrined thy name, while proud her bosom leaps
O'er thy bright fate, to fall in conflict grand
Oh! hero, patriot, for thy fatherland.

Flashes of steel and frequent spots of red
Through the dense foliage o'er the landscape spread
Tell of the foe; His downward step is stayed,
And here, at last, he draws his battle-blade.

As two grim thunder clouds approaching nigh,
Threatning and watchful, climb the shrinking sky;
Nearer and nearer, not a stir or breath;
Nearer and nearer, silent all as death
Until together the black masses dash,
When dart keen lightnings, fearful thunders crash;
So came and closed the hosts, until with fright
Shuddered the scene in battle's fiercest might.

Upon thy heights, oh! Bemus! let us stand
And view the landscape beautiful and grand.
North-west, in hue that robes the heather-bell,
The velvet tops of Horican upswell.
Downy in distance, sheeny in the sun,
East, domed in blue, the height of Bennington,
Where likewise those grand peaks, in glimmerings blent
Show the Green Mountains, Freedom's battlement.
That rounded summit, too, in purple drest
Proclaims where Willard's Mountain rears its crest.
South, the soft range that gray the horizon breaks
Tells where its way the Hudson Valley takes;

While west, the hills of Saratoga belt
The raptured eyesight, and in azure melt.

Oh! War, thou frightful fiend, from thy red deep
Why dost thou spring, dread carnival to keep!
Hast thou not spoiled this earth enough, that thou
Must still unveil the terrors of thy brow?
Wreathed roses scent the summer air to-day,
To-morrow stoops the raven to his prey;
At morn, the sun on life sheds gladdening boon,
At night, looks down on death, the sorrowing moon.
Nature abhors thee: on the battle-field
She hastes her healing, eager aid to yield.
On bony fragments twines the peaceful flower;
O'er sword and musket bends the grassy bower;
Where wheeled platoons and deadly volleys rolled.
The kinebell chimes, the plowshare curls the mould;
In the burst bomb-shell rounds the robin's nest;
Where bullets struck, the fern waves feathery crest;
But still red Battle wields his scorpion scourge
And their fierce, maddened flight his fearful coursers urge.

And yet, thy presence casts one smiling ray
When Patriot Valor piles thy slaughtering way.
In fire divine, thy altar stands arrayed
When fatherland calls man to draw his blade.
Fragrant breathe War's fierce gory blossoms then;
A sacred light bathes mountain, field and glen;
And memory bends a mourner o'er the grave
Where man has died his native soil to save.

And thus, oh Bemus, on thy leafy heights
Did Freedom strive to guard her heavenly rights!
Her voice the torrent and her arm the pine
Dashing and swinging and man's heart her shrine.

And so on that September morn, the hosts
Met in fierce grapple; Poesy that boasts
Celestial birth! not thine the laurel torn
From hideous Battle, but the bay leaf born
From lovely Peace; thy song is not the clank
Sounding, rebounding from the serried rank;
Thy glance resides not in the cannon's flash;
Thou shudderest at the conflict's thunderous crash;
Haste to thy sylvan haunt, to thy green home!
Let not thy fairy, flowery sandal roam
To scenes of war! there, shines heaven's delicate blue;
The robin's warble greets the sunset dew;
The stream's soft silver glides in sunny dells;
Thy soul-bright eye on naught but beauty dwells;
Yet, though thou shrinkest, patriot voices call;

The trumpet's clangors must not all appal!
Loved country beckons thee thy haunt to leave
For scenes that fire the spirit while they grieve.
Come then on tiptoe, glowing, yet aghast,
Thy wild locks streaming on the battle-blast,
Thy form recoiling even while pressing on,
Thy soft eye glittering, though thy cheek be wan;
Strip the gold strings of music from thy lyre,
And streak its graceful frame with iron wire
Flinging fierce flashes like the musket's own;
Ringing stern crashes like the cannon's tone;
Sing how brave Arnold dared death's fiercest frown,
And Morgan's rifle won a new renown;
How Poor and Scammel dipped their swords in red;
Cilley and Learned marked their path with dread;
How Phillips thundered, Ackland faced the foe
Riedesel sallied, Fraser showered his blow;
Ranks withered, sunk platoons; on Havoc ploughed;
Live streaks of fire shot arrowy through the cloud;
The bayonet glittered, gleamed the frequent sword;
The musket rattled and the cannon roared;
The Heights like Sinai spoke with glare and peal,
Battle the Moses and the tablets steel;
And long as Fame her pen of power shall hold,
Thy earth, Oh Bemus! shall be changed to gold!
Piled to a pyramid, Time's sunset beam,
In living lustre, there, shall lingering stream;
Thy name be sculptured in eternal rock
And told among the beats of Time's unceasing clock.

The night sinks down, but sparkles red betray
Where tireless arms still carry on the fray.
Cap-plate and match-box in the battle-flame
The foes respective, breast to breast, proclaim,
Till Carnage ceases from his crimson tread,
And the drear scene but holds the dying and the dead.
The Patriot Chieftain, wakeful, dreads the light,
Lest the fierce Lion should renew the fight.
The sable grains where lurk death's lightnings, naught;
Ah! with what danger Freedom's life is fraught!

Burgoyne, too, wakeful, stoops once more his ear;
Ah! loitering Howe! thy succor! is it near!
On torturing waves his struggling heart is tost;
A conflict like the last, and all is lost.
The morning dawns; the Lion from the scene
Hath sought his lair within the walled ravine
And height embattled; sylvan Freeman's farm—
That late resounded with wild war's alarm;
Where dashed the battle in its swinging flow,

Like grappling billows rolling to and fro;
Or a majestic pendulum is urged:
Where the red ranks and where the patriot surged;
Where gallant Jones, his blue-red coat aglow
With redder hues, hurled thunders on the foe,
And died at last beside his cannon hot
With their live lightnings;—ah that sylvan spot
How dire the scenes it knew — shines fresh and bright,
With nature smiling in the morn's delight.
Unscared, the meadow-lark soars warbling up
As the dew domes the aster's starry cup;
The robin pipes his clarionet and blinks
At the round button like an eye that winks
On the prone red-coat; while the squirrel eyes
The prostrate garb of home-spun, its dull dyes
Like the brown store he gathered for his cave;
From his leaf hammock with his sable glaive
To pierce the flower, the bee drones on his way
His silver bag-pipe misty with its play;
All speak of peace, the living and the dead;
And thus the hours speed on with golden tread.

Days roll along; the patriot picket sees
The red platoons rich glimpsing through the trees.
The grenadier surveys the rustic foe
Pitching the quoit, or drilling to and fro
The new recruits; the nightly watch-fires glance
Upon the Indian's circling, stamping dance
To the bowl-drum's dull beat; the hut of boughs
Wreathed by the patriot farm-boy from where browse
The cattle in the barn-yard, views him fit
The handle of the hoe within a bit
Of sharpened steel, and lo ! a spear to pierce
The cannonier when up he gallops fierce
To hurl his bolts; the drummer-boy that wore
His drum until its skin the bullet tore
Turns it into a cage to prison there
The captured squirrel; near, with patient care
Some rustic makes the scythe into a sword,
Perchance to strike, when battle's torrents poured,
The grand Burgoyne himself, as hand to hand
Sickle to bayonet, pitchfork warding brand,
Whirls the blind chaos; arms that wield the flail,
Heap up the cider-press and build the rail
Strike deep; and thus September goes, her breath
Dimming the greenery, like day's twilight death
Filming the landscape, and October comes.
The pine sighs Summer's dirge; the hemlock hums
Its wintry prophecy; Burgoyne perceives
The hectic crimson on the maple leaves

And thinks how like his hopes their green was sign
And now when evil fortune makes decline
The red announces doom; then how the blue
Unchanging cedar wore the fadeless hue
Of smiling Freedom's hopes; the birch's gold
His vanishing glory as a warrior told;
The oak's rich purple, of the gore that stained
His path, and, oh despair! what, what, remained!

At length he reared once more his wavering front
To blindly dare the battle's fickle brunt.
Again he dashes from his camp as breaks
A long stayed cataract; Slaughter fiercely shakes
Anew his pinions. Poesy upsprings
From the green dingle where the sunshine flings
A gold black chequer, and in quiet she
Couched in the blossom swung within the tree
With bee and bird songs in her shell-like ears
Building her fairy thoughts; and, shuddering, hears
Again the shout of battle; slow her tread
Toward the fierce scene where Carnage reigns in dread
From where the dew condensed its sparkling swell
In silver cupolas along the dell.
Her soft eyes start, her golden hair again
Streams like a sunlit torrent; jars the strain
Her pearly lyre; black scowls the sulphury cloud
Red with the streaks of death; War shouts aloud
In fiendish glee; foes grapple; ranks melt; earth
Shakes with the cannon-thunder; this thy mirth,
Accursed Demon! oh ye beauteous trees,
That rang so sweetly to the minstrel breeze!
How your soft bark — the tricksy beetle's home
And all the murmurous wings whose twilight roam
Turns air to music — by fierce, cruel balls
Is tortured! as they strike, what glittering falls
Of tiny shapes! what showers of rainbow leaves!
But vain the sorrow! Battle, ceaseless, weaves
His awful web! "on patriots! charge once more!"
"Back, rebels!" reeks with red the forest floor!
Five times a British gun is won and lost
By Britain and by Freedom, and is tost
By the war's wave to Freedom's hand at length; —
Bold Cilley mounts and dedicates its strength
To Freedom's cause, and hurls its thunders loud
With red-coat charges on the red-coat crowd.

Oh gorgeous Banner, rent but waving still!
Oh Flag of ages! with what warrior will
Thy folds have shadowed realms! no craven arm
Hath ever borne thee! fortune's smiling charm

Hath made thee bright ! ah, Lion Flag what now
Darkens thy radiance ! Freedom's glorious brow
Smites with the splendor born of lightning spray
Flashed by fierce torrents, the tornado's way
Through levelled wilds, of billows hurling masts
Like straws beneath them, born of tameless blasts
Whirling round chainless crags, of boundless skies
Of endless woods, where freest mountains rise;
Oh trophied Banner, doth thy Lion droop
Yea shiver and shrink, yea, shiver and shrink and stoop
Down toward the dust ! on Flag ! one struggle more !
Think of thy glories ! let the blood outpour !
Strike, warriors strike ! ah, Flag of high emprise !
Bold Ackland falls ! low, noble Fraser lies !
In vain, alas in vain, thy sons brave death !
Faint is the strength and wailing is the breath
Around thee now ! but, facing still the foe,
Thy tread is faltering, waxing weak thy blow !
Facing the foe, not onward points thy track !
Facing the foe, but reeling, reeling back!
The Flag of Freedom follows! bright, with sun,
Borne by TenBroeck, Poor, Glover, Livingston;
Borne by brave Nixon, Learned, scorning dread;
Fierce Arnold leading, Morgan in his tread;
In vain Burgoyne plants firm his step to stay,
Ragged with balls! in vain, in vain, away
The chief is swept, whose watch-word was the boast
" Britons retreat not," swept now by the host
He scorned; our Banner, brightening as it goes,
Careers o'er piles of dead, o'er struggling foes.
Shout! Freedom, shout! hurrah! on, on its path!
On over breastwork, sharp abattis! wrath
Glares from the Lion's eye! shout, Freedom, shout!
On, Banner, on! the Lion turns in rout,
The boasting Lion! shout! hurrah! he flees!
Brave Breyman dies! triumphant Freedom sees
The Lion flying from the field! hurrah!
No grander sight, grand freedom ever saw!
Waving her flag, she plants it on its throne,
Shout! rend the skies! hurrah! shout! victory is her own!

Again the morning, but no Lion's glare
Reddens the field; in sullen, dark despair
He crouches in his den upon the height;
While Freedom spends the day in songful, wild delight.

The wrathful sunset lights a sorrowing scene
In which a warrior train with mournful mien
Consigns the gallant Fraser to his rest
Within the " Great Redoubt," upon the crest

Of that mailed hill where stands Burgoyne to pay
Friendship's last tribute to the much-loved clay.
Hiss the fierce, patriot cannon-balls around
The grieving group, as rise in sacred sound
The funeral words; but changed at length to tolls
Of minute-guns whose solemn homage rolls
Over the twilight landscape darkening grave
In reverence, likewise, for the noble brave.

As the rain blinds the night, on Hudson's flow
A boat is tossing; valiant in her woe,
The tender Ackland seeks her wounded lord
Within the patriot-camp; the wild blast roared
O'er the black waves; though bitter rain-sheets chilled.
Feelings of heaven that throbbing bosom filled,
And soon her husband's suffering couch she gained,
Whose pangs she soothed and languor she sustained.

As the rain streams, Burgoyne his sullen tread
Turns to the North; no hope remains; his head
Bows low! and yet — if Horican's free wave
Receives his conquered host, retreat might save
Surrender — on! the night weeps bitter tears,
But on! this one sole hope, though glimmering, cheers
His fainting spirit! on! the Lion stoops
In the black air, but on! in straggling groups
His tired and hungry ranks grope slow along;
Oh! how unlike the gay and gladdening song
Of their advance! "Britons retreat not!" now
Shame clogs the step, dejection loads the brow;
But on! the morning dawns! still on! the height
Of Saratoga hails the pallid light
Of closing eve, and here, at last, the weighed
And weary step of poor Burgoyne is stayed.

Gates follows after; from the jeweled isles
Of Horican; the stately rocky piles
Of blue Luzerne, where the majestic crags
Of Potash Kettle change the clouds to flags;
Where the Green Mountain blasts to thunders call
In stately challenge; foams the waterfall
Of the Great Spirit; where expands the plain
Of the rich "Healing Waters!" where in vain
Centuries gnaw the buckler on the breast
Of Wallface, and Tahawus scowls with crest
Of scorn upon his vassal peaks; in throngs
The patriots sally, fiery with their wrongs
And hopeful of their rights, to Freedom's side
Now marching forward with victorious stride.

Shrinking from ceaseless showers of patriot balls,
Madame Riedesel, in those cellar walls
Hallowed by her grand heart, makes bright the gloom
With fond devotion: at her touch, the bloom
Of roses glows from ashes; suffering's bed
Hears the sweet music of her gentle tread;
She cools hot fever's brow, and with her smiles
The weary hours of tossing pain beguiles.
Thy horrors, War, are tinged with transient glow
By souls like her's, one joy to myriad woe!

Within a ball-swept tent Burgoyne sits now
In counsel with despair upon his brow.
Curtains of scowling blackness fold him round;
Closed is the net, and he is firmly bound.
Turns he toward Horican? the foe is there!
East, Fellows' cannon-lightnings scorch the air;
West, the live forest but his coming waits;
And in his rear the frowning front of Gates.

At last wakes dallying Howe, and Hudson reels
Under the upward rush of British keels.
Many a brown hamlet on the river shore
At British broadsides, finds its quiet o'er;
And many a stately manor house withdrawn
In its old groves, upon its shrubbery lawn,
Feels the hot cannon-ball; — where roll the heights
Of the wild Highlands, and in stately sights
Nature rejoices, curving, now the Stream
To seeming lakes, then narrowing till its gleam
Is lost in blackness from the swelling breasts,
At either hand, of the encroaching crests,—
Standing like islands in an emerald sea,
Frown stern, Forts Clinton and Montgomery.
In vain they hurled their thunders, still in vain
Reliance placed they on the massive chain
Linking the shores; the struggling Forts were swept,
The chain was snapped, and up the vessels kept
Their devastating way; — still on, still on!
Their broadsides roaring while their torches shone,
Round many a dwelling slumbering in its trees,
Wakening to fires wild streaming on the breeze
At midnight's helpless hour; at length in flames
Grassy Esopus sees its rustic frames,
But northern tidings tell that hope is vain,
And Vaughan and Wallace seek Manhattan's spires again.

On Saratoga's height, Song's weary wing
Now folds a space, her glances round to fling.
From "Gravel Hill" gleams down upon her view

Hudson's bright flood; that fragment of soft blue
Tells the Green Mountains, and it smiles upon
The scene of glad and glorious Bennington;
Upon the river bank rise dome-like hills;
Downward a rich and varying landscape fills
The gladdened eye; where sunset fires the skies,
The dreamy peaks of Saratoga rise.
Horican's mountains, like the purple down
Of the ripe plum, the North horizon crown;
Up, Battenkill yields Hudson's breast her charms
Clasping a fairy daughter in her arms;
South, the sweet Fish-Kill links, too, like a bride
Her sparkling beauty with his lordly tide;
Outspreads the space of erst Fort Hardy, nigh;
And here Song fastens her exultant eye.

A pearly, creamy Indian summer day!
Glorious the scenes October's tints display.
Golden the birch, in red the maple glows,
Orange the beech, the oak its purple shows,
While bits of rainbow, every jewel's hue
Blossom and bird, and shell, seem draining through
Upon the woodland mould, so rich and bright
Thicket and herbage flash upon the sight.

On the Fort Hardy Green, this dainty day,
The conquered hosts of England marched, to lay
Their weapons down; the hour has struck, and now
With heavy footsteps and with sullen brow,
They come, but with no patriot eye to see,
For nobly, Gates in generous sympathy
Has banished all within their tents; they come,
Yet with no banner spread, no beating drum.
Tramp, tramp, they come! tramp, tramping, rank on rank,
Tramp, tramp, they come! tramp, tramping; hark, that clank,
Those piling arms! clank, clank! that tolling knell
To bowed Burgoyne! what bitter, bitter swell
Of his proud heart! ah, sad Burgoyne! what death
To thy high hopes, all vanished like a breath;

The second scene! stretched down the rustic road
On two long patriot lines the sunlight glowed.
Each musket shouldered, every flag unwreathed,
Each cannon pointed, every sword unsheathed,
A picture grand of flags and swords and guns,
There stand the States in persons of their sons.
Virginia's Morgan proudly there; erect
New York's brave Livingston; in gladness decked,
Learned of Massachusetts; Valiant Poor
Of grand New Hampshire; oh, ye brave! secure
In this your triumph! well might ye rejoice!

Do ye not hear within your hearts the voice
The trumpet voice of Freedom? hail all hail,
Ye heroes! for your courage did not fail
In trial! but ye nobly strove and now
The star of victory beams on every brow.

They come, the conquered hosts! the grenadier,
Whose veteran heart has never known a fear;
Bare his laced shoulder, bare of musket, worn
To polish with his weight; the Hessian, torn
From his loved hamlet by the Rhine, to fight
Uncaring in another's cause whose right
He knew not; mingling in his train, the bear
The graceful deer, the furred raccoon, his care
Has tamed; and cowering in the midst, oh sight
Of woe, ah saddening sight, that Flag of might
That Lion Banner which had, conquering, climbed
Abraham's proud Heights! and with its folds sublimed
By Wolf's grand death, had felt the dying sighs
Of brave Montcalm — while streaming in the skies
Blazoned in triumphs, bright in victory's burst
The Stars and Stripes, unfurled now for the first—
(Ah, glorious flag the symbol of the Free
What heart so cold that does not warm to thee!
Born in the throes of War, on land and sea
What heart so high that does not sink to thee!
Crimson with patriot blood, what caitiff knee
In Freedom's realm that does not bend to thee!)
Waved, proudly, grandly, gloriously waved
Above the Lion, deeply now engraved
By its first victory, with all hearts all round
Thrilled in the blithe and rapid-tripping sound
Of our loved air whose measure to our tongue
Will cling while think the old and act the young.

As passed the conquered troops, from out the tent
Of Gates whose hospitable folds had bent
O'er the two chiefs at meat, Burgoyne, in pride
Of gold and scarlet, plumage streaming wide,
And Gates, in plain, blue garb, appeared, surveyed
The moving scene; the first then bared his blade
And, bowing, gave it to the other's hand
Who swift returned it with a gesture bland.

Off march the conquered hosts; the distant hills
Hide them; again the wide encampment fills
With patriot troops; sweet quiet reigns once more;
And Saratoga's last, grand, glorious scene is o'er.
Up rose our sun from this great battle's height;
Swift flew the clouds and all the sky was bright.

Up soared our Eagle, onward she careered;
Her wing cast radiance and her presence cheered.
Wide flew our Eagle; France unsheathed her sword
And sought our side; and Spain and Holland poured
Their smiles upon us; wide our Eagle flew!
Cowpens, Kings Mountain, saw glad Victory strew
Her flowers beneath their tread; till Yorktown wreathed
Our land with laurel; War his falchion sheathed;
And Glory smiling on her WASHINGTON
Led FREEDOM to her Throne; OUR HERITAGE WAS WON.

Hail, noblest WASHINGTON! thy soul sublime
Towers with the loftiest from the earliest time
Great Alexander trampled on a world,
Yet to the cup, inglorious banner furled;
Majestic Cæsar with the earth beneath
Sought but to hide his baldness with his wreath;
Bacon, whose thoughts were stars, his mind a sky,
His rich, bright ermine stained with venal dye;
Marlborough, grand Achilles of the sword!
Lived the mean slave to gold that he adored;
Napoleon, pulse of prostrate Europe's heart,
Shook with weak fear at Fortune's threatening dart;
Alone, blent WASHINGTON all hues to white
Harmonious radiance of transparent light;
Stern, and yet meek, no change of fate disturbed;
His a swift courage by slow caution curbed;
In danger calm, ambitious but in good;
In trial strong, temptations all withstood;
In darkness, breaking out a cheering sun;
No trouble bowed him and no pleasure won;
Fixed in resolve, yet bending patient ear;
In action prompt, in deep disdain of fear;
He drew his sword when country asked his aid,
And when need passed, serene returned the blade
Hiding the wreaths the grateful nation twined
Where green Mount Vernon all his joys enshrined.
A rocky column he, shaft, brow and base,
Of flowery sculpture, and Corinthian grace;
A stalwart oak, with smiling tendrils wreathed;
A pointed spear, in loving roses sheathed;
A mountain, towering in its state aloft,
Builded of granite, but with verdure soft;
Holding alike the blossom and the pine,
The storm cloud's shadow and the noontide's shine;
Now, the bird warbling in the dell, and now,
The eagle pealing from the craggy brow;
Hail, patriot Chief, all hail! Historic Fame
In purest gold, hath traced thy glorious name!
Earth has Niagara, the sky its sun,
And proud mankind its only WASHINGTON.

Hail, Saratoga, hail! the whole broad land
Should peal thy triumph in one pæan grand
Nature yields homage; each recurring year
Honoring thy mighty deeds which rendered clear
The truth our nation should at last be free,
October shows its leafy blazonry.
For in our clime alone those gorgeous dyes
Vie with the splendor of its sunset skies.
All hail! may thy proud glories heavenward burn
Till to a cinder Time the sun shall turn.

And now our Banner! 'oft its hues it changed;
Through many varying shapes its aspect ranged;
The elm of Massachusetts and the oak
Of Carolina into being woke
The Tree of Liberty: (how strangely shows
This patriot union of such after foes!)
Till a new Constellation starred its blue
And red and white their deep, striped colors drew;
Blue, red and white, like tints that quiver and reel
Over the velvet rich of red hot steel.
Wide streamed that Banner! as its folds flashed free
Auroral splendors flashed in sympathy;
Until the patriot saw the earthborn dyes
Reflected in the Standard of the skies.
Oh, while those splendors beam upon the sight
May that broad Banner glow in living light!
Oh, may its trophies wave in pomp sublime
Till melts the midnight of departing Time.

Loudly may laurelled Saratoga claim
A granite tribute to her splendid fame!
In the grand chariot which her war-steeds drew
She first placed Freedom, pointing to her view
The glorious goal. Shall pagan Egypt bid
The heavens be cloven with her pyramid?
Shall Greece shrine Phidias in her Parthenon
To live till fade the stars and dies the sun?
Rome with her mighty Coliseum whelm
The earth with awe, a peerless wondrous realm?
And our free nation meanly shrink to write
With lasting finger in the whole world's sight
Grand Saratoga's glory? sound aloud,
Song thy wide trumpet! let the heavens be bowed
With Love of Country's wrathful thunders, till
A reverent people, with united will
Shall bid the Monument in sculptured art
Rise, Freedom's visible form, our land's embodied heart.

In introducing the next speaker to the audience, Judge LESTER said:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I take pleasure in informing you that there is on the platform with me the son of a soldier who fought at Bemus Heights one hundred years ago. (Cheers.) But that is not his only title to our esteem. He has served his own State with distinction in the United States senate, and has been vice-president of these United States. I have the honor to introduce to you Senator FOSTER from Connecticut.

Ex-Senator FOSTER then stepping to the front of the platform spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF HON. L. F. S. FOSTER.

Will you pardon me, fellow citizens, if I say that I am quite in sympathy with the whole of the vast crowd which surrounds this stand? The thought that is uppermost in all your minds at this moment I am sure is, that he must be a bold man, bold even to rashness, who should dare at this hour of this day to stand before you with the design of making a speech. The eloquent words of two most distinguished citizens of the Empire State are yet ringing in your ears. They have discussed the great event which we are assembled to commemorate and perpetuate, in such a manner as to leave nothing to be added; at least I have not the courage to attempt it, and I trust I have no cowardly blood in my veins, for my father stood on this field among the victors, one hundred years ago to-day. In the battle which preceded the surrender, he bore an active part, and I think I am warranted in saying that he performed his duty faithfully and well. My mother had two brothers here. My State had two regiments here, and several troops of Light Horse. So I don't feel myself a stranger or intruder. Your worthy ex-Governor has courteously said, that though this celebration was in the State of New York, for a victory won on the soil of New York, it was not alone a New York celebration. The descendants of those from other States, who aided in winning the victory, were here, not as guests, but because they had a right to be here. One of the Connecticut regiments was made up from the eastern part of the State, from New London and Windham counties. To that my father belonged. He was a lieutenant in the line and adjutant of the regiment. Colonel Latimer was the commander. My father's warrant as adjutant is dated the 17th of October, 1777, and was given on this field. He has been dead fifty-three years, and the earliest recollections of my boyhood are sitting on his knee and listening to the stories of the march, the camp and the battle-field, with all the eagerness belonging to that period of life. Those tales made an impression on my mind too deep and too vivid ever to be erased. May I quote to you a stanza of a song, which he was in the habit of singing, especially on the return of this day, a day he never failed to celebrate, as he celebrated the 4th of July. It ran thus:

"The 17th of October,
The morning being clear,
Brave Gates unto his men did say
'My boys be of good cheer,
For Burgoyne he is advancing,
And we will never fly,
But to maintain our chartered rights,
We'll fight until we die.'"

The eloquent orator who has preceded me has alluded to the manner in which General Arnold bore himself on the field at the final battle before the surrender. I well recollect hearing my father say that Arnold came dashing along the line, the speed at which he rode leaving his aid far behind, and as he came up to my father's regiment he called out, "Whose regiment is this?" My father replied, "Col. Latimer's, sir." "Ah," said he, "my old Norwich and New London friends. God bless you; I am glad to see you. Now come on boys; if the day is long enough, we'll have them all in hell before night." General Arnold was a native of Norwich and was born within fifty rods of my house in that town. For his previous services and for the gallantry he displayed here, we felt proud of him as a son of Connecticut. Subsequently, he became a son of perdition, and so we let him pass.

Among the numerous incidents that my father used to relate, which occurred a short time prior to the surrender of Burgoyne, I call to mind one that I will repeat. His regiment was ordered at a certain time to take up a new position. In marching through the woods to the post assigned them, they encountered a body of Hessians who were lying in ambush in their way, and who rose up suddenly and fired upon them. My father was marching by the side of Colonel Latimer. On receiving the enemy's fire, the colonel slapped his hand on his thigh, as my father thought in a rather excited manner, and called out, fire! The order was very promptly obeyed, and the order to form in line was almost simultaneously given. My father was marching with a musket, which he snapped when the order to fire was given, but from some defect in the musket-lock, it stopped at half-cock, and did not go off. Most of the men by this time had changed their positions, and my father was left standing almost alone. He made up his mind, however, not to leave till he had fired his gun. He re-cocked it, took aim again, pulled the trigger and fired. He then took his place in the regiment, and after one or two more volleys, the Hessians retreated in disorder. On reaching their position, the regiment pitched their tents and encamped. My father occupied a tent with Colonel Latimer, and at night, when the colonel pulled off his boots to turn in, a bullet dropped from one of them on the ground. This led to an examination, and they soon found that his coat which had long pocket-flaps, reaching down on his legs, had a bullet hole through one of the pockets. In that pocket, the colonel had a large pocket-book quite filled with papers, and among them his colonel's commission. The bullet had passed through this pocket-book, and was thus so deadened in its force, that on reaching the colonel's person it made only a slight indentation in the skin and dropped down into his boot. This served to explain the hurried manner of slapping his thigh with his hand when the first fire of the Hessians was received. The slight twinge which the bullet gave him was immediately forgotten in the excitement of the occasion. The commission was folded as it lay in the pocket-book, and when opened, it showed seven bullet holes through it. My father always alluded to that commission as one that *a soldier* would prize.

I would like also to say something of the march of my father's regiment toward Albany the day after the surrender, and the crossing of "the Sprouts" of the Mohawk — the lateness of the hour forbids.

Allusion has been made to some of the battle-fields famous in the world's history, and this is surely worthy of mention in that connection. Dr. Johnson said that that man was little to be envied whose patriotism did not grow warmer on the plain of

Marathon. There certainly can be no man with an American heart in his bosom, whose patriotism is not warmed into a fervid glow on this plain of Saratoga.

After the speech, the Chairman of the stand said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The commemorative exercises of to-day are over. Our first centennial celebration has been made a magnificent success by the eloquence of our speakers and the golden sunshine with which we have been favored. It becomes my duty now to adjourn this meeting for one hundred years.

EXERCISES AT THE NORTH STAND.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE W. SCHUYLER.

One hundred years ago General Burgoyne, at the head of a large and well appointed army, on these grounds, surrendered to the undisciplined forces of a few millions of people just struggling into national existence. It is only natural that we should forget the event for a moment, and inquire as to the actors in the drama. Standing upon the ground where the surrender was made we look into the past. We see the English general with well-disciplined legions and savage allies sweeping through the northern lakes and down through the valley of the Hudson, driving the little army of the republic from post to post. In their front we see the army of citizen soldiers, few in number; without uniform, without supplies, almost without arms, disputing the way step by step, until, recruited from the farms and workshops of New England and New York with a Spartan band from the sunny South, they take position on the heights of Saratoga, and stay the onward progress of the enemy.

We see the armies preparing for the contest — there the English regiments, and their German mercenaries, with Canadians and Indians at their flanks — here the patriot army unused to arms, but self reliant and hopeful.

We see the form of General Gates at the door of his tent, at a safe distance from the scene of conflict, sending by messengers his orders to his officers in the field. We see the fiery Arnold at the head of his command charging furiously — the brave and prudent Lincoln leading his men into the deadly strife — the lion-hearted Morgan with his southern riflemen raining deadly fire on the enemy's wavering ranks — we see thousands of noble heroes intent upon victory or death.

Still gazing back off to the left, up the valley of the Mohawk, we behold the dying Herkimer with his patriot band within the toils of Butler's tories and Indian allies at Oriskany — we see the gallant Gansevoort at Fort Schuyler sending word to St. Leger and his beleaguering hosts, "we will hold the fort or die,"— and near by we see Hon Yost (termed half-witted) and one Indian companion, warily threading their way through the forest alone to raise the siege, and relieve the half-starved garrison.

Still backward, off to the right, among the green hills of Vermont, our gaze rests upon the manly form of the modest and determined Stark. Surrounded with his hardy neighbors they are rejoicing in victory over the cohorts of General Baum.

But among the hosts of brave and gallent men there is one that fixes our gazing eyes. In citizen's dress, quiet, dignified, earnest, he looks, as he is, the hero. Pardon me, fellow citizens, while we take a longer look at this one than at the others.

Fatherless, in his boyhood he assumed the place of a father in his dead father's family. Reserved and silent, in early youth he began the battle of life. In early manhood his business pursuits associate him with an English officer with whom against the French of Canada he acquires some knowledge of war. In later years we see him as a legislator contending for the rights of the people against the abuses of arbitrary power. We see him sacrificing social position and the friendships of years, and voting for the right, sometimes alone.

Later the congress place him in command of the northern department, with the rank of Major-general. He knows the difficulties of the position with no army no arms, no supplies, no money, no credit. But his patriotism will not allow him to decline, and he accepts the trust with all its responsibilities. In the department of the north were included the upper valley of the Hudson, the Lakes George and Champlain with the contiguous territory stretching through the wilderness to Canada; and the valley of the Mohawk with the almost unknown country beyond to the great lakes. These had been the great highway through which the French for more than a century had led their armies to devastate the outlying settlements, and, if possible, to capture Albany, thus giving them control of the territory west of the Hudson. Through these valleys it was believed the English would now seek to lead their armies, gain possession of Albany and the lower Hudson, thus sundering the colonies and making it easy to subdue the patriots in detail. In anticipation of these designs the northern general organized a force for the invasion of Canada, and by conquering that province securely closed the gates through which our State might be attacked. He successfully opposed the influence of Sir William Johnson and his numerous tory adherents, organized the patriots, and placed the valley of the Mohawk in a position of defense He procured arms and supplies for the troops, pledging therefor his personal responsibility and his private fortune. His small army under the command of an able general penetrates the enemy's country, capturing their forts and strong positions until before the walls of Quebec the gallant Montgomery fell, when the tide of success is turned.

In the following year he is confronted by a large and well-appointed army, before whom his handful of men is forced to retreat out of Canada through the lakes down to the Hudson. Another army composed of regulars, Canadians, tories and Indians, marches from Oswego to the upper valley of the Mohawk and lays siege to Fort Schuyler, the only obstacle between them and Abany.

Our general has not yet an army sufficiently strong to meet and resist this double invasion. He is without supplies or money. Congress fails to render efficient support. There is disaffection in the ranks, and coldness among the people. But he is not dismayed. He is still hopeful and pleads for assistance. Forced to retreat, step by step he obstructs and delays the advance of the enemy, gaining the needed time for re-enforcements to join him. At last reaching a strong defensible position, with an army reunited in numbers and courage, he prepared for battle. He saw his enemy far from his base of supplies, his numbers

depleted by battles and desertions, his line of retreat cut off, and he knew that with a well-delivered blow that enemy must submit to capture. But when about to strike, his arm was arrested. His domestic foes had proved more powerful than hostile armies, and had prevailed on congress to remove him from command. Another takes his place, who, almost against his own will, delivers the battle already prepared, and is crowned with the glory belonging to another.

Although wronged and insulted, his love of country did not grow cold. His advice and services, still sought, were rendered cheerfully. He encouraged his friends in the army, and when the victory was won, he rejoiced with perfect satisfaction. Standing on the neighboring heights, he witnessed the destruction of his mills and manufactories, of his houses and barns, of his crops and orchards, by the defeated and fleeing enemy, and called it "the fortune of war." In his tent he received the widows and orphans of enemies slain in battle, soothing their sorrows and supplying their wants. In his own house, in the city, he gave asylum to the captive general and his officers, winning their sympathies for his oppressed and struggling people.

He saw the rewards of his own personal labor and sacrifices bestowed upon another. He saw the crown prepared for himself placed upon the brow of an alien. He endured detraction and reproach. But his love for the cause never failed. Freedom from the yoke of England became a passion which no flattery could soothe, no wrong extinguish.

The memory of General Philip Schuyler needs no eulogy from one who bears his name, and in whose veins there is only a trace of collateral blood. History will yet do him justice. Posterity will crown him the hero of Saratoga. The nation will recognize him as the general who prepared the battle which won our freedom.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

The battles of the 19th of September and the 7th of October were so fully described at the Bemns Heights celebration, that I pass at once to the occurrences succeeding that event, and immediately preceding the surrender.

On the morning of the day succeeding the action of the 7th of October, Burgoyne, before daybreak, left his position, now utterly untenable, and defiled on to the meadows by the river (Wilbur's basin) where were his supply trains; but he was obliged to delay his retreat until the evening, because his hospital could not be sooner removed. He wished also to avail himself of the darkness. The Americans immediately moved forward, and took possession of the abandoned camp. Burgoyne having concentrated his force upon some heights, which were strong by nature, and covered by a ravine running parallel with the intrenchments of his late camp, a random fire of artillery and small arms was kept up through the day, particularly on the part of the German chasseurs and the provincials. These, stationed in coverts of the ravine, kept up an annoying fire upon every one crossing their line of vision, and it was by a shot from one of these lurking parties that General Lincoln received a severe wound in the leg while riding near the line. It was evident from the movements of the British that they were preparing to retreat; but the American troops, having in the delirium of joy, consequent upon their victory, neglected to draw and eat their

rations — being withal not a little fatigued with the two days' exertions, fell back to their camp, which had been left standing in the morning. Retreat was, indeed, the only alternative left to the British commander, since it was not quite certain that he could not cut his way through the American army, and his supplies were reduced to a short allowance for five days.

Meanwhile, in addition to the chagrin of defeat, a deep gloom pervaded the British camp. The gallant and beloved Fraser — the life and soul of the army — lay dying in the little house on the river bank occupied by Baroness Riedesel. That lady has described this scene with such unaffected pathos that we give it in her own words, simply premising that on the previous day she had expected Burgoyne, Phillips and Fraser to dine with her after their return from the reconnaisance. She says:

"About four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests who were to have dined with us, they brought into me upon a litter poor General Fraser, mortally wounded. Our dining table, which was already spread, was taken away, and in its place they fixed up a bed for the general. I sat in a corner of the room, trembling and quaking. The noises grew continually louder. The thought that they might bring in my husband in the same manner was to me dreadful, and tormented me incessantly. The general said to the surgeon, 'Do not conceal any thing from me. Must I die?' The ball had gone through his bowels precisely as in the case of Major Harnage. Unfortunately, however, the general had eaten a hearty breakfast, by reason of which the intestines were distended, and the ball had gone through them. I heard him often, amidst his groans, exclaim, 'O fata ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! My poor wife!' Prayers were read to him. He then sent a message to General Burgoyne, begging that he would have him buried the following day at six o'clock in the evening, on the top of a hill which was a sort of a redoubt. I knew no longer which way to turn. The whole entry was filled with the sick, who were suffering with the camp sickness — a kind of dysentery. I spent the night in this manner; at one time comforting Lady Ackland, whose husband was wounded and a prisoner, and at another looking after my children, whom I had put to bed. As for myself, I could not go to sleep, as I had General Fraser and all the other gentlemen in my room, and was constantly afraid that my children would wake up and cry, and thus disturb the poor dying man, who often sent to beg my pardon for making me so much trouble. About three o'clock in the morning they told me that he could not last much longer. I had desired to be apprised of the approach of this moment. I accordingly wrapped up the children in the coverings, and went with them into the entry. Early in the morning, at eight o'clock, he died.*

"After they had washed the corpse, they wrapped it in a sheet and laid it on a bedstead. We then again came into the room, and had this sad sight before us the whole day. At every instant, also, wounded officers of my acquaintance arrived, and the cannonade again began. A retreat was spoken of, but there was not the

* General Fraser belonged to the house of Lovatt, whose family name was Fraser. The Earl of Lovatt was one of the noblemen who were compromised by the rebellion of the last Stuart pretender, and whose fortunes were ruined at the battle of Culloden, in 1745. General Fraser, a scion of the house, of a sanguine temperament, ardent and ambitious, entered the army, and became so distinguished for his military ability as to be advanced to the rank of brigadier-general, and was selected for a command in Burgoyne's expedition. He had received intimations that if the enterprise were successful, the government would revoke the act of attainder, and restore to him the family title and estates. With a knowledge of these facts, it is easy to understand the meaning of the wounded general's exclamations as he lay waiting for death in the little "Taylor Farm-house"—the first alluding to the sad extinction of his own cherished hopes or well-earned position and renown, the second betraying his anxiety for his commander, whose impending disgrace he clearly foresaw

least movement made toward it. About four o'clock in the afternoon I saw the new house which had been built for me, in flames; the enemy, therefore, were not far from us. We learned that General Burgoyne intended to fulfill the last wish of General Fraser, and to have him buried at six o'clock in the place designated by him. This occasioned an unnecessary delay, to which a part of the misfortunes of the army was owing.

"Precisely at six o'clock the corpse was brought out, and we saw the entire body of generals with their retinues assisting at the obsequies. The English chaplain, Mr. Brudenell, performed the funeral services. The cannon-balls flew continually around and over the party. The American general, Gates, afterward said that if he had known that it was a burial, he would not have allowed any firing in that direction. Many cannon-balls also flew not far from me, but I had my eyes fixed upon the hill, where I distinctly saw my husband in the midst of the enemy's fire, and therefore I could not think of my own danger." "Certainly," says General Riedesel, in his journal, "it was a real military funeral — one that was unique of its kind."

Gen. Burgoyne has himself described this funeral with his usual eloquence and felicity of expression: "The incessant cannonade during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw up on all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance — these objects will remain to the last of life upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing duskiness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited. To the canvas, and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend! I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period, find due distinction; and long may they survive, long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten!"

As soon as the funeral services were finished and the grave closed, an order was issued that the army should retreat as soon as darkness had set in; and the commander who, in the beginning of the campaign, had vauntingly uttered in general orders that memorable sentiment, "Britons never go back," was now compelled to steal away in the night, leaving his hospital, containing upward of four hundred sick and wounded, to the mercy of a victorious and hitherto despised enemy. Gates in this, as in all other instances, extended to his adversary the greatest humanity.

The army began its retrogade movement at nine o'clock on the evening of the 8th, in the midst of a pouring rain, Riedesel leading the van, and Phillips bringing up the rear with the advanced corps.

In this retreat the same lack of judgment on the part of Burgoyne is apparent. Had that general, as Riedesel and Phillips advised, fallen immediately back across the Hudson, and taken up his former position behind the Batten Kill, not only would his communications with Lake George and Canada have been restored, but he could at his leisure have awaited the movements of Clinton. Burgoyne, however, having arrived at Dovogat two hours before daybreak on the morning of the 9th, gave the order to halt, greatly to the surprise of his whole army. "Every one," says the journal of Riedesel, "was, notwithstanding, even then of the opinion that the army would make but a short stand, merely for its better concentration, as all saw that haste was of the utmost necessity, if they would get

out of a dangerous trap." At this time the heights of Saratoga, commanding the ford across Fish creek, were not yet occupied by the Americans in force, and up to seven o'clock in the morning the retreating army might easily have reached that place and thrown a bridge across the Hudson. General Fellows, who, by the orders of Gates, occupied the heights at Saratoga opposite the ford, was in an extremely critical situation. On the night of the 8th, Lieutenant-Colonel Southerland, who had been sent forward to reconnoitre, crossed Fish creek, and, guided by General Fellows' fire, found his camp so entirely unguarded that he marched around it without being hailed. He then returned, and reporting to Burgoyne, entreated permission to attack Fellows with his regiment, but was refused. "Had not Burgoyne halted at Dovogat," says Wilkinson, "he must have reached Saratoga before day, in which case Fellows would have been cut up and captured or dispersed, and Burgoyne's retreat to Fort George would have been unobstructed. As it was, however, Burgoyne's army reached Saratoga just as the rear of our militia were ascending the opposite bank of the Hudson, where they took post and prevented its passage." Burgoyne, however, although within half an hour's march of Saratoga, gave the surprising order that "the army should bivouac in two lines and await the day."

Mr. Bancroft ascribes this delay to the fact that Burgoyne was still clogged with his artillery and baggage, and that the night was dark, and the road weakened by rain. But according to the universal testimony of all the manuscript journals extant, the road, which up to this time was sufficiently strong for the passage of the baggage and artillery trains, became, during the halt, so bad by the continued rain, that when the army again moved, at four o'clock in the afternoon, it was obliged to leave behind the tents and camp equipage, which fell most opportunely into the hands of the Americans. Aside, however, from this, it is a matter of record that the men, through their officers, pleaded with Burgoyne to be allowed to proceed notwithstanding the storm and darkness, while the officers themselves pronounced the delay "madness." But whatever were the motives of the English general, this delay lost him his army, and, perhaps, the British crown her American colonies.

During the halt at Dovogat's there occurred one of those incidents which relieve with fairer lights and softer tints the gloomy picture of war. Lady Harriet Ackland had, like the Baroness Riedesel, accompanied her husband to America, and gladly shared with him the vicissitudes of campaign life. Major Ackland was a rough, blunt man, but a gallant soldier and devoted husband, and she loved him dearly. Ever since he had been wounded and taken prisoner his wife had been greatly distressed, and it had required all the comforting attentions of the baroness to reassure her. As soon as the army halted, by the advice of the latter she determined to visit the American camp and implore the permission of its commander to join her husband, and by her presence alleviate his sufferings. Accordingly, on the 9th, she requested permission of Burgoyne to depart. "Though I was ready to believe," says that general, "that patience and fortitude in a supreme degree were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking and delivering herself to an enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature.

The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed. All I could furnish to her was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."

In the midst of a driving autumnal storm, Lady Ackland set out at dusk, in an open boat, for the American camp, accompanied by Mr. Brudenell the chaplain, her waiting-maid, and her husband's valet. At ten o'clock they reached the American advanced guard, under the command of Major Henry Dearborn. Lady Ackland herself hailed the sentinel, and as soon as the batteau struck the shore, the party were immediately conveyed into the log-cabin of the major, who had been ordered to detain the flag until the morning, the night being exceedingly dark, and the quality of the lady unknown. Major Dearborn gallantly gave up his room to his guest, a fire was kindled, and a cup of tea provided, and as soon as Lady Ackland made herself known, her mind was relieved from its anxiety by the assurance of her husband's safety. "I visited," says Adjutant-General Wilkinson, "the guard before sunrise. Lady Ackland's boat had put off, and was floating down the stream to our camp, where General Gates, whose gallantry will not be denied, stood ready to receive her with all the tenderness and respect to which her rank and condition gave her a claim. Indeed, the feminine figure, the benign aspect, and polished manners of this charming woman were alone sufficient to attract the sympathy of the most obdurate; but if another motive could have been wanting to inspire respect, it was furnished by the peculiar circumstances of Lady Harriet, then in that most delicate situation which cannot fail to interest the solicitudes of every being possessing the form and feelings of a man."*

On the evening of the 9th the main portion of the drenched and weary army forded Fish creek, waist deep, and bivouacked in a wretched position in the open air on the opposite bank. Burgoyne remained on the south side of the creek, with Hamilton's brigade as a guard, and passed the night in the mansion of General Schuyler. The officers slept on the ground with no other covering than oil-cloth. Nor did their wives fare better. "I was wet," says the Baroness Riedesel, "through and through by the frequent rains, and was obliged to remain in this condition the entire night, as I had no place whatever where I could change my linen. I therefore seated myself before a good fire and undressed my children, after which we laid down together upon some straw. I asked General Phillips, who came up to where we were, why we did not continue our retreat while there was yet time, as my husband had pledged himself to cover it and bring the army through. 'Poor woman,' answered he, 'I am amazed at you. Completely wet through, have you still the courage to wish to go further in this weather! Would that you were our commanding general! He halts because he is tired, and intends to spend the night here, and give us a supper.'" Burgoyne, however, would not think of a further advance that night; and while his army were suffering from cold and hunger, and every one was looking forward to the immediate future with apprehension, "the illuminated mansion of General Schuyler," says the Brunswick Journal, "rang with singing, laughter, and the jingling of glasses. There Burgoyne was sitting with some merry companions at a dainty supper, while the champagne was flowing. Near him sat the beautiful wife of an

* The kindness which had been shown to his wife Major Ackland reciprocated, while on a parole in New York, by doing all in his power to mitigate the sufferings of the American prisoners. His end was particularly sad. On his return to England he was killed in a duel to which he been challenged for having warmly defended American courage against the aspersions of a brother officer.

English commissary, his mistress.* Great as the calamity was, the frivolous general still kept up his orgies. Some were even of opinion that he had merely made that inexcusable stand for the sake of passing a merry night. Riedesel thought it his duty to remind his general of the danger of the halt, but the latter returned all sorts of evasive answers." This statement is corroborated by the Baroness Riedesel, who also adds; "The following day General Burgoyne repaid the hospitable shelter of the Schuyler mansion by burning it, with its valuable barns and mills, to the ground, under pretense that he might be better able to cover his retreat, but others say out of mean revenge on the American general."

But the golden moment had fled. On the following morning, the 10th, it was discovered that the Americans, under Fellows, were in possession of the Batten Kill, on the opposite side of the Hudson; and Burgoyne, considering it too hazardous to attempt the passage of the river, ordered the army to occupy the same quarters on the heights of Saratoga which they had used on first crossing the river on the 13th of September. At the same time he sent ahead a working party to open a road to Fort Edward, his intention being to continue his retreat along the west bank of the Hudson to the front of that fort, force a passage across, and take possession of the post. Colonel Cochran, however, had already garrisoned it with two hundred men, and the detachment hastily fell back upon the camp.

Meanwhile General Gates, who had begun the pursuit at noon of the 10th with his main army, reached the high ground south of Fish creek at four the same afternoon. The departure of Burgoyne's working party for Fort Edward led him to believe that the entire British army were in full retreat, having left only a small guard to protect their baggage. Acting upon this impression, he ordered Nixon and Glover, with their brigades, to cross the creek early the next morning, under cover of the fog, which at this time of the year usually prevails till after sunrise, and attack the British camp. The English general had notice of this plan, and placing a battery in position, he posted his troops in ambush behind the thickets along the banks of the creek, and concealed also by the fog, awaited the attack, confident of victory. At early daylight Morgan, who had again been selected to begin the action, crossed the creek with his men on a raft of floating logs, and falling in with a British picket, was fired upon, losing a lieutenant and two privates. This led him to believe that the main body of the enemy had not moved; in which case, with the creek in his rear, enveloped by a dense fog, and unacquainted with the ground, he felt his position to be most critical.

Meanwhile the whole army advanced as far as the south bank of the creek, and halted. Nixon, however, who was in advance, had already crossed the stream near its confluence with the Hudson, and captured a picket of sixty men and a number of batteaux, and Glover was preparing to follow him, when a deserter from the enemy confirmed the suspicions of Morgan. This was corroborated, a few moments afterward, by the capture of a reconnoitering party of thirty-five men by the advanced guard, under Captain Goodale, of Putnam's regiment, who, discovering them through the fog just as he neared the opposite bank, charged, and took them without firing a gun. Gates was at this time at his head-quarters, a mile and a half in the rear; and before intelligence could be sent to him, the

* Were this statement made by the Baroness Riedesel alone, and not by the Brunswick Journal, it would be necessary to receive it with caution, since her prejudices often carried her unintentionally into extremes. Mr. Fonblanque, however, in his admirable *Life and Correspondence of General Burgoyne*, admits this by implication, but seeks to leave the impression that the champagne and the "flirtation," as he calls it, were indulged in to relieve the mental agony consequent upon his defeat. Mr. Fonblanque's book is characterized by great fairness and liberality of tone —a circumstance which must commend it to the American reader.

fog cleared up, and exposed the entire British army under arms. A heavy fire of artillery and musketry was immediately opened upon Nixon's brigade, and they retreated in considerable disorder across the creek.

General Learned had in the meantime reached Morgan's corps with his own and Patterson's brigades, and was advancing rapidly to the attack in obedience to a standing order issued the day before, that, "in case of an attack against any point, whether in front, flank, or rear, the troops are to fall on the enemy at all quarters." He had arrived within two hundred yards of Burgoyne's battery, and in a few moments more would have been engaged at great disadvantage, when Wilkinson reached him with the news that the right wing, under Nixon, had given way, and that it would be prudent to retreat. The brave old general hesitated to comply. "Our brethren," said he, "are engaged on the right, and the standing order is to *attack*." In this dilemma Wilkinson exclaimed to one of Gates' aids, standing near, "Tell the general that his own fame and the interests of the cause are at hazard — that his presence is necessary with the troops." Then, turning to Learned, he continued, "Our troops on the right have retired, and the fire you hear is from the enemy. Although I have no orders for your retreat, I pledge my life for the general's approbation." By this time several field officers had joined the group, and a consultation being held, the proposition to retreat was approved. Scarcely had they faced about, when the enemy, who, expecting their advance, had been watching their movements with shouldered arms, fired, and killed an officer and several men before they made good their retreat.

The ground occupied by the two armies after this engagement resembled a vast amphitheatre, the British occupying the arena, and the Americans the elevated surroundings. Burgoyne's camp, upon the meadows and the heights of Saratoga north of Fish creek, was fortified, and extended half a mile parallel with the river, most of its heavy artillery being on an elevated plateau north-east of the village of Schuylerville. On the American side Morgan and his sharp-shooters were posted on still higher ground west of the British, extending along their entire rear. On the east or opposite bank of the Hudson, Fellows, with three thousand men, was strongly intrenched behind heavy batteries, while Gates, with the main body of Continentals, lay on the high ground south of Fish creek and parallel with it. On the north, Fort Edward was held by Stark with two thousand men, and between that post and Fort George, in the vicinity of Glens Falls, the Americans had a fortified camp; while from the surrounding country large bodies of yeomanry flocked in and voluntarily posted themselves up and down the river. The "trap" which Riedesel had foreseen was already sprung.

The Americans, impatient of delay, urged Gates to attack the British camp; but that general, now assured that the surrender of Burgoyne was only a question of time, and unwilling needlessly to sacrifice his men, refused to accede to their wishes, and quietly awaited the course of events.

The beleaguered army was now constantly under fire both on its flanks and rear and in front. The outposts were continually engaged with those of the Americans, and many of the patrols, detached to keep up communication between the center and right wing, were taken prisoners. The captured batteaux were of great use to the Americans, who were now enabled to transport troops across the river at pleasure, and re-enforce the posts on the road to Fort Edward. Every hour the position of the British grew more desperate, and the prospect of escape less. There was no place of safety for the baggage, and the ground was covered

with dead horses that had either been killed by the enemy's bullets or by exhaustion, as there had been no forage for four days. Even for the wounded there was no spot that could afford a safe shelter while the surgeon was binding up their wounds. The whole camp became a scene of constant fighting. The soldier dared not lay aside his arms night or day, except to exchange his gun for the spade when new intrenchments were to be thrown up. He was also debarred of water, although close to Fish creek and the river, it being at the hazard of life in the day-time to procure any, from the number of sharp-shooters Morgan had posted in trees, and at night he was sure to be taken prisoner if he attempted it. The sick and wounded would drag themselves along into a quiet corner of the woods, and lie down and die upon the damp ground. Nor were they safe even here, since every little while a ball would come crashing down among the trees. The few houses that were at the foot of the heights were nearest to the fire from Fellows' batteries, notwithstanding which the wounded officers and men crawled thither, seeking protection in the cellars.

In one of these cellars the Baroness Riedesel ministered to the sufferers like an angel of help and comfort. She made them broth, dressed their wounds, purified the atmosphere by sprinkling vinegar on hot coals, and was ever ready to perform any friendly service, even those from which the sensitive nature of a woman will recoil. Once, while thus engaged, a furious cannonade was opened upon the house, under the impression that it was the head-quarters of the English commander. "Alas!" says Baroness Riedesel, "it harbored none but wounded soldiers or women!" Eleven cannon balls went through the house, and those in the cellar could plainly hear them crashing through the walls overhead. One poor fellow, whose leg they were about to amputate in the room above, had his other leg taken off by one of these cannon balls in the very midst of the operation. The greatest suffering was experienced by the wounded from thirst, which was not relieved until a soldier's wife volunteered to bring water from the river. This she continued to do with safety, the Americans gallantly withholding their fire whenever she appeared.

Meanwhile order grew more and more lax, and the greatest misery prevailed throughout the entire army. The commissaries neglected to distribute provisions among the troops, and although there were cattle still left, no animal had been killed. More than thirty officers came to the baroness for food, forced to this step from sheer starvation, one of them, a Canadian, being so weak as to be unable to stand. She divided among them all the provisions at hand, and having exhausted her store without satisfying them, in an agony of despair she called to Adjutant-General Petersham, one of Burgoyne's aids, who chanced to be passing at the time, and said to him passionately, "Come and see for yourself these officers who have been wounded in the common cause, and are now in want of every thing that is due them! It is your duty to make a representation of this to the general." Soon afterward Burgoyne himself came to the Baroness Riedesel and thanked her for reminding him of his duty. In reply she apologized for meddling with things she well knew were out of a woman's province; still, it was impossible, she said, for her to keep silence when she saw so many brave men in want of food, and had nothing more to give them.

On the afternoon of the 12th Burgoyne held a consultation with Riedesel, Phillips, and the two brigadiers, Hamilton and Gall. Riedesel suggested that the baggage should be left, and a retreat begun on the west side of the Hudson; and as Fort Edward had been re-enforced by a strong detachment of the Ameri-

cans, he further proposed to cross the river four miles above that fort, and continue the march to Ticonderoga through the woods, leaving Lake George on the right — a plan which was then feasible, as the road on the west bank of the river had not yet been occupied by the enemy. This proposition was approved, and an order was issued that the retreat should be begun by ten o'clock that night. But when every thing was in readiness for the march, Burgoyne suddenly changed his mind, and postponed the movement until the next day, when an unexpected maneuver of the Americans made it impossible. During the night the latter, crossing the river on rafts near the Batten Kill, erected a heavy battery on an eminence opposite the mouth of that stream, and on the left flank of the army, thus making the investment complete.

Burgoyne was now entirely surrounded; the desertions of his Indian and Canadian allies,* and the losses in killed and wounded, had reduced his army one-half; there was not food snfficient for five days; and not a word from Clinton. Accordingly, on the 13th, he again called a general council of all his officers, including the captains of companies. The council were not long in deciding unanimously that a treaty should be at once opened with General Gates for an honorable surrender, their deliberations being doubtless hastened by several rifle-balls perforating the tent in which they were assembled, and an 18-pound cannon-ball sweeping across the table at which Burgoyne and his generals were seated.

The following morning, the 14th, Burgoyne proposed a cessation of hostilities until terms of capitulation could be arranged. Gates demanded an unconditional surrender, which was refused; but he finally agreed, on the 15th, to more moderate terms, influenced by the possibility of Clinton's arrival at Albany. During the night of the 16th a provincial officer arrived unexpectedly in the British camp and stated that he had heard, through a third party, that Clinton had captured the forts on the Hudson highlands, and arrived at Esopus eight days previously, and further, that by this time he was very likely at Albany. Burgoyne was so encouraged by this news, that, as the articles of capitulation were not yet signed, he resolved to repudiate the informal arrangement with Gates. The latter, however, was in no mood for temporizing, and being informed of this new phase of affairs, he drew up his troops in order of battle at early dawn of the next day, the 17th, and informed him in plain terms that he must either sign the treaty or prepare for immediate battle. Riedesel and Phillips added their persuasions, representing to him that the news just received was mere hearsay, but even if it were true, to recede now would be in the highest degree dishonorable. Burgoyne thereupon yielded a reluctant consent, and the articles of capitulation were signed at nine o'clock the same morning.

They provided that the British were to march out with the honors of war and to be furnished a free passage to England under promise of not again serving against the Americans. These terms were not carried out by Congress, which acted in the matter very dishonorably, and most of the captured army, with the exceptions of Burgoyne, Riedesel, Phillips and Hamilton, were retained as prisoners while the war lasted. The Americans obtained by this victory, at a very critical period, an excellent train of brass artillery, consisting of forty-two guns of various calibre, 4,647 muskets, 400 sets of harness, and a large supply of

*In justice to Burgoyne it should be stated that the chief cause of the desertion of his Indian allies was the fact that they were checked by him in their scalping and plundering of the unarmed. Indeed, the conduct of the English general was, in this respect, most humane; and yet, with strange inconsistency, he was among the first strenuously to urge upon Lord North the employment of the Indians against the colonists. See Fonblanque's work, p. 178.

ammunition. The prisoners numbered 5,804, and the entire American force at the time of the surrender, including regulars (Continentals) and militia, was 17,091 effective men.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 17th the royal army left their fortified camp, and formed in line on the meadow just north of the Fish creek, at its junction with the Hudson. Here they left their cannon and small-arms. With a longing eye the artillery-man looked for the last time upon his faithful gun, parting with it as from his bride, and that forever. With tears trickling down his bronzed cheeks, the bearded grenadier stacked his musket to resume it no more. Others, in their rage, knocked off the butts of their arms, and the drummers stamped their drums to pieces.

Immediately after the surrender, the British took up their march for Boston, whence they expected to embark, and bivouacked the first night at their old encampment at the foot of the hill where Fraser was buried. As they debouched from the meadow, having deposited their arms, they passed between the Continentals, who were drawn up in parallel lines. But on no face did they see exultation. "As we passed the American army," writes Lieutenant Anbury, one of the captured officers, and bitterly prejudiced against his conquerors, "I did not observe the least disrespect, or even a taunting look, but all was mute astonishment and pity; and it gave us no little comfort to notice this civil deportment to a captured enemy, unsullied with the exulting air of victors."

The English general having expressed a desire to be formally introduced to Gates, Wilkinson arranged an interview a few moments after the capitulation. In anticipation of this meeting, Burgoyne had bestowed the greatest care upon his whole toilet. He had attired himself in full court dress, and wore costly regimentals and a richly decorated hat with streaming plumes. Gates, on the contrary, was dressed merely in a plain blue overcoat, which had upon it scarcely any thing indicative of his rank. Upon the two generals first catching a glimpse of each other, they stepped forward simultaneously, and advanced until they were only a few steps apart, when they halted. The English general took off his hat, and making a polite bow, said, "The fortunes of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." The American general, in reply, simply returned his greeting, and said, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your excellency." As soon as the introduction was over, the other captive generals repaired to the tent of Gates, where they were received with the utmost courtesy, and with the consideration due to brave but unfortunate men.

After Riedesel had been presented to General Gates, he sent for his wife and children. It is to this circumstance that we owe the portraiture of a lovely trait in General Schuyler's character. "In the passage through the American camp," the baroness writes, "I observed, with great satisfaction, that no one cast at us scornful glances; on the contrary, they all greeted me, even showing compassion on their countenances at seeing a mother with her little children in such a situation. I confess I feared to come into the enemy's camp, as the thing was so entirely new to me. When I approached the tents, a noble looking man came toward me, took the children out of the wagon, embraced and kissed them, and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me also to alight. He then led me to the tent of General Gates, with whom I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, who were upon an extremely friendly footing with him. Presently the man, who had received me so kindly, came up and said to me, 'It may be embarrassing to you to dine with all these gentlemen; come now with your children into my tent, where

I will give you, it is true, a frugal meal, but one that will be accompanied with the best of wishes.' 'You are certainly,' answered I, 'a husband and father, since you show me so much kindness. I then learned that he was the American General Schuyler."

The English and German generals dined with the American commander in his tent on boards laid across barrels. The dinner, which was served up in four dishes, consisted only of ordinary viands, the Americans at this period being accustomed to plain and frugal meals. The drink on this occasion was cider, and rum mixed with water. Burgoyne appeared in excellent humor. He talked a great deal, and spoke very flatteringly of the Americans, remarking, among other things, that he admired the number, dress, and discipline of their army, and, above all, the decorum and regularity that were observed. "Your fund of men," he said to Gates, "is inexhaustible; like the Hydra's head, when cut off, seven more spring up in its stead." He also proposed a toast to General Washington — an attention that Gates returned by drinking the health of the king of England. The conversation on both sides was unrestrained, affable, and free. Indeed, the conduct of Gates throughout, after the terms of the surrender had been adjusted, was marked with equal delicacy and magnanimity, as Burgoyne himself admitted in a letter to the Earl of Derby. In that letter the captive general particularly mentioned one circumstance, which he said, exceeded all that he had ever seen or read of on a like occasion. It was that when the British soldiers had marched out of their camp to the place where they were to pile their arms, *not a man of the American troops was to be seen*, General Gates having ordered his whole army out of sight, that no one of them should be a spectator of the humiliation of the British troops. This was a refinement of delicacy and of military generosity and politeness, reflecting the highest credit upon the conqueror.

As the company rose from the table, the royal army filed past on their march to the seaboard. Thereupon, by preconcerted arrangement, the two generals stepped out, and Burgoyne, drawing his sword, presented it, in the presence of the two armies, to General Gates. The latter received it with a courteous bow, and immediately returned it to the vanquished general.

General Burgoyne added to a prepossessing exterior the polished manners and keen sagacity of a courtier. He was also witty and brave. But personal courage alone does not constitute a commander; for of a commander other qualities are expected, especially experience and presence of mind. Burgoyne lacked both. In his undertakings he was hasty and self-willed. Desiring to do every thing alone, he hardly ever consulted with others; and yet he never knew how to keep a plan secret. While in a subordinate position, continually carping at his military superiors and complaining of the inferiority of his position, yet when given a separate command he was guilty of the same faults which he had reprehended in others. Being a great Sybarite, he often neglected the duties of a general, as well toward his king as his subordinates; and while he was enjoying choice food and wines, his army suffered the keenest want. Soon after the surrender he returned to England, and justly threw the failure of the expedition upon the administration.* He was received very coolly at first by the court and people, the

*There can be no doubt that had Burgoyne been properly supported by Howe, he would, despite his mistakes, have reached Albany, since in that case Gates would not have been at Stillwater with an army of men to oppose him. Mr. Fonblanque makes public, for the first time, a fact throwing entire new light on the apparent failure of Howe and clears up all that has hitherto seemed mysterious and contradictory. Orders fully as imperative as those to Burgoyne were to have been sent to Howe, but owing to the carelessness of Lord Germaine, they were pigeon-holed and never forwarded. Hence he obeyed discretionary orders sent him previously, and concluded to go to

king refusing to see him; but, upon a change of the ministry, he regained somewhat of his popularity.

In regard to General Gates, the same incapacity which afterward characterized his unfortunate southern campaign was manifested from the time of his assuming the leadership of the northern army until the surrender. It was, perhaps, no fault of his that he had been placed in command at the North just at the auspicious moment when the discomfiture of Burgoyne was no longer problematical. But it is no less true that the laurels won by him ought to have been worn by Schuyler. Wilkinson, who was a member of Gates's own military family, has placed this question in its true aspect. He maintains that not only had the army of Burgoyne been essentially disabled by the defeat of the Germans at Bennington, before the arrival of Gates, but that the repulse of St. Leger, at Fort Stanwix, had deranged his plans, while safety had been restored to the western frontier and the panic thereby caused had subsided. He likewise maintains that after the reverses at the North, nowise attributable to him, and before the arrival of Gates, the zeal, patriotism, and salutary arrangements of General Schuyler had vanquished the prejudices excited against him; that by the defeat of Baum and St. Leger, Schuyler had been enabled to concentrate and oppose his whole Continental force against the main body of the enemy; and that by him, also before the arrival of Gates, the friends of the Revolution had been reanimated and excited to manly resistance, while the adherents of the royal cause were intimidated and had shrunk into silence and inactivity. From these premises, which are indisputable, it is no more than a fair deduction to say that "the same force which enabled Gates to subdue the British army would have produced a similar effect under the orders of General Schuyler, since the operations of the campaign did not involve a single instance of professional skill, and the triumph of the American arms was accomplished by the physical force and valor of the troops, under the protection and direction of the God of battles."

A poem entitled "The Field of the Grounded Arms," written in 1831, by FITZ GREENE HALLECK, was then read by Gen. JAMES GRANT WILSON.

ADDRESS BY B. W. THROCKMORTON.

Who among us has ever gazed upon scenes more magnificent and inspiring than those by which we are this day surrounded. In Milton's phrase, they might "create a soul under the ribs of death." We stand upon holy haunted ground. We gaze upon a vast sea of humanity. Now surging and restless, now lulled to quiet, even as the ocean swells and slumbers. A quickened mass; awakened to an intensity of patriotism. Above, a clear October sky, from which the sunlight falls like a benediction. Around us hills rising into mountains, illuminated by heroic deeds and events, with no less brightness than that which now glorifies them, shining resplendent as they do in their rich autumnal colors, by "nature's

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Philadelphia, instead of to Albany merely telling Clinton, if other re-enforcements came meanwhile from England, he might make a diversion in favor of Burgoyne. *Primarily*, then, the failure of Burgoyne's expedition was due to the negligence of the war minister. Even, however, with the failure of Howe's support, Burgoyne, but for his errors, might have joined Clinton. Neither does this failure of Howe palliate the blunders by which he lost his army during the retreat. It should also be stated that Burgoyne, in arranging with the king for the campaign, insisted most strongly that his success depended on Howe's co-operation.

own sweet and cunning hand laid on." Almost at our feet the historic Hudson, the "still-water" of the olden time, glides onward with murmurs harmonious as music heard in dreams. While beyond from the hilltops, wreathed masses of smoke curl upward from batteries, planted where one hundred years ago other cannons belched forth their fires, signals to the commanders in the field. Participating in the ceremonies of an occasion such as this, surely one may say, life has not been lived altogether in vain. Such a celebration has no mere sectional import. It is national in its interest. The pride felt by New York to-day provokes no jealousy in other States. A representative, so to speak, of New Jersey, let me say a word for her. Her sacrifice in blood and treasure, in proportion to her wealth and population, was as great, during the revolutionary struggle, as that of any other colony; indeed some historians assert they were greater. She is immortal in the memories of Princeton, Trenton and Monmouth.

Some of her troops formed a part of the right wing of Gates's army during the battle of Bemus Heights, September 19th; and more would have shared with those of New York and other of the colonies the glories of Saratoga, had they not, with Washington at their head, been engaged in defending their own firesides. New Jersey is jealous of the glorious work she did in securing for this nation its independence. Yet to-day, she congratulates New York that, upon its soil were fought the battles that, being crowned with victory, secured the French alliance, and dissipated the gloom that had hitherto hung like a pall over the hearts of those who hoped and struggled for the ultimate of American liberty.

Orators and poets have this day already painted the scenes of the past, so glowingly, that they stand out before the imagination even as the colors of the master upon the canvas.

There seems to be but little left for me, save the work of needless reiteration. And yet, I cannot refrain from adding my contribution of spoken words to this occasion. In one respect, it almost seems a melancholy one.

Who shall say otherwise, when contemplation dwells upon the subsequent career of him, who was perhaps the most conspicuous actor in the drama, the end of which was announced, when the curtain fell upon the surrender of Burgoyne?

Millions have lived upon the earth, and given expression to thoughts that should never die. Heroism has been displayed and sacrifice endured on land and sea, deserving of deathless memory. Deeds have been performed in every walk in life that might put to blush many that are recorded as the noblest; yet, as to these, history is silent. Poetry tunes not her lyre, and not even a name is graven upon churchyard stone. Lives that have benefited the world seem to have been but as drops that fell into the ocean of time and were lost.

A great virtue may never be remembered, but how deathless is a great crime!

But for the valor of Benedict Arnold, there had been no reason, perchance, for the assembling of this vast concourse, and this corner stone might never have been laid, of a monument, which, when completed according to design, will recall with startling and awful emphasis, a deed that blackened a soul, and had for its purpose the ruin of a nation!

Remembering the services Arnold rendered his country upon the battle-field of Saratoga, one can almost wish that oblivion might blot his name from the future pages of history. But this could not be.

To every virtue, doubtless its reward! To every evil, its avenging sequel!

And, it would almost seem that the avenging sequel to the evil Benedict Arnold wrought would affright the world against the crime of treason!

Wounded before Quebec, Arnold wrote: "I am in the way of duty, and I know no fear."

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."

He knew what "fear" was when he skulked from the presence of Washington and made his traitor flight from West Point. It was at Saratoga, a century ago, October 17th, that a shot struck the leg that had been wounded at Quebec. Better a thousand times it had pierced the heart or cleft the brain of him whose own treachery taught him cowardice.

A very old couplet runs thus:

"Burgoyne, alas, unknowing future fates,
Could force his way through woods, but not
Through Gates."

Unmerited honor is even in this quaint rhyme bestowed upon one, who, in Schuyler's place, should have stood in citizens dress beside the commander who received the sword of Burgoyne.

The blows that crippled the English general were struck September 19th, and October 7th, 1777. On the morning of the 19th both armies were ready for battle. Gates, of whom Bancroft says, "he had no fitness for command, and wanted personal courage," had determined to act upon the defensive within his own lines, and scarcely left his tent throughout the whole of the conflict. Toward noon of the day, a hoarse gun booms its echoes through the surrounding country. It is the signal for the advanced guard of the enemy to move forward. At length a large force push toward the left, right and center of the American army. Yielding at last to Arnold's repeated persuasions and entreaties, Gates permits him to send out Morgan and Dearborn to begin the offensive. American pickets drive back a party of Canadians, tories and savages. Burgoyne prepares to fall upon the American right and center. Fraser seeks to turn the American left. Arnold makes a rapid and brilliant movement to turn the British right, but fails, because Gates refuses to furnish him with re-enforcements.

Each army now pressed forward with little knowledge of the other's movements because of the density of the forest. Unexpectedly they meet, and a desperate conflict ensues upon the banks of Mill creek, the waters of which run red with blood. Arnold, forced back by Fraser, rallies his men and hurls them upon the foe with an impetuosity that compels the enemy to waver, but with the aid of fresh troops they stand firm. There now comes a lull — like the sudden quiet that precedes the giant storm; the pause in which nature seems to steady herself for resistance to the blow that must fall — and the terrible tempest of battle is renewed. An intervening wood shelters the Americans. The British are in an open pine forest. Burgoyne recommences his hostilities with a fierce cannonade, orders a bayonet charge, and pushes columns of infantry across the cleared space toward the American troops. The latter, silent and motionless, wait until the fire of the foe has been drawn, and then hurl themselves with such fury upon them that they are forced back half way. Arnold is at head-quarters, pleading for re-enforcements in vain. He is told that the battle is again raging. That victory for either side hangs in the balance. Impatiently exclaiming, "I'll soon put an end to it," he mounts his horse and sets off at full speed. His presence infuses new ardor into the troops, and for three hours the conflict rages, closing only

when darkness enwraps the scene. "But for Arnold on that eventful day," says Lossing, "Burgoyne would doubtless have marched into Albany, at the autumnal equinox, a victor."

And again during the fearful and decisive battle of October 7th, where was General Gates? Directing his orders from the camp, and part of the time engaged in wordy discussions with his prisoner, Sir Francis Clarke, upon the merits of the Revolution. Where was Arnold? Refused a command through the jealousy of his superior officer, hurt to the core by the indignity thus heaped upon him, he watches with eager eyes the progress of the battle. He sees Morgan hurl himself with resistless fury upon the British right flank and throw it into confusion; sees Dearborn with fresh troops attack the shattered masses of the foe upon their front; sees their terrified flight, but marks their rally under the inspiration of Lord Balcarras; unable longer to keep down the impetuous ardor that forces him to the front, he puts spurs to his horse and rushes headlong into the conflict. Gates instantly sends Major Armstrong to call him back. Arnold beholds him coming, guesses his purpose, and before it can be carried out is at the head of three regiments, and in the very thickest of the contest. From this moment, mid flame and smoke and the terrible heat of battle, he is the master power. With sword in hand, the incarnation of valor, he encourages by voice and action those who follow him even to a point within the enemy's intrenchments. Here, at the head of the troops he has led to victory, the foe in full retreat, wounded and disabled himself and his horse killed beneath him, he is overtaken by Major Armstrong with Gates's order that he return to camp, lest he might do something rash." The "rash something" he had already done — made Burgoyne's surrender a foregone conclusion. The student of history, pausing here, might well think a grateful people would erect upon this scene of conspicuous triumph, a monument dedicated to Arnold alone. But the corner stone of such a monument will never be laid. And when the monument, of which the corner stone is this day laid, shall lift its granite shaft one hundred and fifty feet toward the heavens, there will be niches in the four large gables—three filled with groups of sculptured bronze, representing the three generals, Schuyler, Gates and Morgan, the fourth vacant with the word "Arnold" underneath.

The glory earned by Arnold at Saratoga is obliterated by his subsequent treason, the reward for which was fifty thousand dollars and the brevet rank of brigadier in the British army. Who shall estimate his punishment? His countrymen execrated him. Even one of his own kin could write the scorching acrostic, pronounced by Lossing to be "bad poetry, and worse sentiment."

"Born for a curse to virtue and mankind,
Earth's broadest realms ne'er knew so black a mind;
Night's sable veil your crimes can never hide,
Each one so great 'twould glut historic tide;
Defunct your cursed memory shall live,
In all the glare that infamy can give.
Curses of ages will attend your name,
Traitors alone will glory in your shame.

Almighty's vengeance sternly waits to roll
Rivers of sulphur on your treacherous soul;
Nature looks shuddering back with conscious dread,
On such a tarnished blot as she has made.
Let hell receive you, rivetted in chains,
Doom'd to the hottest focus of its flames."

And though he received British gold and rank he was despised by the nation that bought him.

English statesmen refused to speak in the House of Commons, observing Arnold in the gallery. And upon one occasion when George III was addressing parliament, Benedict Arnold stood at his right hand. Lord Lauderdale, on returning to the Commons, could not restrain an expression of his indignation that his majesty should have been supported by a traitor! Lord Balcarras, with whom he almost crossed swords at Saratoga, and who there recognized him as a brave and honorable foe, spurned an introduction, even at the hands of his sovereign, remarking, as he turned upon his heel, "I know General Arnold, and I despise traitors." A challenge followed from Arnold. The two met. They were to fire simultaneously. The signal being given, Arnold discharged his weapon. Lord Balcarras turned contemptuously away without even deigning to aim. "My lord," exclaimed Arnold, "why do you not fire?" "Sir," said Lord Balcarras, "I leave you to the executioner." The prejudice of English officers was so great that when he made application to serve in the war between England and France, it was denied because they refused to associate with him.

Something of an insight into Arnold's own feeling may be obtained from his reply to Talleyrand, who, knowing him simply as an American, requested some letters to some friends in his own country. His answer was: "I was born in America, and have lived there; and I am the only man in the wide world who can raise his hand to heaven and say, 'I have not one friend in America; no, not one! My name is Benedict Arnold.'"

The consciousness of crime, the knowledge of the loss of men's regard, the certainty of being an object of loathing, the stings and smitings of conscience are terrible enough, but an immortal, tainted memory is more terrible still. Throughout ages to come, thousands in each succeeding generation will visit this spot to view the monument that commemorates the surrender of Burgoyne. The niche left vacant, will prompt, forever, the question "why?" But one answer can be made.

That niche can never really be vacant — empty to the sight — Benedict Arnold will fill it. There he will stand, pilloried before the gaze of centuries, ten thousand times more than if a figure of bronze met the eye with the word "traitor" stamped upon it. The designers of the monument leave that vacant niche from no fondness in contemplating the dark crime of the traitor, but because of the lesson it must forever teach. By its warning may it help to enkindle throughout the length and breadth of our land a love of country so fervent, that from henceforth there will be no need for empty niches in any monuments erected upon our soil, to commemorate American achievements.*

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*In striking contrast to the sentiments of the acrostic in the text is the following letter, which, itself a model of tenderness and simplicity, was written by Hannah Arnold to Benedict Arnold, and has lately been furnished me through the kindness of Hon. Horatio Seymour. The original is in the possession of Miss A. Varick, New York City. B. W. T.

N. HAVEN, *June*, 1775.

"DEAR BROTHER:

Take this opportunity pr. Capt. Oswald to congratulate you on your late success in reducing Ticonderoga and making yourself master of the vessels on the lakes. Sincerely wish all your future endeavors to serve your country may be crowned with equal success. Pity the fatigue you must unavoidably suffer in the wilderness. But as the cause is undoubtedly a just one hope you may have health, strength, fortitude and valor for whatever you may be called to. May the broad hand of the Almighty overshadow you; and if called to battle may the God of armies cover your head in the day of it. Tis to Him and Him only my dear brother that we can look for safety or success. His power is ever able to shield us from the pestilence that walks in darkness and the arrows that fly by noonday. May a Christian resignation to His will strengthen your hands and

ADDRESS OF H. L. GLADDING.

In listening to the eloquent sentences of the gentlemen who have preceded me on this Centennial occasion, I have been reminded of the words which the great dramatist puts into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury in reference to King Henry V —

> When he speaks,
> The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
> And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
> To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.

For the scenes of the decisive events which we to-day celebrate, and the deeds of the brave men who were actors in them, have been so graphically portrayed that nothing is needed to be added to the noble tribute which has been here paid to the heroes of October, 1777.

It is said that on entering the apartment that contains the matchless statue of the Apollo Belvidere, and standing before that most wonderful creation of human genius, there is on the part of the visitor an involuntary straightening up of the figure, a standing erect, and a feeling that his own form dilates, becoming taller and nobler.

And so to-day, coming among these scenes, and standing upon this consecrated ground made forever memorable by an event which gave form and shape to the future destiny of the young republic, there is an instinctive lifting up of the soul; and as upon this one hundredth anniversary we gather to reverence the memory of its heroes and to call the roll of those gallant men — Morgan, Dearborn, Learned, Ten Broeck, Lincoln, Glover, Poor, Cilley, Kosciusko and Schuyler, and their no less gallant associates in the ranks—the men who took part in or who were instrumental in bringing about this glorious consummation, among whom were some of the noblest figures that ever stood in the fore-front of a nation's life — we to-day cannot fail to be imbued with something of the spirit which animated them and a desire to emulate their noble patriotism and their self-sacrificing efforts.

The declaration of freedom made on the 4th of July, 1776, did not immediately bring forth the fruits of freedom. Years of struggle were necessary. A new-born nation, accustomed only to peaceful pursuits, without a standing army, without a navy, was to confront on many fields of bloody strife an old and powful government; a government which through hundreds of years had been trained in martial arts, which had amassed great wealth and secured vast material resour-

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fortify your heart. May you seek His aid and rest your whole confidence in Him; and then you will have no fear but that of offending Him; and if we are to meet no more in time may a wise preparation for eternity secure to us a happy meeting in the realms of bliss, where painful separations are forever excluded. The men who went under your care to Boston give you the praises of a very humane, tender officer. Hope those now with you may meet with an equal degree of tenderness and humanity.

Your little family are all well. Benedict is eager to hear every thing relative to his papa. Mr. Mansfield, contrary to all expectations, is again able to ride out; and his physicians think he is in a fair way of recovering a comfortable state of health. Mr. Harrison, you have undoubtedly heard, is dead by a fit of the apoplexy. We have numbers of people daily coming here from N. York and Boston. Capt Sears, and Mrs. Brown, and Platt with several other families from York, are now here. The world seems a universal flutter and hurry. What the event will be God only knows. But in all its changes of this I am certain, that your health and prosperity are dear to me as my own.

Your affectionate sister,
HANNAH ARNOLD."

ces, a nation whose armies were the acknowledged conquerors of the earth, and whose flag everywhere proclaimed her the mistress of the seas.

The year which followed the declaration of independence witnessed little else than a series of disasters to the cause of the colonists. With the exception of Trenton, Princetown and Bennington, the long list of reverses to our arms was almost unbroken. It was indeed the most gloomy period of the Revolution; it was the crisis of the struggle of these colonies for independence. Look at the sad record of the year. First the defeat of Putnam on Long Island, of McDougall at White Plains, of the brave Col. Magaw at Fort Washington, with the loss of two thousand of the best troops in the American army. Then came the abandonment of Ticonderoga, a fortress deemed impregnable — the loss of Fort Ann and Fort Edward — the defeat at Hubbardton — the terrible reverse at Brandywine — the defeat of the impetuous Wayne at Paoli — of Washington himself at Germantown — and the loss of Forts Clinton and Montgomery. The mere mention of these names brings to our minds continued scenes of gloom and suffering. For the greater part of the time during these sad months, from August, 1776, to October, 1777, our army, reduced in numbers, depressed by defeat, exhausted by fatigue, naked, barefoot, destitute of tents, and with scanty provisions, was fleeing before a triumphant enemy, who was well appointed and abundantly supplied. And worse than all the continued triumphs of the British had produced a common apprehension (in the minds of the people of the Middle States at least, if not generally), that any further struggle would be useless and that this country must eventually return to her allegiance to Great Britain.

But this long and gloomy night of defeat and disaster was about to pass away, and joy and a new hope was to spring up in the heart of this people in the bright morning of victory.

The conflict of October 7th, 1777, was to demonstrate the fact that the Continental armies were able to meet the martial hosts of Britain and her mercenaries in the open field, and to scatter them as the dead leaves of the forest before a mighty wind. As the armies of ancient Israel, under divine guidance, were to overcome their enemies, however great in numbers or skilled in war, so under the direction of the God of battles were our fathers upon these fields to overcome the proud and powerful hosts of Great Britain.

We have heard to-day in glowing words the story of Saratoga. Masters of the art have pictured to us the scenes and incidents of the campaign, which its projectors believed would end in the complete subjection of the colonies to the mother country. We have seen the British general on his triumphant march from Canada, fortress after fortress falling an easy prey into his hands. We have seen the hosts of England crossing the Hudson and for the first time planting their feet upon the soil of old Saratoga. We have seen Burgoyne's army in holiday attire, with drums beating and colors flying, with furbished arms glistening in the sunlight, marching to what they believed would be an assured victory. We have seen that on the 19th of September, this proud army for the first time learned that their march to Albany was not to be a holiday pastime. We have seen the conflict that waged on both sides with desperate valor, a conflict that was only closed by the mantle of night falling over the scene.

Then we have been brought face to face with the second act in this terrible drama. We have seen the British army, brought to bay on the memorable 7th of October, making a last desperate effort to cut its way through the ranks of the opposing forces, in the hope to join Sir Henry Clinton upon the lower Hudson.

But it was not so to be. General Burgoyne, who on the 6th of August, wrote so confidently to General Howe, "I shall be in possession of Albany on the 22d or 23d," was indeed to be there only a little more than two months later, not, however, as he had anticipated, in the royal robes of a conqueror, but in the sackcloth of a prisoner of war. Alas! the sanguine general forgot the proverb —

> "The man who once did sell the lion's skin
> While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him."

And so on the 7th of October, 1777, the sun went down upon the leagued hosts of Britain and Germany discomfited, scattered, overthrown; and these hosts, with seeming judicial blindness, not availing themselves of their last hope, a speedy retreat, were compelled only ten days later, upon this immediate spot, under the starry flag, then first thrown to the breeze of heaven, to surrender to the hitherto despised army of the colonies.

> "To the sages who spoke, to the heroes who bled,
> To the day and the deed strike the harp string of glory;
> Let the songs of the ransomed remember the dead,
> And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story;
> O'er the bones of the bold be the story long told,
> And on fame's golden tablets their triumphs enrolled.
> Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
> And the beacon fire raised that gave light to the world."

As the great law giver of ancient Israel was permitted from the top of Pisgah to look over into the promised land which was soon to become the possession of the Jewish people, so from these green heights one hundred years ago were our fathers enabled to see in the near future the Canaan of freedom spreading out in all its radiant beauty before them, and as the leader of the chosen people rejoiced over the prospect of the promised inheritance of his followers, so did our revolutionary sires in that glad hour rejoice that the reward of all their toils was before them. And all over the colonies the full hearts of strong men overflowed with gratitude and went up to heaven on wings of praise to that God who had given them the victory.

And there was to be rejoicing elsewhere over this great event. Our friends abroad must speedily learn of this glorious success. So the good news goes forth, and the manner in which this news is received in Europe clearly shows that there, as well as here, the event of the surrender of Burgoyne's army was regarded as decisive of the final result. "A fast sailing vessel is prepared and a special messenger goes to carry the tidings to France, the natural ally of the young republic. The messenger crosses the ocean, arrives at Paris, and pushes on rapidly to Dr. Franklin's residence at Passy; but swiftly as he goes a rumor of the arrival of important news precedes him, and on his arrival at Passy he finds the whole circle of official Americans there, who, as the noise of his carriage is heard, hurry out to meet him. Before he has time to alight Dr. Franklin cries out: 'Sir, is Philadelphia taken?' 'Yes,' replies the messenger, 'but I have greater news than that, General Burgoyne and his whole army are prisoners of war?' The effect was *thrilling, electrical, overwhelming, indescribable.*" In a few days all Europe rang with the news, and except the tory party and the holders of English stocks, all Europe rejoiced at it. France immediately threw off the veil with which she had endeavored to conceal her intentions and notified the British government that she had concluded a treaty of alliance, friendship and commerce with the American States. On the 18th of December, only sixty days after the surrender of

Burgoyne, M. Gerard informed the American commissioners that, after mature deliberation, his majesty Louis XVI, had determined to recognize the independence of the United States, and that he would not only recognize it, *but would support it with all the means in his power*. And the deeds of this great nation proved the honesty of her words; her material aid was prompt and effective. The French government — which had at that time a navy that equalled if it did not exceed Great Britain's — at once fitted out a squadron under Count D'Estaing, which in the spring of 1778 sailed for the United States.

In England the alarm created by the tidings of Burgoyne's surrender was increased by the still more fatal news that the disaster had roused the Bourbon courts to avenge the humiliation of the seven years' war. The most brilliant success had been expected in the campaign, the most ignominious result had occurred; the pride of the British nation was humbled, and those who had disapproved of the war poured upon the ministry a torrent of invective. The Duke of Richmond and a large number of Whigs openly advocated the acknowledgment of American independence. That noble man and true friend of the colonies, Lord Chatham, in the British parliament pressed for peace, saying with prophetic ken, "You can never conquer America, never, never, never!" When we remember that six months after this that great man breathed his last, we may conclude that

> "The sunset of life gave him mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before."

Even in the minds of the British ministry all hope of conquering America had disappeared. Under these circumstances the cabinet determined to grant to the colonies all that they had demanded at the beginning of the contest. Two bills of a pacific character were passed by parliament, one of which prohibited any further imposition of taxes upon the colonies, and commissioners were sent to America to effect a reconciliation. But it was *too late*, the Rubicon had been passed. Congress refused to treat with the commissioners until Great Britain should withdraw her fleets and armies or acknowledge the independence of these States.

Had it not been for the insane obstinacy of one man, the close of the year 1777 would have witnessed the acknowledgment on the part of Great Britain of American independence. But King George III was not ready to acknowledge the inevitable. The monarch who in 1774 had vauntingly said, "four regiments will be sufficient to bring the Americans to their senses," was not quite prepared to acknowledge his mistake. The obstinacy of the king, which was only equaled by his ignorance and vulgarity, was clearly shown in the terms which he proposed to Germaine (Lord Shelburne) upon his accession to office as State secretary. The king said to Germaine: I will be plain with you; the point next my heart, and which I am determined never to relinquish but with my crown and life, is to prevent a total, unequivocal recognition of the independence of America," and he added, "promise to support me in this matter and I will leave you unmolested in every other and with full power as the prime minister of this kingdom."

Upon this one hundredth anniversary of the great event which more than any other event of the Revolution led the way to the practical realization of American independence, we take the first steps to commemorate the decisive deed. It is proposed upon this corner stone to erect a shaft which in its colossal proportions and stately grandeur shall fitly tell to coming ages the story of the glorious deeds of October, 1777.

The noblest obelisk now upon the soil of America is that one which rears its

top heavenward from the crest of Bunker Hill. It is indeed a grand structure, worthy of the gallant deeds it commemorates and of the noble State upon whose bosom it rests.

But if there is a spot in all this broad land, from the waves of the stormy Atlantic to the shores of the mild Pacific, upon which should be erected an enduring monument with a broader base and more lofty proportions than all others, it is here upon these consecrated heights of old Saratoga, where our fathers taught the chivalry of England and the pride of Britain's soldiery that in a righteous cause they were invincible, and where the world learned the lesson that these united colonies were destined to be, as they of right ought to be, free and independent States.

Let the people of the Empire State see to it that the stain which has hitherto rested upon her proud escutcheon, in failing to recognize and honor these great events, is speedily effaced. Let them see to it that neither the tardiness of legislation nor the opposition of the executive is allowed longer to hinder this laudable work. The great State of New York owes it to herself in this matter to at once refute the libel which asserts the ingratitude of republics. "It is time to arise and build!" and the good work, commenced, let it go steadily on to full completion. Let this monument ascend in its simple grandeur until the top stone shall be brought forth with shoutings of grace, grace unto it. The men of Massachusetts commenced the shaft on Bunker Hill, but they left the work for the women of Massachusetts to complete. All honor to the noble women of the old Bay State for their high purpose, their indomitable resolution, their unwavering faith. But whether it shall be the men of New York who shall do this work, or whether by their failure it shall become necessary for the noble, patriotic women of this great State to assume the responsibility, the work will go on, this monument will surely be built.

And, as was said by Mr. Webster in regard to Bunker Hill monument, so let the people say in regard to the Saratoga monument, "let it rise until it meets the sun in his coming; let the first rays of the morning gild it and the last beams of expiring day linger and play upon its summit."

ADDRESS OF HON. A. A. YATES.

This is a strange as well as a memorable place. Though here a mighty republican empire was born, and here kingly rule met its death-blow, the precise spot where a ceremony occurred that was the pageantry of a nation's birth, is yet the subject of debate and discussion. Men have wandered over meadow and through ravine, by brookside and river, to seek in some straggling patch of earthwork, some excavation that looks like a rifle pit, for the convincing proof of the place where John Burgoyne made his last parade. The memories of those gone before us have been called up, that the testimony of the dead might set at rest the doubts of the living — the aid of nature invoked, that her speaking face should show us the way or give some landmark that should stand like a way-side shrine beside the place where a heroic deed was done, or gleam like a star over the spot where a hundred years ago the young child of liberty lay.

Marvelous indeed is it that, though the splendid achievement which this monu-

ment shall commemorate, is so young that its record has but just become impartial history — so far from old in the world's story that it has no right to put on the silver crown of tradition — yet the visible signs of it are as indistinct as the dust and ashes in the Englishman's coffin — as untraceable as the Hessian's level grave. Embankment and fortress, earthwork and embrasure have been flattened by the hundred heavy hands of the century, or ploughed and riven and harrowed out of all resemblance to war by the husbandman of peace.

We believe we are standing now where we should be, on the sacred spot where our fathers stood in the happy hour of their triumph — that the white spire shall glisten in the morning like a finger pointing upward from the very place where they raised their country from despair to faith, that it shall lay its shadow at evening along the pathway where the brave man walked to give up his sword to braver men.

We have in times gone by cared but little to know of the earlier days. In our splendid progress the eyes of a people, the youngest on earth, have been earnestly gazing into the future. The centennial has come upon us with a bound. Startled — surprised, in our young manhood, this magnificent young giant of a Republic halts, astonished at its strength, marveling at its own progress. With all our conscious power — our free, young healthy life, there comes over us a sense of deep and lasting gratitude, a feeling of unutterable and thankful reverence for the grand and sturdy ancestors, whose stubborn, stalwart heroism on fields like this made free the land we love. And we pause in unspeakable sorrow to reflect, that while England knows just where King John stood six centuries ago when he surrendered to a favored few the rights of freemen, that while the Irishman knows just where his countryman won imperishable renown at Fontenoy, and Prussia can show just where the great Frederic won his most splendid victory, we are arguing as to which side of the stream it was where the Lord of England discovered in sorrow and defeat that he could not be master of America. We shall take better care of history in the future! We are gathered to-day, some of us children's children of the very men who stood here a hundred years ago, all representing different shades of political belief and social life — every one of us just like the men conquered here — brethren of the same loyal faith in our beloved land — fellow citizens united in one common sentiment that overshadows all others. And we are looking back with intense interest upon the panorama that passed in review before the world's eye just a century ago. Thanks to one historic artist who has hunted up the old picture from the national garret, given over in our thoughtlessness to rust and decay as useless incumbrance, and by the touch of restoring genius has given it to us in all its brilliant hues, we can see it distinctly. Who are we that look upon it: democrats and republicans? No; a thousand times, No! Old revolutionary whigs! Not a tory or the son of a tory among us! Are we conjecturing who shall be governor next year, president two years after; who shall be postmaster of Saratoga or town clerk of Stillwater? Are we longfaced or chuckling over the election returns from Ohio?* Thank heaven! No. We are all with one accord doing homage to those who made presidents and governors possible, and filled honored graves before little Ohio was born. What a grand spectacle it is and what a strange picture it presents! On either side, drawn up in parallel lines stand the conquerors, in every style of garment, with every hue of dress known to the man of a hundred years ago.

*The political returns from Ohio had just been received. As they were supposed to affect the Presidential campaign, they had an unusual interest.

Not decked for a holiday parade — this is the first they have had for many a weary month. The smell of the fire of Bemus Heights is yet upon their garments, the stain of Stillwater powder on their bronzed faces. Here and there perhaps a uniform of blue and buff, powdered hair, shining boots and showy laces on neck and wrist, mark the stylish officer whose pride is as mighty as his bravery. On the left the faded green and yellow of Morgan's riflemen. Let us recognize *them* with applause. They came from under a southern sky to rush beside their northern brethren against their common enemy. We trust in a good providence that is making their descendants our brethren once more, that their children will never again be found anywhere else. And who are these who march between the lines! Lords and gentlemen, the pet and flower of the English army glittering in epauleted splendor, flaring in scarlet and gold, downcast, sullen, disappointed brave men, put down by the iron will and resolute valor of men who with home behind them and home in their hearts no army could subdue.

And who are these who wear neither English dress, nor English faces, at the sight of whom the colonist grows stern and hard in face and at whom he mutters a smothered curse. These are left of those whom John Stark hunted up hill and down dale, who, driven through ravine and underbrush and hounded like beasts of prey, thank the Lord for their rest at last, the hireling Hessians learning the lesson yet taught to-day that he who serves the cause of wrong for place or money will sooner or later in this broad land of ours find not rest for the crown of his head or the sole of his foot.

Within sight of the strange scene, the commanders of either army — the one massive and haughty, the very type of his powerful nation beyond the sea, the other shorter, plainly dressed, rugged of face — look upon the scene.

Within sound of the rejoicing is the displaced commander whose patient courage and brave soul was but illy rewarded when the laurel of victory was snatched from his grasp. Within sight of the lovely village that bears his honored name, posterity in this hour of commemoration does full and ample justice to the courage and valor and magnanimity of Philip Schuyler.

Another was absent from the place where the fruits of his rash mad bravery were to be gathered. Smarting from the wound that gave him more mental suffering than bodily pain, when it took him from the sight of his humiliated enemy, the then gallant soldier was fretting and fuming, his impetuous, fiery and turbulent nature chained down upon a couch of agony. Would to heaven that after the 19th of September the historian had no more to record of Benedict Arnold. A hundred years ago this day this land of ours rang with his praises and gloried in his splendid name. To-day the sculptor, in obedience to a merciful command, permits the blank unchiseled tablet to be expressionless in the story of his shame, — to be faceless and formless, that his face and form may be hidden from the people he betrayed, that the sculptured silence above his name shall mutely tell of the undeserved forbearance, the unfeigned sorrow of posterity.

There were mellow lights and gloomy shadows in the days that followed — the land was chequered with the brightness and gloom of victory and disaster, but now in the broad light of history that streams upon this place in this, the meridian of our national greatness, we know that the morning of our deliverance broke upon us here — and there is no place on earth where the monumental tribute of a nation's pride could more fitly be placed, to stamp the soil with a people's unforgetting gratitude and crown it with the mausoleum of its heroic deeds.

What a splendid lesson was handed down by the men of that stern day to the men of this, written all over the long miles that were trodden down by the feet of contending armies then, that are brilliant with the victories of peace to-day!

Nations, so runs the story of the world, must be born like man in pain and travail. But to march on in progressive greatness there must be years of peace on earth, good will to men. This vast battle-field has been restored to the farmer, not by the hand of science nor by the level of the engineer. Military genius has not flattened the earthwork which military genius reared. Long years of patient labor has made the battle wilderness to bloom, the seamed and scarred ravine to blossom with the fruits of the better days of peace. In the fate of him whose splendid courage and restless genius was the life and soul of yonder battle for the rights of the people, let the selfishness that prostitutes the country's good to gratify the passion of a personal resentment, or subserve personal ambition, take a solemn warning. No glitter of splendid achievement on field or forum will reconcile the people of this land to the betrayal of the people's lasting good for the price of money, for office or for sectional hatred, and the president, senator or soldier who forgets this lesson may remember it in horror in a fall like Arnold's.

It was shoulder to shoulder, with the touch of elbow that brought the conquerors through many red days of carnage to this place of triumph. It was the northern and the southern soldier who fought the fight for the good of the whole people. It is in the Union created Oct. 17th, 1777, it is in the Union restored Oct. 17, 1877, that by the blessing of God this government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Let then this monument rise till it meets the sun in its coming, whose first rays lingering on Mount Willard to gild the spot where the faithful sentry stood, shall glitter and play upon its summit. Grand and everlasting, its solid firmness shall commemorate the faith of those who stood as proudly here one hundred years ago and perpetuate the memory of those whose dust has been traceless for a century within sight of its spire. Let the last rays of the evening fasten its shade on the pathway our fathers walked amid the ringing praises of their grateful countrymen.

Let us all come closer together beneath its base. We too have had our sorrows. We have had our killed in battle. We have the mourners who go about our streets — we have the widow and the fatherless — we have our poor in heart. The evening of our first century has been red as theirs with the scarlet tinge of blood. Webster's awful foreboding has been realized. The land has been rent with civil discord and drenched with fraternal blood, but we, like the men who gathered here, have had our triumph and heart-elating victory, and we can thank the God of our fathers that the statesman's aspiration has been realized, that the new flag first unfolded here waves over a land happy, free and prosperous, that there is inscribed upon it no such motto as "what is all this worth" or that other miserable inscription, "Liberty now and Union afterward," but written all over its bright folds as it floats over the land and over the sea those other memorable words, "Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable."

ODE BY GENERAL J. WATTS DE PEYSTER,

READ BY REV. D. K. VAN DOREN.

Brothers, this spot is holy! — Look around! —
  Before us flows our mem'ry's sacred river,
Whose banks are Freedom's Shrines. This grassy mound,
  The altar, on whose height the Mighty Giver
Gave Independence to our country; when,
Thanks to its brave, enduring, patient men,
The invading host was brought to bay, and laid
Beneath "Old Glory's" new born folds, the blade,
The brazen thunder-throats, the pomp of war,
And England's yoke, broken forever more.

Like a destroying angel, Burgoyne's host
  Burst through Ticonderoga's bulwarks, hoary;
And flaming wrecks, wide ruin 'long its coast,
  Renew'd past awful scenes of Champlain's story,
When France's Lilies dy'd themselves in blood,
Floated to triumph on Algonquin flood —
Made William Henry's siege a tale of horror —
Made Abercrombie's failure land-wide sorrow,
Like many conflicts though right bravely fought —
The only comfort was by Schuyler brought.
Our frontier people shrunk before the scare;
The load was left for Schuyler 'lone to bear.

And how he bore it, now, at length, we know;
  How steadfastly he damm'd the crimson tide;
Baffled and stopp'd the five-fold stronger foe; *
  To timid counsels hero strength supplied.
Burgoyne victorious, ere he left Champlain,
Startled perceived his brilliant prospects wane;

Saw in the Lion's path a Nimrod stand;
Saw all his mighty projects counterplann'd;
Ere Burgoyne reached the Hudson, fast *empoign'd*
In Schuyler's grasp, he felt he was "Burgoyn'd."

O mighty soul! — by envious souls decried,
  New York's great son in giant height now stands;

* Allen says Schuyler did not have over 1,000 men at Fort Edward, and even after he got down to Half-Moon, it would appear that the majority of his troops were boys, old men, negroes and parti-colored. If the real truth could be reached, there is very little question but that proof exists that Burgoyne had over 10,000 men, regulars, provincials or loyalists, Canadians and Indians, when he started on this expedition. He himself admits 7,863 men. Schuyler at Fort Edward, when Burgoyne was within twenty-one miles of him, had only 1,500 miserably furnished troops. Burgoyne surrendered, valids and invalids, 5,763 men to Gates, who had besides staff, batteau-men, artificers, etc., a force numbering 18,624, according to official returns. Gov. and Gen. Clinton of New York estimated the forces of Gen. Gates at between 23,000 and 24,000 armed men.

Argus to watch, Ulysses to decide,
Gath'ring resources with Briarean hands,
His the victorious field Harkheimer made
St. Leger's foil, stopp'd Johnson's tiger raid;
Fort Stanwix sav'd, the Mohawk valley sav'd —
Was all his work, who coward counsels brav'd;
Stak'd honor, fortune, all, upon the throw,
So by the cast he beat his country's foe;
Oriskany is due to New York's son;
Likewise to Schuyler's *brain* is Bennington,
Fought on our own State soil, on Hoosic's hill,
Vict'ries that yet a nation's pulses thrill.

At length Burgoyne, the haughty, brought to bay
At Saratoga knew our country's might;
At Freeman's Farm saw triumph fade away;
Saw hope itself take wings on Bemus Height.
Barr'd, baffled, beaten, crippled, short of food,
In vain his craft, his vet'ran multitude,
Caught in the toils through which he could not break,
Chain'd like a victim to the fatal stake
Just where we stand — thanks to Sabbaoth's Lord
Boasting Burgoyne gave up his vet'ran sword.

Here Albion's battle flag, which, round the world,
Following the sun at morning-gun's unfurl'd,
Here, where we stand, the crucial flag of Mars
Stoop'd in surrender, to our Stripes and Stars
Where at an army's head, was first display'd
Our Starry Flag with triumph's halo ray'd.
A century since Burgoyne surrendered here *
British dominion its Centennial year
Had just completed — which its Lion tore
From Holland's zone, the richest gem it bore, —
And now assembled thus, we celebrate
The triumph sure which seal'd th' invader's fate;
Without this deed freedom had not been ours
Without this fact, unbroken Britain's powers;
Burgoyne defeated, France became our friend,
A source of strength on which we could depend,
For all that War's strong sinews constitute —
To foster Freedom's tree —*'neath us the root.*

All was decided here, and at this hour
Our sun leap'd up, though clouds still veil'd its power.
From Saratoga's hills we date the birth, —
Our Nation's birth among the powers of earth.
Not back to '76 New Yorker's date;

* The New Netherlands were not definitely ceded to Great Britain, and did not become permanently New York until the 9th February, 1674, by the peace signed at Westminster. The city of New Amsterdam or New York was not finally yielded up, however, until the 10th November, 1674.

The mighty impulse launched our "Ship of State"
'Twas given here — where shines our rising sun
Excelsior! These hills saw victory won.
This vale the cradle where the colonies
Grew into States — despite all enemies,
Yes, on this spot — Thanks to our gracious God
Where last in conscious arrogance it trod,
Defil'd as captives Burgoyne's conquer'd horde;
Below * their general yielded up his sword
There † to our flag bow'd England's, battle-torn.
Where now we stand ‡ th' United States was born!

The exercises at this stand were concluded by the reading of the following poem, prepared for the occasion. It was written by Col. B. C. BUTLER, and was read to the multitude by WILLIAM L. STONE:

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

A PARAPHRASE.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
On Saratoga's broad plain what so proudly is streaming.
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming.
For our fathers this day, to this field made their way
To glory, in the conquest of the foes' proud array.
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

In its field stood the plow, the axe ceased in the wood,
From his log cabin gladly, the wild hunter sallied,
From city and glen, they came like a flood
To the ranks where the brave and the valiant were rallied.
O let Stillwater's Heights and Saratoga's dread fight
Tell how nobly our sires fought and bled for the right,
While the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

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* "*Below.*" On the alluvial flat, a few feet distant from the foundation of the contemplated Saratoga Monument (according to W. L. Stone), Burgoyne went through the ceremony of resigning his sword to Gates. The Duke de Rochefoucauld-Liancourt (ii, 302) who visited "Saratog" in 1795, says that the ceremony took place in the courtyard of Schuyler's ruined homestead.

† "*There.*" About a hundred rods to the front and eastward, near the site of old Fort Hardy and present village of Schuylerville, the British forces laid down their arms.

‡ "*Where now we stand.*" The Convention of Saratoga traversed all the British plans, lost to the Crown an army which could not be replaced, won by the colonies the French alliance, without whose men, material and money, independence was still an impossibility. And afterward no great general battle was fought, nor did the English achieve a single success which led, even comparatively speaking, to important results. The sun of the 17th of October, 1777, witnessed the safe delivery of the infant United States.

This day, when our sires trod on scepter and chain,
And the foes of proud Britain were scattered before us,
Then went up to heaven with loudest acclaim
From the hearts of true freemen, that victory is o'er us.
'Twas Huzzah! Huzzah! from the lake to the shore,
Our cause it has triumphed, we are subjects no more —
The star spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the foes' desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-blest land,
Praise the power that hath blest, and preserved it a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Letters were read from BENSON J. LOSSING, Mrs. ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH, Hon. HAMILTON FISH, WM. C. BRYANT, SAMUEL OSGOOD, EDWIN A. MERRITT, ETHAN ALLEN, BAYARD TAYLOR, WM. M. EVARTS, and the members of the cabinet, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, J. F. HARTRANFT, and a large number of others.

While all of these letters are interesting, that of Mrs. Walworth has so personal a connection with the fight preceding the surrender, especially as to the action of Gen. Morgan's rifle corps, and is itself so interesting to the ordinary student of the history of the Revolution, it is reproduced here:

MRS. WALWORTH'S LETTER.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *Sept. 4th*, 1877.

Mr. Wm. L. Stone, Sec'y:

DEAR SIR — Accept my thanks for your polite invitation, to attend the Centennial celebration of the surrender of Burgoyne. I will endeavor to be present. It is an occasion in which I naturally take a very lively interest, having been over the ground many times both practically and theoretically in the preparation of my map of the battles. I have also a traditionary interest in the event since my great-grandfather was in both battles and present at the surrender. As you have requested me to furnish you with a short sketch of his life to be used at the celebration, I enclose a few items and regret that pressing engagements prevent me from referring to interesting family papers.

Colonel John Hardin was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, Oct. 1st, 1753. Martin Hardin, his father, moved from Fauquier county, to George's Creek, on the Monongahela river, when John was about twelve years old. This was a new settlement on the frontier, and Martin Hardin thought it was in Virginia, but when the state line was drawn, it was found to be in Pennsylvania. In their new situation, hunting was an occupation of necessity. Young Hardin, with his rifle, traversed the vales, crossed the hills and clambered the mountains in search of game until he became one of the most perfect hunters of his time. The rapidity and exactness with which he used his rifle (a weapon still preserved in the family) made him what is called a "dead shot."

In the expedition conducted by Governor Dunmore against the Indians in 1774, John Hardin served as ensign in a militia company. The following year he volunteered with Captain Jack Morgan, and was wounded during an engagement with the savages. A rifle-ball struck his thigh and lodged near the groin whence it was never abstracted. Before he had recovered from his wound or could dispense with his crutches, he joined Dunmore in his march against the Indian towns.

Soon after the peace that ensued, Hardin prepared for a journey to Kentucky, as the scene of new adventures, but rumors of approaching war with Great Britain led him to abandon this project.

When the American congress called for a military force Hardin offered himself to the business of recruiting and soon joined the continental army with the commission of second lieutenant. He was attached to Morgan's rifle corps, and was held in high esteem by Gen. Daniel Morgan, and was often selected by him for enterprises of peril which required discretion and intrepidity to ensure success. While with the army of Gen. Gates he was sent on a reconnoitering expedition with orders to capture a prisoner, for the purpose of obtaining information. Marching silently in advance of his party, he found himself, on reaching the abrupt summit of a hill, in the presence of three British soldiers and a Mohawk Indian. The moment was critical, but without the slightest hesitation he presented his rifle and ordered them to surrender. The British immediately threw down their arms, the Indian clubbed his gun. Hardin continued to advance on them, but none of his men having come up to his assistance he turned his head a little to one side and called them. The Indian warrior observing Hardin's eye withdrawn from him reversed his gun with a rapid motion for the purpose of firing. Hardin caught the gleam of light that was reflected from the polished barrel of the gun, and readily divining its meaning, bronght his own rifle to a level, and without raising his gun to his face gained the first fire and gave the Indian a mortal wound. The ball from the warrior's rifle passed through Hardin's hair. The British prisoners were marched into camp and Hardin received the thanks of Gen. Gates. Soon after this he was offered a major's commission in a new regiment, but he declined, alleging that he could be of more use where he was.

In 1786, he removed with his wife and family to Kentucky, and was in every expedition into the Indian country from that State, that occurred during his life. In 1792 he was sent by General Wilkinson with overtures of peace to the Indians. He was on his route to the Miami villages, attended by his interpreter and a party of Indians who professed to be friendly. They proved to be treacherous and cruel, and shot him to death. The Indian chiefs assembled in council expressed much regret upon hearing of Hardin's death, though they were suspected of having instigated the tragedy, the victim being held in dread as one of the "mighty men" of the "dark and bloody ground."

With cordial wishes for the success of the celebration, I remain,

Very truly yours, ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH.

LIVING DESCENDANTS OF THOSE WHO FOUGHT IN THE BATTLES OF SARATOGA 1777, AS FAR AS ASCERTAINED.

COLLECTED BY SAMUEL WELLS OF SCHUYLERVILLE, N. Y.

Lafayette S. Foster, Norwich, Conn.
Lemuel H. Hardin, Louisville, Ky.
Martin D. Hardin, do
Austin A. Yates, Schenectady, N. Y.
John Brisbin, St. Paul, Minn.
Josiah St. John, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Herman St. John, Luzerne, N. Y.
R. D. Palmatier, Waterford, N. Y.
Stephen T. Burt, Northumberland, N.Y.
Killian D. Winney, do
Hurland Baker, Mechanicsville, N. Y.
Manton Marble, New York city, N. Y.
John Austin Stevens, do
John A. Bryan, do
J. D. Billings, New York city, N. Y.
Jeremiah McCreedy, do
Robert Bryan, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Stephen S. Dunn, do
Lewis Ostrander, do
James S. Ostrander, do
Frank Walworth, do
Nathan A. Wells, Pittsfield, Ill.
John Dunham, do
John H. Dunham, do
George McCreedy, Cohoes, N. Y.
Henry McCreedy, do
William A. Dunn, Stillwater, N. Y.
Judson Ostrander, do

David Brisbin, Fort Edward, N. Y.
Cha's Neilson, Ketchum's Corners, N.Y.
E. R. Mann, Ballston Spa.
George Dunn, do
Samuel Wells, Schuylerville, N. Y.
Oliver Brisbin, do
George Strover, do
James H. Dillingham, do
Samuel St. John, do
Gorden Van Valkenburgh, do
Charles Van Valkenburgh, do
David Crane, do
William H. McCreedy, do
Peter G. Gillett, do
Marcus Carey, do
Alanson Welch, do

Lorenzo D. Welch, Schuylerville, N. Y.
Nathan Welch, do
Dudley Welch, do
P. Curtis, do
C. Curtis, do
George McCreedy, do
William McCreedy, do
John McCreedy, do
Samuel McCreedy, do
V. W. Ostrander, do
W. S. Ostrander, do
Cornelius B. Winne, do
Valorus Winne, do
S. H. Winne, do
Douw F. Winne, do
Seward Winne, do

APPENDIX

TO

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S SPEECH.

NOTE A.—I am indebted to EDWARD F. DE LANCEY, ESQ., for his kindness in sending to me some proof-sheets of Justice Thomas Jones' "History of New York during the Revolutionary War," from which I extract the following facts. It is startling to learn that the defeat of Burgoyne's expedition was due, not only to the skill of our generals and the bravery of our soldiers, but also to a strange act of negligence on the part of one of the English Cabinet. Until of late it was not clearly understood that it was a part of the plan to order Lord Howe to force his way up the Hudson and thus to place the Americans between the armies of Burgoyne from the north, of St. Leger from the west and Lord Howe from the south. It seems that the order to the last-named general was written out, but that Lord George Germaine, through mere negligence, omitted to sign and send it. This fact is proved by the Earl of Shelburne, and was first given to the world in the life of that nobleman, published in 1875, and is stated in these words: "Among many singularities he had a particular aversion to being put out of his way on any occasion; he had fixed to go into Kent or Northhamptonshire at a particular hour, and to call on his way at his office to sign the dispatches, all of which had been settled to both of these generals. By some mistake those to General Howe were not fair copied, and upon his growing impatient at it, the office, which was a very idle one, promised to send it in the country after him, while they dispatched the others to General Burgoyne, expecting that the others could be expedited before the packet sailed with the first, which, however, by some mistake, sailed without them, and the wind detained the vessel which was ordered to carry the rest. Hence came General Burgoyne's defeat, the French declaration and the loss of thirteen colonies. It might appear incredible if his own secretary and the most respectable persons in office had not assured me of the fact; what corroborates it is that it can be accounted for in no other way. It requires as much experience in business to comprehend the very trifling causes which have produced the greatest events, as it does strength of reason to develop the greatest design."

It is clear that Lord Howe could have gone up the Hudson with his fleet and army for a detachment under General Vaughn did break through the obstructions at West Point, and carried his fleet and men above the Highlands, from whence his way to Albany was unobstructed. But his forces were not sufficient to make a material diversion in favor of General Burgoyne. He, therefore, contented himself with burning Kingston, and inflicting such damage as he could to towns along the river.

NOTE B.—Neither in the history of our country nor in the settlements of the claims of the Atlantic States to the north-west territory, has due consideration been given to the fact that the Iroquois of New York were never by European nations

put down upon the same level with other Indian tribes. It was not claimed as against them that the mere discovery of their lands by English or French navigators gave a claim to that jurisdiction which they asserted over other savage people. Their advance in civil polity was admitted; their confederacy was recognized as a form of government to be respected, and in view of their prowess and conquests no person dared to call them subjects. On the other hand they negotiated with them as an independent power, and were careful at all times to keep representatives of their respective crowns to negotiate with their chiefs. When the Mohawk chieftains visited London, in the reign of Queen Anne, they were received as royal personages. They were called Kings, and in this way the noted Mohawk got his title of King Hendrick. The British government made no claim of either property or jurisdiction by virtue of discovery, or by any other title save that of treaties made by the Iroquois as an independent confederacy. The alliances in peace, or the contests in war with this Indian power must not be confounded with the ordinary dealings with the aborigines of this continent by the governments of Europe or by our own. Massachusetts, Connecticut and Virginia made conflicting claims to the north-west territory, because the patents to the original proprietors from King James gave them the land from the Atlantic to what was then called the South Sea. The western boundaries of these grants were made in utter ignorance of the geography of the country, and they merely meant that the crown made grants to the west as far as it had property or jurisdiction. No one ever supposed that it gave these States any claims upon the Pacific coast, nor upon the lands lying west of the Mississippi river. At the time they were made the British government did not own any lands north of North Carolina and west of the Alleghanies. It did not gain any title until nearly an hundred years after that date, and then it gained it by virtue of a treaty which was inconsistent with the claims set up by these States under any grants made by the crown prior to the treaty. The British government expressly and persistently insisted in their wars and negotiations with France that their claims to territories west of the Alleghanies to the banks of the Mississippi were derived from the Iroquois, and upon its official maps it laid out the boundary of the country belonging to the Six Nations, and upon the same maps stated in terms that they gained their title from these confederated tribes. It cannot be said that the rights thus gained by the Crown inured to the benefit of its grantees by charters made so many years in the past, as that would be not only a violation of the treaty by which it gained its only claim, but also of all the purposes and objects for which it was made. These were to form a firm alliance for the mutual benefit of both parties in making war against their common enemies, the French. If any of the States had a claim to the north-west territory at the time of the adoption of the Constitution of our Union it was New York, as that territory was held by right of conquest by the Iroquois, who lived in this State. In fact the north-west territory belonged to the government of the United States as it succeeded to the rights of the Crown. The title of property in certain districts yielded to Massachusets and Connecticut was given as a compromise of a claim, not as a concession of a right. The claim made by Great Britain through the Six Nations to the country lying between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi river, is of historic interest, as it shows the power of their confederacy and the important part they played for nearly two centuries from the first settlement by the whites to the close of the revolutionary war. Another striking fact proves that the Iroquois, during their wars, and in their distant expeditions against their enemies in the Carolinas, on the banks of the Mississippi, or north of the Great Lakes, or against the tribes of Nova Scotia and New England, gained a

physical as well as a military superiority over their opponents. While the Indians who once lived in most of the older States have been nearly extirpated by the usages and the influence of the whites, those in New York have increased in numbers since the revolution, and although that increase has not been great, every census return shows that it has been constant.

Cherry Valley.

THE CHERRY VALLEY MASSACRE.

Celebration of the Unveiling of the Cherry Valley Monument,

AUGUST 15, 1877.

For the description of the proceedings at Cherry Valley, we are indebted to the following report of the Cherry Valley *Gazette :*

The 15th of August was a marked day in the calendar of Cherry Valley ; not from the number who were present, though it was great ; nor from the character of the guests, though many of them were distinguished ; but from the fact that it was the day set apart for the final act of a duty that three generations of men had neglected to perform.

In the early morn booths in process of erection, and strangers looking for the owners of vacant lots, clearly showed that the sacred duties of the day were not to be wholly separated from business. Before nine o'clock every road leading to the village was thronged with vehicles. At twelve there was hardly standing room in the principal streets. The procession was formed promptly at one o'clock P. M., under the direction of the Marshal, Capt. John E. Hetherington, aided by the Assistant Marshals, Lieut. H. H. Browne, Col. A. L. Swan, Capt J. D. Clyde, J. W. Barnum, Esq., Capt. Harrison Van Horne and Lieut. J. L. Casler, and marching around the square proceeded immediately to the cemetery.

The Monument is eight feet high, seven long and five wide. The base is granite. This is surmounted by the finest American marble. The weight of the Monument, apart from the foundation, is about twenty tons. It stands directly over the trench, wherein were deposited the remains of those who fell in the Massacre. On the four sides are found the words, Cherry Valley, Oriskany, Frontenac and Durlagh.

The obverse contains the inscription,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF THOSE WHO FELL BY MASSACRE, IN THE DEVASTATION
OF THIS VILLAGE AT THE HANDS OF THE TORIES AND
INDIANS UNDER BRANT AND BUTLER,
NOVEMBER 11th, A. D. 1778.

On the reverse are the following names of the victims of the Massacre and of those who fell in battle.

Col. Ickabod Alden and fourteen Massachusetts soldiers, the wife of Rev. Samuel Dunlop, Robert Wells, wife and four children, John Wells, Jane Wells and three servants, William Gallt, Mrs. Elizabeth Dickson, Mrs. Eleanor Cannon, wife and four children of Hugh Mitchell; also Lieutenant Robert Campbell, who fell at Oriskany; Lieutenant Wormwood, shot by Brant at Tekaharawa; Captain Robert McKean and his men.

On panels flanking the above sides, are found the following:

Vicus Conditus 1740.
Libertas Asserta 1775.
Vastatus per Cædem 1778.
Virtus Decorata 1878.

THE EXERCISES.

Upon assembling at the appointed place, the following Ode prepared expressly for the occasion by J. L. SAWYER, was sung by the Choir:

MEMORIAL ODE.

O haste, men of strength, the savages are near you;
Now hurry to the fort, taking with you those you love,
For tomahawk and scalping knife, give token of a deadly strife,
In which deliverance only comes from above.

O mourn, men of strength, your household Gods have fallen,
Your valley now is wasted by bloody Butler's band.
Yet pause not in useless grief, in fell battle seek relief,
And vengeance earnest take, with red right hand.

Rejoice, men of strength, send forth the joyful tidings,
Your victory proclaim to the peoples far and wide;
Our armies brave have won the day, nor British power their might can stay,
As firmly now they stand on freedom's side.

O shout, men of strength, declare aloud our glory;
Afar among the nations, make the broad welkin ring,
Afar, afar, o'er hill and dale, that all may hear the wondrous tale,
America, America, is king.

After an address of welcome by Hon. CHARLES MCLEAN, Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR spoke as follows:

At the request of the committee of arrangements I will say a few words, before the monument is unveiled, and the delivery of the address of Mr. CAMPBELL. To-day the past speaks to us, the dead teach us lessons in heroism, and the mouldering bones under this monument send out living influences which quicken our patriotism and virtues. In this grave-yard the pale, upturned faces of the recent dead warn us how short is human life, while the ceremonies of the day which recall the events which took place on this spot one hundred years ago tell us how men's acts live and teach for good or evil long after their bodies have changed to dust. A century has rolled away since men and women were murdered here because they held for their country's rights and freedom; and when another century has passed and many changes have been made in all around us, and many questions which now excite us shall have faded out of men's memories, the story of this spot, of the Indians' yells of triumph, of women's shrieks of agony, and of brave men's silent struggles in death will live as clear in history as at this hour; so lasting are men's good brave deeds, so fleeting are their lives.

When we have heard from the speaker of the day the details of the sad drama which was enacted here, when we learn why men suffered cruel deaths, when we trace the influence of such patriotism as theirs upon the destinies of our country, we shall leave this ground better and braver men; more ready to save our country at all sacrifices; with more courage to grapple with present doubts and dangers, and with more loyal faith in the future glory and greatness of our Union.

The teachings of the grave have lifted men and nations up to lofty acts of duty and self-sacrifice. We meet here not so much to speak of the dead, as to let the dead speak to us, and thus to keep alive that love of country which made them to suffer for its cause. We meet to get lessons of courage and patriotism, which the tide of the world's concerns are apt to efface. And these lessons will sink deep into our minds when they are softened by the scenes and memories which cluster about this spot. It is right, then, that we honor the dead, and lift ourselves into higher and nobler frames of mind than those which grow out of the usual duties of life.

The full value and influence of events in the histories of nations are not seen at the time of their occurrence. The lapse of years must show these in their full proportions. Some which seem fraught with momentous results fade out of history as they prove fruitless; others, like rivulets from the mountain sides, swell in their courses into mighty streams. Of this nature were the wars of this region during the long contest between Britain and France for the control of the territories of this continent; for the first settlers of Cherry Valley and of this section of the State of New York, suffered from savage warfare in the French as well as the revolutionary contest.

Their settlements, buried in the deep forests which then burthened the land, were out of the pale of that civilization which bordered the Atlantic coast. East of the Allegheny mountains the story of their bravery, their trials and patriotism was but little known to older communities, and was overshadowed in the pages of history by writers who told only of events in their own part of the country. The great controlling features of our continent were not seen then as now, and what was inflicted or suffered here received but little notice. But as time wore on it was seen that the hardy men who first took possession of these hills and valleys

were the keepers of the gateways into our country, and of the strongholds which overhung and guarded them. We have learned that those who held the passes of the Hudson and the Mohawk, and the hills which guard them, became the masters of the interior of our continent, by arms in war, by commerce in peace. The Indian tribes, who lived upon this range of highlands, held in awe or subjection the vast region lying between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, the great lakes and the center of North Carolina. Here for nearly an hundred years France and Britain struggled for domination, and the great question, if the civilization of North Ameriea should be French or English in its aspects, was ended when British Americans gained control of the western slope of the Alleghenies. When we battled for independence in the revolutionary war, we gained the victory when St. Leger was defeated at Fort Stanwix and Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga. In peace, these great pathways made our State the first in commerce. In the light of these events, we learn the full significance of the border wars of this region. For this reason the event we commemorate grows in public interest as we see its relations to the grand results to which I have alluded. The interest and dignity of this occasion is felt when we bear in mind that time in its course has shown that the events on this spot should be marked by an enduring monument. It was a duty not only to the dead, but to the living, that this memorial of the past should be placed here.

Monuments not only tell of the virtues of the dead but they show the character of the living and mark the civilization of a people. They prove how far they honor patriotism. Roman and Grecian monuments in enduring stone have for many centuries been silent but potent teachers of courage and of devotion to the public welfare. During the dark ages they were like lighted candles in the general gloom. Even now if their time-worn remains were swept away the world would feel the loss of objects which remind us of the heroic ages of the past. Westminster Abbey not only teaches the merits of those whose ashes are deposited there, but it shows how the English heart responds to their claims upon public gratitude, and how it kindles the fires of ambition to serve the empire with honor. The destruction of this temple of the dead would be a heavier blow to British glory than the loss of many battles. A people who do not honor their fathers will never rise to the highest planes of national virtue nor civilization.

For these reasons we mourn the want of monuments in New York, which would show that its citizens have a just sense of the value of the great and varied events in its history. This dishonors not the dead but the living. Alas for our State that its events, the most varied and far reaching of our country, are allowed to fall into oblivion or are but little known and cared for by its citizens. Alas for the dwellers in the valley of the Mohawk; the graves of their fathers are unmarked and its history, surpassing in dramatic interest the inventions of romance, is fading out from the memories of those who enjoy the fruits of their toils and sufferings. If monuments kept alive the story of the hardships endured by their ancestors and their loyal faith in the darkest hour, we should have more manhood now in dealing with the passing troubles of our day and would cherish brighter hopes of the future of our Union.

I stand here to-day not only to show my reverence for the dead, but my gratitude to the living, who have put up this memorial stone. I trust their example will be followed and that the report of this day's ceremonies will shame others into like acts of patriotic duty.

When this monument is unveiled let us reverently uncover our heads and show

that there is a response in our hearts to the sturdy patriotism of those who sleep beneath it; that we are made strong by their grand faith amid trials and sufferings; and that the blood of innocent children, of wives and mothers and of brave men, was not shed in vain, and that an hundred years have added to the value of the costly sacrifice. Then we shall leave this ground better men, with higher, nobler purposes of life than animated us when we entered the inclosures of this domain of the dead.

A poem by J. C. Johnston of Boston was then read, and Major Douglass Campbell delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF MAJOR DOUGLASS CAMPBELL.

I am very glad that we have met to-day to unveil a monument, and not to lay its corner-stone. The country is dotted all over with the corner-stones of pretentious structures, which, judging from the history of the past, will never be completed. You, with what I think is greater wisdom, have built your modest monument and deferred all ceremonies until its actual completion.

Thirty-eight years ago, this little valley was filled with a multitude gathered from all quarters of the Union to celebrate the centennial of the settlement of Cherry Valley. William H. Seward, then the Governor of the State, and who since has died full of years and honors, graced the scene with his presence and added to its interest by one of his eloquent speeches. There was also present the Rev. Doctor Nott, who began his career as a minister in this hamlet, and who afterward, as president of Union College, placed the stamp of his character upon the minds of more than two generations of the leading men of the United States. The chief address upon that occasion was delivered by a native-born son of Cherry Valley, who years before had gathered up the scattered documents and vanishing traditions relating to its history, and woven them into a permanent record. Speaking of the event which we commemorate, he expressed regret that this place was not marked by a fitting monument. To-day he has his wish. The intervening years have brought to him many joys and honors, but I question whether they have borne a more gratifying moment than the present.

We have come together, not to celebrate a victory, but to commemorate a tragedy — a tragedy which blotted from existence the settlement in this valley, and gave back its fields and forests to the wolf and red man. If this were all of the story, we might feel a pang of sorrow, even after a hundred years, as we thought of the desolation of those early settlers, but history would scarcely have noticed the event. All over the land, from Maine to California, houses have been burned, farms have been ravished, and hamlets have been blotted out by the destroying savage. From the first advent of the white man to these shores, such tragedies have formed the sad refrain of our frontier annals. The greed of the European, his disregard of justice, and even of plighted faith, his wild rioting in unbridled power, have brought upon him at times the vengeance of a race whose warriors boast as trophies the scalps of women and helpless babes. Trace back the colonial history of the country, and we find the same record which the West presents to-day, where the plundered, half-starved wards of the nation, when they can bear no more, break out in the frenzy of despair.

The Puritans of New England applied to the red man all the prophecies and imprecations which the Old Testament launched against the heathen. They stripped them of their lands as remorselessly as the chosen people spoiled the Egyptians, they smote them hip and thigh as relentlessly as their prototypes had smitten the Philistines. If in the course of such a history, the heathen retaliated and burned a village, a monument upon that spot would only perpetuate the memory of a gigantic wrong. In our own colony, the early record was but little different. At times, under the Dutch rule, the outlying settlements were plundered, and once, even Manhattan Island was almost made a waste. But follow the uprising of the Indians to its origin, and there was always back of it the crime of the dishonest or the outrage of the fiendish white man.

But the massacre at Cherry Valley was of no such character as this. It was not bred from injustice or outrage to the Indian. It was an outgrowth of the Revolution, pure and simple. It was but one, although the most marked, of a series of tragedies in which the people of Central New York sealed in blood their devotion to the cause of human liberty. It has been overshadowed by the massacre at Wyoming, which occurred a few months earlier, bnt even these two events were much dissimilar. Wyoming was settled by a colony from Connecticut, which, without right, claimed a large tract of land located within the borders of Pennsylvania. This alone led to a petty civil war, in which the settlement was destroyed three several times before the Revolution. Again, the land in dispute between the whites had been reserved by the Indians for a hunting ground. It was claimed by them that a pretended conveyance obtained by the Connecticut company was executed only by a few unauthorized sachems, who had been plied with liquor. The attack upon the settlement made in July, 1778, was led by the hostile white claimants to the land, and was joined in by the Indians who for years had been complaining bitterly of the wrong done to them.

For the massacres in Central New York, of which that at Cherry Valley was typical, no such provocation or pretense of one existed. The lands here had been purchased in good faith, the Indian title had been quieted, and there never was an adverse claimant. No injustice or wrong had been perpetrated upon the red man. On the contrary the most friendly relations existed between the races; and among the inhabitants of this valley, Brant, the Mohawk chief, numbered some of his dearest friends.

It is this peculiar character of the event which we commemorate to-day wnich gives to it historic interest. It illustrated a phase of the Revolutionary struggle which was almost unknown outside of Central New York, which is little understood, but without which the history of that great conflict is very incomplete.

To comprehend the whole bearing of the story, two considerations must be kept in view — the geography of the country and the character of its inhabitants.

Look at the map of the thirteen colonies, and you will see that New York is fitted to its place like the keystone of an arch; at the lower angle it touches the ocean, while its northern frontier stretches along the St. Lawrence and the lakes, nor is this all. Remember that Canada was always hostile, and see how the settlements of New England were protected by an almost impenetrable forest, while the Colonies to the south and west had New York between them and the foe. But look again at the map, and you will discover something of more importance in New York's history. On the east you will see the waters of Lake Champlain which flow to Canada, almost mingling with the head-waters of the Hudson,

which empties into the Atlantic, while the Mohawk cuts the triangle east and west. Now recall the fact that the colonies had no great highways but the lakes and rivers, and you will appreciate New York's position. Nature gave her the key to the American continent, and almost from her earliest infancy hostile nations were striving for its mastery. Following this view of the geographical situation a little more in detail, we shall see the paramount importance of Central New York in Colonial history and the Revolutionary struggle. Trace up the Mohawk to its source, and we find its waters almost confused with the streams which run northward into the lakes. Step over the narrow range of hills which bound the Mohawk on the south, and we come to the great water-shed of the country, on whose slope the streams arise which make up the Delaware, the Susquehanna flowing into Chesapeake Bay, and the Ohio which empties into the Mississippi, and thence into the gulf of Mexico.

To this natural configuration of central New York is largely due the predominance of the Five Nations whose long house stretched along the Mohawk. When the Europeans landed in America, they found this powerful confederacy of the native tribes acknowledged as conquerors from the great lakes to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Other tribes were hemmed in by mountains, or by boundless barren wastes, but no such barriers impeded their conquests. Launching their light canoes on the streams which flowed from their hunting grounds as from a mighty fountain, in time of need they could hurl an overwhelming force upon almost any foe. By nature, the bravest and most relentless of the Indians, a long career of conquest had intensified their native traits. Sage in counsel, wily in diplomacy, and fearless in battle, they have well been called the Romans of America. The English recognized their prowess, and in very early days made with them treaties of alliance; not as conquered tribes but as sovereign nations they acknowledged the kings of England as their superior lords. It was through their conquests that the English claimed a title to the vast territory in the West, which years later was successfully enforced against the pretensions of the French.

Remarkable as was New York's geographical position, still more peculiar was the character of her population. In this she differed from all her neighbors; they, for the most part, were settled by a homogeneous people, but New York was always cosmopolitan.

First in time stand the Dutch — heroic men, who came in an heroic age. We never can over-estimate their influenee in the history of American liberty. Their New England neighbors sometimes sneered at the Dutchmen; but Motley, a New England historian, has taught the whole world to do them honor. Defeating in the open field the trained legions of Spain, the great military power of Europe; building up a navy which made them masters of the sea; establishing the first great republic; taking as their motto, Taxation only by Consent; and enforcing the doctrine of universal religious toleration, they were fit men to lay the foundations of the Empire State. Mingling with them came French Huguenots, men who chanted psalms as they went into the battle of Ivry with Henry of Navarre, who, driven from France, blighted by their absence the country which they left. These, with accessions from the more liberal thinkers of New England, made up the population of the eastern and lower portion of the province.

But it is in the people of Central New York that we to-day are chiefly interested. And here we encounter two other races that have left deep impressions on the world's history — the Germans and the Scotch-Irish.

Late in the seventeenth century, Louis XIV, seeking universal dominion,

invaded Germany. The Rhenish Palatinate, whose inhabitants were mostly Protestants, was swept over by his armies as with a tempest of fire. Prosperous towns and thriving cities were blotted out, and whole districts made a desolation. The homeless people, nearly naked in the depth of winter, were set adrift and scattered to the four quarters of the earth. Large numbers of them took refuge in England. Thence, in 1710, about three thousand emigrated to New York. They had been promised aid by the government in their settlements, but these promises were mostly broken. Left to shift for themselves, many went to Pennsylvania; but the rest, making their way into the interior, settled along the Schoharie Creek and on the upper waters of the Mohawk. They were an industrious, active, prudent people; among them were men of learning and capacity, and when the Revolutionary struggle came, they were surpassed by none in devotion to the cause of liberty.

Thus far, every settlement made in New York, except those upon Long Island, had crept along some navigable stream of water. Now a new departure was to be taken, by pushing across the range of hills which bounds the Mohawk on the south. This was reserved for a race perhaps the most remarkable of all the pioneer settlers of America. I refer to the Scotch-Irish, who have given to this country John Stark, Robert Fulton, James K. Polk, Sam. Houston, Horace Greeley, John C. Calhoun, and Andrew Jackson. "World conquering," they have well been called; certainly, when they plunged into this wilderness, they needed all the energy and nerve which have made the blood so famous.

In 1738, Lieutenant-Governor George Clarke made a grant of about eight thousand acres of land in this section to four gentlemen, one of whom was probably his own representative, as was customary among officials in those simple days. Shortly after, three of the grantees assigned their interest to John Lindesay, one of their number, and the Lieutenant-Governor. In 1739, the patent was surveyed and divided, Clarke receiving his portion, part of which his descendants own to-day.

To the white man this whole region was then an unbroken wilderness; but to the Indian it was familiar ground. The Five Nations, which, by the accession of the Tuscaroras, had now become the Six Nations, had a colony at Oquago, on the Susquehanna, in the present county of Broome. To reach that place from the Mohawk, they came through this valley, struck the Cherry Valley Creek, and thence in their canoes could float down the Susquehanna.

Mr. Lindesay, who was a Scotch gentleman of some distinction in the colony, attracted doubtless by the beauty of the scenery, concluded to take up his residence upon this spot. He selected for a farm a tract of land just below the present village, now occupied by Mr. Joseph Phelon. There with his family he passed the ensuing winter. The season proved severe, even for this climate; the snow fell to a great depth; their provisions gave out, and starvation stared them in the face. Haply they had cultivated the friendship of the natives, and at the critical moment, an Indian appeared upon the scene, probably passing from Oquago to the Mohawk. Learning the condition of affairs, he hastened on his snow-shoes to the river settlements, and thence bore, on his back, food for the helpless pioneers. Thus here, as elsewhere, did the savage welcome the European with acts of kindness; and I am glad to say that here the kindness was repaid by gratitude and justice.

The experience of this winter almost discouraged Mr. Lindesay, but the next year he was cheered by the arrival of about thirty Scotch-Irish settlers, from Lon-

donderry, in New Hampshire, led by the Rev. Samuel Dunlop, a Presbyterian clergyman and a graduate of Trinity College, in Dublin. From that moment the success of the little colony was assured. The men who had left their homes for religion's sake were not to be daunted by hardship; they who had passed through the siege of Londonderry were to be affrighted by no dangers. Their first step was to build a church in which to worship God; next their leader opened a classical school for the education of their children. Thus the valley was dedicated to Religion, and her hand maid, liberal education. This was the first church west of the Hudson in which there was preaching in the English language, and the first classical school of central or western New York.

Down to the outbreak of the French and Indian war in 1755, the settlement had grown but little, yet it had more than held its own. That conflict, which proved the training school for the war of Independence, threatened it with annihilation. A part of the Six Nations, composed of the more western tribes, proved unfaithful to their English allies, and hovered over the frontier like a dreadful portent of ruin. At one time it seemed as if Cherry Valley must be abandoned till the return of peace, but the erection of some rude fortifications and the stationing of a company of rangers in the place averted the necessity. Yet, even at this period, with the torch lighted for the destruction of their homes, and the tomahawk sharpened for their wives and children, these brave pioneers turned out for distant fields of service. In the famous campaign of 1757, a number of them were in the provincial army commanded by Sir William Johnson, at Fort Edward. Even after the Revolution the survivors of these veterans could hardly restrain their tears as they told of the massacre at Fort William Henry, caused by the cowardice of the regular English commander, who forbade Johnson and his militia from marching to the relief of their beleaguered comrades.

By the termination of the war which gave to Great Britain the whole continent to the banks of the Mississippi, the infant settlement felt relieved from danger. Thenceforth its increase was more rapid, but as compared with the magic growth of towns and States to which we are accustomed in modern days, it was yet extremely slow. The whole section south of the Mohawk was almost a wilderness. The hills were rugged, the winters long and bitter, and the soil not so inviting as that along the Mohawk and the Hudson. Still, by its streams rich bottom lands were found, and as the creepers of a climbing plant hidden in the knotted bark of some great forest tree, noiselessly ascend its trunk, putting forth here and there a bunch of leaves, a blossom or a bud, so this plant of civilization gave signs of life by sending out its shoots. Down the creek which rises here within the sound of my voice, and forms the chief branch of the Susquehanna, the settlers took their way, planting a little colony at Otego, another at Sydney Plains near Unadilla, and following up a tributary stream founding the beautiful village of Laurens. Still further down, and on Charlotte Creek, the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, the renowned Harpers from Cherry Valley planted the settlement of Harpersfield. Across the hills to the west, Springfield was founded at the head of Otsego lake, and to the south-west Newtown Martin, which we now call Middlefield. In the other direction toward the north they made a little settlement at Bowman's Creek, half way down the hills to the Mohawk. Over on the east, but a few miles distant, the sturdy Germans had cultivated the valleys of the Schoharie, and of the Cobleskill, while the Mohawk, as far up as the present village of Herkimer, was alive with an active, industrious, thriving people. These settlements formed central and western New York, at the outbreak of the revolution.

To-day this portion of the State contains a vast population; but we are not to imagine that it bore any such appearance a hundred years ago. Cherry Valley, which was the centre and parent of the settlements along the Susquehanna, contained only about three hundred inhabitants. The others were much smaller, some of them being composed of only a few scattered families. In 1772 the county of Tryon was carved out of the old county of Albany. It embraced all that part of the State lying west of a line drawn north and south nearly through the centre of the present county of Schoharie. Its entire population was estimated at ten thousand, of whom not more than twenty five hundred could have been capable of bearing arms. Now remember that the Six Nations alone, who lived around and among these people, numbered over two thousand brave and skillful warriors, while in the whole department there were over twenty-five thousand savages trained to the use of arms, and you will gain a faint idea of what it meant when the yeomen of Central New York espoused the cause of liberty.

From the close of the French and Indian war, Indian outbreaks in New York had been a thing unknown. The policy adopted by the English, after the conquest of the province in 1664, was intended to secure this result, but as the colony grew in numbers and pushed itself out on every side, it is questionable whether it could have been accomplished, save for the genius of one man, and that man deserves here more than a passing notice.

Early in the last century Sir Peter Warren, an English admiral, who married the sister of James DeLancey, Chief Justice of the province, purchased a large tract of land in the Mohawk Valley, about twenty miles west of Schenectady. To superintend its settlement and sale, he sent to Ireland for one of his nephews, William Johnson, a young man of twenty-three years of age. This youth settled upon his uncle's tract. He opened a store and traded with the natives. He purchased land in his own name, and soon acquired a fortune. Broad-shouldered and athletic, fond of wild sports, inflexibly honest, and truthful to a proverb, the Indians soon came to love him as a brother. The government recognized his ability, made him superintendent of Indian affairs, commander of the frontier militia, and a baronet of Great Britain.

His history reads like a romance. There is nothing like it in the Colonial annals. A scholar, understanding French and Latin, sending to Europe for rare engravings and the latest works on science, we find him at times dressed in Indian costume parading among the dusky warriors like a native chief. In the broad halls of his noble mansion on the Mohawk, the Six Nations were always welcome guests. They felt at home, for Sir William could converse with them in their native tongue. There they would sometimes gather in hundreds, and although surrounded by unguarded stores of what to them were treasures of untold value, their host never lost the value of a farthing. In all their controversies with individuals or the government he protected his Indian wards, as in ancient Roman days the tribunes stood between the people and the oppression of the nobles. If any thing more was needed to raise him in their estimation, it was found in the connection which he formed with Molly Brant, the sister of the great Mohawk chieftain who has written his name in blood and fire all over the valleys of Central New York.

The influence of Sir William Johnson over the Indian tribes was almost unbounded; among the Six Nations, in particular, his word was law. Added to the weight of his private character was the fact, that, as superintendent of Indian affairs, he represented to them the sovereignty of Great Britain. Annually he

distributed the presents which the mother country with sagacious liberality lavished upon her savage allies. Nor was his influence confined to the native tribes. He was hardly less powerful among the whites. In 1764 he founded the village of Johnstown, erected, there a baronial mansion, and gathered about him a colony of Catholic Scotch Highlanders. Other settlers flocked in, and when Tryon county was created in 1772, his town became the county seat. He married in early life a daughter of one of the Germans in the Mohawk Valley, and his relations with these people were always intimately friendly. The whole population looked up to him as a leader, consulted him on all important affairs, and never found their confidence misplaced.

Such were the character and position of Sir William Johnson. No man in America equaled him in influence; no one except the proprietor of Pennsylvania was the owner of such vast estates. Had he lived, the history of Central New York might have been very different, for it is questionable whether he would have unloosed the savage hordes about him upon the friends of his youth and manhood. But in July, 1774, just as the conflict opened, this great man died. His title and estates descended to his son Sir John Johnson, the superintendency of Indian affairs fell upon his nephew and son-in-law, Colonel Guy Johnson, both of whom were very different characters from the man whom they succeeded. The old baronet had made his own fortune, had grown up with the valley, and sympathized with the settlers about him; the young men were bred to wealth and luxury, and looked down on poverty and toil. The old man, though made a British baronet, never forgot his youth, and is said to have keenly felt the wrongs of his adopted country; the young men were scions of the aristocracy, and felt only the wrongs of their own order. Sir William was the benefactor of his valley; his son and nephew became its scourges, and their names have been pilloried in history.

Neither of the young men who now came upon the stage possessed the ability or the influence of the man whose loss the whole colony deplored. Yet they were active and untiring, and from their wealth and position wielded a power only second to that of their predecessor. Col. Guy Johnson had been selected by his uncle to succeed him as superintendent, and took the position with all the prestige of a mighty name and the warm gratitude of the Indian tribes. Sir John was a man of less ability, but the Tories of the valley, who were rich and powerful, looked up to him as their natural leader.

Such was the position of affairs in July, 1774. The month previous the Boston Port Bill went into operation. The friends of liberty in New York City had suggested a Continental Congress. Already the storm of approaching war was visible around the whole horizon. Men less brave than the settlers of Tryon county might well have hesitated as they looked into the future. At Johnstown, barring their communication with the eastern portion of the province, lay sir John and Colonel Guy Johnson, with five hundred Roman Catholic Scotch Highlanders, Tories to the core; all along their northern frontier stretched Canada, whose loyalty to England was never doubted. Water communication on the east and on the west laid them open to the incursions of the foe, while in their midst dwelt an enemy of equal numbers with their own, whose weapons of war were the torch, the tomahawk and scalping knife.

But these men never faltered. In August, 1774, they held a large meeting at Palatine to express their sympathy with the Bostonians, and their concurrence in the plan of a Continental Congress. The resolutions put forth on that occasion

are worthy to stand with any adopted in the thirteen colonies. We are loyal to King George, they say, but we insist upon our rights as English subjects, which are so sacred that we cannot permit their violation. We can be taxed only with our own consent; any other method is unjust and unconstitutional. They pledged themselves to unite with their brethren in the rest of the colony in any thing tending to support their rights and liberties, and engaged faithfully to abide by the conclusions of the approaching Congress. Early in the spring of 1775, the Tories at Johnstown drew up and circulated an address avowing their opposition to the measures adopted at Philadelphia. At once meetings were called all through the county to protest against this action, and one of the largest and most enthusiastic was held in Cherry Valley. On the appointed day the village church was filled with the patriotic people. Even the little children were taken by their parents that they might be baptized with the air of freedom. At this and similar gatherings, articles of association were subscribed denouncing the proceedings at Johnstown, and pledging the subscribers to the support of Congress. A few days afterward the Palatine committee wrote a letter to the committee of Albany, describing the peculiar condition of affairs in Tryon county, asking that no ammunition should be sent there unless consigned to them or persons whom they should name, and concluding with the words, "It is our fixed resolution to be free or die." These were high sounding but not empty words. With their lives, the men who wrote them redeemed their promises.

Meantime the Johnsons were fortifying their homes along the Mohawk. Still no act of violence was committed by their partisans, and the friends of liberty thought it advisable not to precipitate a conflict. The Indians had not risen, and Colonel Guy Johnson, the new Superintendent, declared his purpose to maintain their neutrality if possible. Indignantly he disclaimed the idea that he could be capable of setting the savages on his peaceful neighbors; and yet while the words were upon his lying lips, he had received secret instructions from the crown to induce the Six Nations to take up the hatchet against the king's rebellious subjects. Few things in history equal the infamy of these instructions, which we now know emanated directly from King George the Third. In the French wars the case had been very different, for the French themselves always employed their Indian allies. But the employment of the savages by the English in the Revolution, while the Americans only sought to keep them neutral, has no excuse or palliation.

At first Colonel Johnson made little headway in following out his orders. He called an Indian council at his residence, but felt himself so hampered by the suspicious men about him, that he removed to Ontario with his whole family and retinue. With him there went two persons of great influence among the Indians: the one was Molly Brant, with her eight children by Sir William Johnson; the other was her brother, the famous Joseph Brant, Thayendanegea.

Brant was a full blooded Mohawk chief, tall, erect and princely in his movements. Educated at an English school in Connecticut, he had lived much among the whites, but never lost his native traits. Education, instead of enfeebling, only made him a more fearful foe. He possessed the self-control of the white man, with the endurance and the cunning of the savage. The tales of his cold-blooded cruelty are doubtless fictions, for he showed at times a true nobility of character. But in the heat of battle he was terrible. For years to come his name along the border almost made the boldest shudder. He seemed to bear a charmed life, his movements no one could divine, but his blows were as unerring

and as swift as fate. In 1776 he was made principal war chief of the confederacy, but now he was secretary to Colonel Guy Johnson, and in that position rendered efficient services. At Ontario, another counsel was held and his Majesty's work was soon accomplished. All the Six Nations, except a few Tuscaroras and about half of the Oneida tribe, pledged themselves to support the English cause. Thence, Col. Johnson passed into Canada, secured the services of seventeen hundred of the northern confederacy, and then took up his residence in Montreal. Sir John Johnson still remained at home, but in the next year it was determined to disarm the Tories in the Mohawk Valley, and he was arrested and liberated on parole. Shortly after he shamelessly broke his parole, and also fled to Canada. Thereafter he only meditated vengeance on his countrymen.

Still for sometime Tryon county suffered little. Many of the Six Nations had gone to Canada with Col. Johnson; the more bitter royalists, among whom were the wealthy Butlers, had done the same, and although rumors of Indian invasions were heard on every side, none actually occurred. But this was felt to be only the calm before a storm. The Declaration of Independence had been hailed with great joy throughout the country, and peace it was known could now only be attained by force of arms. The inhabitants organized into companies, erected rude fortifications about their houses, and prepared for the approaching contest.

In 1777 the storm broke upon Central New York.

Thus far the colonial war for independence had been almost an unbroken series of disasters. Now the English government concluded to make one grand effort and end the struggle. New York was recognized as the key to the continent; could it be captured, the other States might be mastered in detail. To effect this object, a campaign was planned in England with great elaboration. It was resolved to send out three expeditions, one under the commander in chief, to start from New York and follow up the Hudson; another under Burgoyne, to march from the north by way of Lake Champlain; and the third under St. Leger, to start from Oswego, and go down the Mohawk Valley. The three armies when their work was done, were to meet at Albany, and the confederacy would be cut in twain. The scheme was well conceived, and but for the valor of Tryon county it might have been successful. Sir John Johnson had represented to the British government, that the Tories in the Mohawk Valley were in the majority of five to one, and that it needed only the presence of some regular troops to cause a general uprising. These were furnished, and they were the picked of the English army. With them marched Sir John Johnson, and his regiment of Tories, burning for revenge, Colonel Butler of the Mohawk and his Tory rangers, and the Six Nations led by Brant. Patiently they had bided their time, and now at length it had arrived. Had they been successful, had they swept down the valley with the prestige of victory, swelling their forces as they marched, and bringing to Burgoyne the supplies of which he was in such bitter need, no one can say that Saratoga would have witnessed the surrender of the British army.

When the news went down through the Mohawk Valley that St. Leger with his force of British troops, Tories and Indian allies were on the march, offering a reward of twenty dollars for every American scalp, the whole people were aroused. On the way from Oswego and upon the site of the present City of Rome, stood Fort Schuyler, the old Fort Stanwix, of the French and Indian war, held by seven hundred and fifty continental troops, commanded by Colonel Gansevoort of Albany. St. Leger saw that he must take this fort or nothing would be gained. The delay was unexpected, for it was supposed that the place was out of repair

and would fall without a blow. When the army encamped before it, the summons went out to the patriots of Tryon county to hasten to its aid. At once eight hundred men flew to arms. They were mostly Germans, for the notice was so sudden that only those living in the upper Mohawk region had time to reach the field. But three men from the Cherry Valley settlements joined the expedition — Colonel Samuel Campbell, Major Samuel Clyde, and Lieutenant Robert Campbell. The two former were members of the Committee of Safety of Tryon county, and probably were in attendance at a meeting in the valley; the last, who lost his life in the subsequent engagement, lived at Bowman's Creek.

Of the battle of Oriskany, which turned back the tide threatening the Mohawk Valley with destruction, I have little time to speak. A year ago, seventy-five thousand people on the battle-ground listened to the story from abler lips than mine. They heard how the eight hundred yeomen led by Herkimer fell into an ambuscade. How they fought for life, and yet wrestled victory from the jaws of death. How, when the sun went down, St. Leger's expedition had received its death blow. How the Mohawk Valley was saved and Burgoyne's last hope was swept away. Washington said "'Herkimer first reversed the gloomy scene" of the campaign. General Schuyler and General Gates praised the victors for their courage, and General George Clinton, just inaugurated the first Governor of New York, thanked them, in behalf of the new-born State.

This is the story of the triumph, but I have another tale to tell. The battle saved the Mohawk Valley to the patriot cause, and I concur in all that was said a year ago regarding its importance, but it brought upon Tryon county for the next four years a storm of fire and blood, by which it was nearly blotted from existence. The causes of this we have not far to seek. Although the Indian tribes had two years before pledged themselves to support the British cause, they had thus far been rather lukewarm. They had many friends among the patriots, and could not see any advantage to themselves in a war between the whites. Brant, to be sure, felt otherwise, for he was a captain under English pay, but he could not carry the confederacy beyond a general treaty of alliance. When they joined the army of St. Leger, it was solely upon the promise of Sir John Johnson, that there should be no fighting, simply scalping and plunder without danger to themselves. But the battle of Oriskany changed all this. In that engagement and the sortie from Fort Schuyler, the Indians lost nearly a hundred of their bravest warriers. This loss they swore should be avenged, and fearfully they kept their oath. Again the Tories who had fled to Canada had waited patiently for two years, expecting the time to come when, with a British force, they could return, and taking possession of the valley re-occupying their homes. The opportunity had come, but had only proved that their hopes were false. To them, too, nothing but revenge was left. They swore to ruin where they could not rule. Among them were brave and noble men; aided by Brant, whose efforts were unceasing, they now found no difficulty in inciting the savages to slaughter. Alone either party would have been comparatively harmless, united they ranged like fiends over the whole of Tryon county. The cold-blooded atrocities perpetrated on their prisoners by the Tories and Indians after the battle of Oriskany gave a foretaste of the future. Spurred on by the whites, the savages put their unresisting captives to death with all the tortures that ingenuity could devise. Not satisfied with this, it is said that they roasted the bodies and ate the flesh.

In the autumn after the battle occurred a few scattered outrages, but in 1778 the bloody drama opened which made Tryon county a wide waste of desolation.

And now we come to the events which took place here. To both Indians and Tories, Cherry Valley was an object of bitter hatred. Here resided John Moore, who was the delegate to the Provincial Congress from Tryon county, and particularly obnoxious for his earnest stand for Colonial Independence. Here also lived Colonel Samuel Campbell and Major Samuel Clyde, both members of the County Committee of Safety, and surpassed by none in patriotism, energy, and zeal. They were skillful Indian fighters, and had done great execution in the battle of Oriskany. After the fall of Herkimer, Colonel Campbell had been left the highest officer upon the field, and at the close of the engagement was in command of the American forces. The other residents of the town were not inferior to these men in love of liberty. Probably no place in the United States has such a Revolutionary record as this frontier town. It numbered, as I have already stated, only about three hundred, inhabitants, and yet in 1776, with the neighboring settlement of Middlefield, which contained but a few scattered families, it furnished thirty-three soldiers to the patriot army; one out of every ten of its inhabitants, men, women and children.

As the central and largest settlement south of the Mohawk river, the people of the surrounding country had early flocked to it for safety. A rude fortification had been thrown up around the walls of Colonel Campbell's residence, which occupied the place where his grandson's house now stands, on a side hill commanding a full view of the valley. Into this primitive fortress the people had gathered in time of danger, and the presence of a company of rangers had thus far secured their safety. But in the spring after the battle of Oriskany, General LaFayette, who was in the Mohawk Valley, appreciating the importance of the position, directed a fort to be constructed in the town.

This fort was subsequently erected, but meantime an incident occurred, which lights up with a touch of humor a picture which is otherwise monotonously sad. Early in May, Brant had planned a descent upon the settlement, having been informed that it was at that time without a guard of soldiers. Stealthily approaching through the forest with his hostile band, he gained without detection the summit of a hill which bounds the valley on the east. Looking down from this height, to his utter consternation, he beheld a company of troops, parading on the green in front of Colonel Campbell's house. Satisfied that he had been deceived, he concluded to abandon his attack; when, at a later day, he learned the truth, even his stoic calm must have been somewhat moved. The doughty warriors whose appearance had so astonished him, proved to be a company of little boys, the children of the settlement, dressed out in paper hats and armed with wooden swords and guns.

But the day which began in comedy had a tragic ending. Unable to reconcile the evidence of his own senses with the information which was brought to him, Brant passed a little to the north, and took his station near the beautiful Falls of the Tekaharawa, some two miles distant from the village. That morning, Lieutenant Wormwood, a son of a wealthy patriot of Palatine, and personally a friend of Brant, had come up from the Mohawk river, bringing the intelligence that Colonel Klock would arrive the next day with a part of his regiment of militia. Late in the afternoon he started to return, accompanied by Peter Sitz, the bearer of some dispatches. Throwing down his portmanteau, he mounted his horse, saying, "I shall not need that, as I shall return to-morrow with my company." His to-morrow never came. A few minutes after their departure, his horse returned alone, the saddle stained with blood. From behind a rock which stands

near the romantic falls, Brant had appeared and commanded them to halt. Disregarding the order, they had put spurs to their horses, and tried to pass. A shot wounded Wormwood, and as he fell Brant rushed forward, and, mistaking his old friend for a Continental officer, tomahawked him with his own hand. Sitz was captured, but managed to destroy the dispatches showing the true state of the garrison. He gave up a false set which he carried; and Brant, being now assured of his mistake, went on, and Cherry Valley was left in peace.

During the summer the fort was constructed, which had been ordered by General La Fayette. It was a rude structure, built by the inhabitants themselves, but sufficient for frontier warfare. Located just below the present village, it encircled the church and the plot of ground used then and now as a graveyard. Within its walls the people stored their valuables, and themselves took refuge. Going out to till their fields, one party worked, while another stood guard with loaded muskets. About them the air was heavy with dreadful news. In June, Brant and his savages had burned the neighboring settlement of Springfield. In July, Colonel John Butler, with some fiendish Tories, and a band of Indians, had desolated the beautiful Valley of Wyoming. About the same time, a force of four hundred and fifty Indians invaded the Valley of the Cobleskill, and laid it waste. A little later McDonald, one of the Johnson royalists, with three hundred Indians and Tories, had ravaged the Schoharie Valley, and early in September the extensive and populous settlement of the German Flatts had been burned by Brant. Yet Cherry Valley remained untouched, and as the autumn passed on the inhabitants breathed more freely, for they knew that in winter the Indians were rarely found upon the war-path. Some who had left the settlement returned and those who remained began to relax their vigilance. The movements of Brant justified their conduct. In October, feeling that his summer campaign was ended, he made his way toward Niagara, to go into winter quarters. Unfortunately, before he reached his post, he met the man to whom the Cherry Valley massacre is due.

Just after the battle of Oriskany, Walter N. Butler, son of the Tory Colonel, John Butler, was arrested at the German Flatts, for endeavoring to incite a rising among the people in favor of the crown. Tried by court-martial as a spy, his offense was clearly proved and he was sentenced to be shot. Unfortunately his life was spared through the intercession of some of his early friends, and he was kept a prisoner at Albany. Thence he escaped in the summer of 1778, and joined his father at Niagara. Panting for revenge, and emulous of the fame which his father had won by the massacre at Wyoming, he eagerly sought an opportunity to show that the son was not unworthy of such a sire. With these objects, although the season was far advanced, he planned an expedition against the settlement of Cherry Valley, obtained the command of two hundred of his father's Tory rangers, and permission to employ the Indians under Brant. The Mohawk chieftain, whom he met returning from the east, was at first reluctant to serve under such a leader, but was finally persuaded to join the Tories with five hundred of his warriors. The little army, thus swollen to seven hundred men, made its way through the lower portion of the State, and striking the Susquehanna, ascended its waters toward the doomed settlement.

The approaching force was overwhelming, and yet the final tragedy might have been avoided, save for the ignorance and folly of one man. The fort, which mounted four guns, was garrisoned by an eastern regiment numbering between two and three hundred soldiers. It was large enough to contain all the inhabitants,

and would have afforded them a secure place of refuge. On the 8th of November, a messenger from Fort Schuyler brought intelligence of the hostile expedition. At once the people begged leave to move into the fort for safety. But the commanding officer, Colonel Ichabod Alden, of Massachusetts, denied their prayer. The refusal was not due to inhumanity, for he himself lodged without the fort. He was simply ignorant of Indian warfare, presumptuous, and like many greater men despised the savage foe whom he had never met. Promising the inhabitants that he would take measures to advise them of the approach of danger, he put out scouts in all directions. The party sent down the Susquehanna, partaking of the disposition of their Colonel, on the evening of the ninth, kindled a fire, and lay down in peaceful sleep. Toward day-break they awoke to find themselves surrounded and disarmed. On the night of the tenth the enemy encamped on a thickly wooded hill about a mile south-west of the village. On the morning of the eleventh, they moved from their encampment toward the fort.

Colonel Alden and Lieutenant-Colonel Stacia, with a small guard, lodged at the house of Mr. Wells, which stood on a little eminence just below the village. The place had formerly belonged to Mr. Lindesay, and is now owned and occupied by Mr. Phelon. Some of the other officers also lodged in private houses. The enemy learning these facts from the scouts whom they had captured, disposed their force so that a party should surround the residence of each officer, while the main body attacked the fort.

Even the elements combined against the hapless settlement. The night before snow had fallen to the depth of several inches; in the morning it turned to sleet and the air was dark and heavy. The people, trusting to the assurances of Col. Alden, were resting quietly at home, unconscious of approaching danger. One man only was abroad. He lived several miles below the fort, and was coming to town on horseback. When a short distance from the house of Mr. Wells, he was fired upon and wounded by the Indians. Putting his horse to full speed, he turned out of his way to inform the Colonel of their approach, and then hastened to alarm the fort. Still Alden was incredulous; he thought it was but a party of stragglers, and sent out orders to call in the guard. Before his order could be obeyed, the Indians were upon him. The advance was formed mainly of the Senecas, the most untamed and blood-thirsty of the Six Nations. Now, at length, the Colonel realized the danger, and fled down the hill toward the fort. Behind him followed a fleet-footed savage, with uplifted tomahawk. Several times Alden turned and snapped a pistol at his swift pursuer, but in the damp air the treacherous weapon failed him. At last the fort was nearly gained, its doors stood open for his reception, when the Indian's tomahawk, hurled with unerring aim, cleft his skull. As he fell, the savage rushed upon him, knife in hand, and under the very muskets of the soldiers tore off his bleeding scalp.

Meantime, at the house of Mr. Wells, a dreadful scene had been enacted. When the savages rushed in, the father of the family was engaged in his devotions, but a Tory slew him while he knelt at prayer. With him perished his wife and mother, three children, his brother, sister, and three domestics. One daughter, endeared to all by every Christian grace, escaped from the house and sought safety behind a pile of wood. She was pursued by an Indian, who, as he approached, wiped and sheathed his bloody knife and drew his tomahawk. Having some knowledge of the Indian language, she begged piteously for life, and a Tory who had formerly been a servant of her father interceded for her, claiming to be her

brother. With one hand the savage pushed aside the Tory, and with the other smote her to the earth. Of this whole family, but one escaped the carnage. He was a young boy who was absent in Schenectady at school. Thus his life was spared. He grew to manhood, and settling in New York, made the name of John Wells famous as the foremost lawyer of his time. Looking down upon the desolation of his homestead, he might have said with Logan, "there runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." Like Logan, however, he was fitted alone to represent a race.

Another party of Indians surrounded the house of Mr. Dunlop, the venerable clergyman whose ministrations the colony had followed from its cradle. Through the intercession of a Mohawk chief, the old man's life was spared, but only that he might witness the fiendish murder and mutilation of his wife, and the destruction of his little flock. Carried away prisoner, he was soon released, but within a year went down to his grave broken with age and sorrow.

One other incident and I have done with these sickening details. I tell them that you may know what border warfare meant in Tryon county; that you may know what our fathers meant when they said they were "resolved to be free or die." A Mr. Mitchell was absent from his house when the Indians came. Finding return impossible, he fled to the woods for safety. When the fiends had departed, he approached his home, and there a fearful sight awaited him. He saw before him the bodies of his wife and four children. Extinguishing a fire which had been kindled to destroy the house, he looked at his little ones, hoping that life might still remain. In one, a girl of ten or twelve years of age, a spark seemed yet to flicker; he raised her up, brought her to the door, and with beating heart was watching over her return to life when another party of the enemy appeared. He had hardly time to hide himself behind a log fence near by, when they approached the house. From his hiding place he beheld an infamous Tory, named Newbury, bury his hatchet in the skull of the little girl. The next day the desolate father all alone bore the five corpses to the churchyard, and with the soldier's aid, buried them in a common grave. I am glad to say, that the following year Newbury was arrested in the Mohawk Valley as a spy, convicted on the testimony of Mr. Mitchell, and hung as a common malefactor.

The victims of the massacre numbered about forty-eight in all, sixteen of whom were Continental soldiers, the rest were mostly women and children. The fort was not taken for the assailants had no cannon, and Indians rarely attempt to carry fortifications. During the day several attacks upon it were made, but successfully repulsed. Outside of the fort, however, the whole country was laid waste. Houses and barns, with all their stores, were burned, the cattle were driven off, and nothing but smouldering ashes marked the site of the once happy settlement. From the mere list of those who lost their lives no idea can be gathered of the misery inflicted. Some families escaped and wandered almost naked to the Mohawk. Others, and these were the larger number, were taken prisoners, and felt themselves reserved for a fate much worse than death.

As I have already said, three of the citizens of Cherry Valley were particularly obnoxious to the tories; they were John Moore, Colonel Samuel Campbell, and Major, afterward Colonel Samuel Clyde. These three men all escaped, the first two being absent from home, the last being stationed in the fort. Their families, however, were considered as only second in importance to themselves, and special arrangements were made for their capture. Fortunately the wife and children of Colonel Clyde escaped, and fleeing to the woods remained hidden all day and

night under a friendly log. The families of Mr. Moore and Colonel Campbell were less fortunate. The former were taken without resistance. In the case of the latter, a fight was made that excited even the admiration of the savages. Mrs. Campbell's husband was absent, but her father, Captain Cannon, who lived at Middlefield, was visiting his daughter. He, too, was a member of the Committee of Safety, was an old sea captain from the north of Ireland, and never dreamed of surrendering without a blow. As he was all alone, except some negro slaves, he knew that a defense of the house would be useless, and would only endanger the lives of those intrusted to his care. But resolving to sell his life as dearly as possible he sallied forth, with a stock of muskets, and a negro boy to load, and took position behind a tree which stood below the house. As the savages approached he poured into them a rapid fire, until a bullet in the leg brought him to the ground. When the Indians rushed up they found that the force which had opposed their progress consisted of one old man. Happily he was recognized, and his position, with admiration for his gallantry, saved his life. The house was then surrounded, and Mrs. Campbell with her mother and four children were taken prisoners. Her eldest son was saved through the devotion of his negro nurse, who wrapped him with the family bible in a blanket and hid them behind a fence. When the father returned to his home, this was all that was left of his family treasures.

As evening fell the enemy gathered up their plunder and prepared for a departure. The prisoners, drenched by the rain and with no protection against the wintry blast but the scantiest apparel, were huddled in groups and marched down the valley. About two miles below the fort they halted for the night. Around them gleamed the watch-fires of the savages; far in the distance rose the smoke from their burning homes, while within their hearts dwelt sad forebodings of the future. At length dawn broke to their sleepless eyes, and again they resumed the march. The aged mother of Mrs. Campbell, unable to keep pace with her companions, was tomahawked by her Indian guard and thrown naked by the roadside. Her daughter, bearing an infant in her arms, was driven along by the same demon with uplifted and bloody hatchet.

The next morning a halt was called and the joyful news communicated that it had been determined to send back the women and children. However, the families of Mr. Moore and Colonel Campbell were excluded from the act of grace, and reserved for a long and rigorous captivity among the Indians. The mothers were separated from their children, and it was not until near the close of the war that they were exchanged and reunited with their families. Eight years ago we laid to rest the last survivor of this party. A lad of six years when he was taken prisoner, he remembered almost to his death the incidents of his Indian life. During the late civil war one of his grandsons was taken by the Confederates and confined at Andersonville. As the old man heard how these prisoners were treated by their Christian captors, he used to say, that on the whole he thought the red man was the least savage of the two.

On the morning after the massacre a party of Indians returned to glean the bloody field, but two hundred militia arrived from the Mohawk and they soon dispersed. Then followed the sad work of burying the dead. From the scattered ruins of their homes the charred and mangled corpses were gathered up. In the old churchyard a deep trench was dug, and there in a common grave most of them were laid down to eternal rest. Upon this spot we have to-day erected our monument. It stands not to record a triumph, but that future gene-

rations, as they read the inscription upon its stone, may remember what it cost to win the liberties which sometimes we prize so lightly.

When the inhabitants who had escaped met again at the fort, and were joined by the prisoners who had been released, it was determined to abandon the settlement. Their homes were in ashes, all their property, except the bare land, had been destroyed, and to attempt rebuilding would only invite another raid, against which, from their exposed position, they had proved so powerless. Under the circumstances most of them moved to the Mohawk Valley, and there during the continuance of the war they did noble service. In the summer the fort was given up as useless, a band of marauders applied the torch to the old church, and Cherry Valley existed only as a recollection.

In the year after the massacre at Cherry Valley General Sullivan conducted an expedition against the villages of the Six Nations. One part of his force passing from the Mohawk to Otsego Lake dammed its waters, and floated down the Susquehanna on the flood caused by opening the dam. Turning to the west they dealt a blow to the Onondagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas, which it was hoped might give Tryon county peace. Yet even in this very summer Cobleskill was again ravaged, and frequent murders along the frontier showed how insecure was life.

But in 1780, the bloody work re-opened on a gigantic scale and continued down to the return of peace. First the little settlement of Harpersfield, the last of those along the Susquehanna, was blotted out, and then the valleys of the Schoharie and the Mohawk west of Schenectady, were made a desolation. I have neither time nor heart to dwell upon these scenes, in fact it would be but a repetition of the story which I have already told. In the various settlements rude forts had been erected, twenty-four in all, into which the inhabitants flocked for safety. But in the whole district outside their walls was hardly left a building or a breathing, living thing.

Yet you must not imagine that the sturdy patriots of Tryon county witnessed the destruction of their homes without resistance. After the battle of Oriskany, they saw full well what the future had in store for them. Writing to Congress they pointed out the dangers of their exposed position; showing how without a regular force it would be impossible to protect the frontier against the Indians, but closed by saying, "We are resolved if we do fall, to fall as becomes brave men." Nobly did they redeem their pledge. Time and time again they gathered and drove the invaders from their soil. The records are stained with fire and blood, but never with dishonor.

The town of Sharon, but six miles distant, witnessed one of the bloodiest minor engagements of the war. A party of one hundred and fifty militia, led by Colonel Willet, whom the Indians called "The Devil," with the brave Major M'Kean of Cherry Valley as second in command, utterly routed a hostile force of twice their number. A few months later occurred the battle of Johnstown, equally creditable to Tryon county. There Willet, with about five hundred men, defeated a force of tories outnumbering his own, exclusive of some one hundred and thirty Indians. In the rout which followed this victory, Walter Butler, the author of the Cherry Valley massacre, lost his life. With poetic justice he met the very fate which he had meted out to others. Fleeing up the Mohawk he reached the West Canada creek, across which he swam his horse, and then turned to bid defiance to his pursuers. An Oneida Indian who, like a sleuth hound, had followed on his track, with a rifle ball brought him wounded to the ground.

Casting aside gun and blanket, the Indian plunged into the stream and swam across. Butler now piteously begged for mercy. The Oneida, brandishing his tomahawk, replied in broken English, "Sherry Valley, remember Sherry Valley!" and then cleft his skull.

These were about the only occasions on which the patriots could force the enemy to an open fight. But the record is illuminated throughout with individual deeds of daring such as history cannot surpass. The world's tales of romantic valor contain nothing more absorbing than the lives of Murphy, M'Kean, Harper, Shankland, Shell, the Sammonses and Captain Gardenier. The story of their adventures would make the fortune of a novelist.

But against the enemy with whom they had to deal, valor, discipline and skill were powerless. Around them and in their very midst lived secret spies who gave notice of their every movement. To the Indians each foot of the surrounding country was familiar ground. They marched without baggage and by secret paths, and never knew fatigue. Behind them stretched illimitable forests, into which they would retreat when they had struck their blow. They never wanted for ammunition, for Canada and the British forts were unfailing arsenals. Besides this they now were fighting for their homes and hunting grounds, and the Tories, the bloodier of the two, had no future except revenge. Under such conditions it is no wonder that Tryon county was made a waste. What her patriot people suffered, the world can never know. Bare figures give but a faint suggestion, and yet they tell a fearful tale. Of the whole population it was estimated that about a third went over to the enemy, of those remaining, one-half were driven from the country or died by violence. At the outbreak of the war, the county contained twenty-five hundred able-bodied men, at its close it numbered twelve hundred taxable inhabitants, three hundred widows and two thousand orphans.

Such were the sufferings of the loyal men of Tryon county; but looking at the grand result, they were not borne in vain. Their homes were ruined, their property destroyed, and at times gaunt famine threatened them with utter extermination; but they held the Mohawk Valley for the Continental cause. Beyond them lay Albany and the district of the Hudson, from which our army largely gathered its supplies. Had the Mohawk been surrendered, the Hudson would have been the frontier of the State; and what that meant, Tryon county knew. But these twenty-four little forts, scattered along the Schoharie and the Mohawk, were never taken. About them blazed the fires and gleamed the tomahawks of the savage foe; around them bloody raids were made; but no army marching to the Hudson could leave such fortresses behind it. This gave to the county its strategical importance. But another consideration should not be overlooked. When, after the surrender at Yorktown, England made peace with her rebellious colonies, it was not so much on account of any defeats which she had suffered in the field, as because it was apparent that a people like this could never be subdued. Among this people, whose indomitable spirit thus wrung from England a reluctant peace, you will find none whose record for valor, constancy and fortitude surpasses that of the patriots of Tryon county.

I feel that I have given but a very imperfect sketch of what Central New York did and suffered in the Revolution. Yet read your school books, and of this you will scarcely find a trace. Read your more pretentious histories, and you will be told that New York had a large Tory population, and you will find little else besides. This is very true, but it is the merest fraction of the truth. It is only the dark setting of the picture, which should throw into the sunlight the glorious

colors upon the canvas. Nowhere were the Tories so active and untiring; but nowhere did the patriots do and suffer so much as here.

I am ashamed that New Yorkers have let other men write American history and make the picture of the shadow. With her capital, the whole of Long Island and Staten Island and most of Westchester county, in the hands of the enemy; with the central portion of the State such as I have pictured it, the wonder is that New York ever did any thing toward the Revolutionary cause; and yet of the thirteen States, three only furnished their full quota of men to the Continental Army, and of these New York was one. But two furnished their full quota of money and supplies; of these New York was one. She was the only one of the thirteen that furnished her full quota of men, money and supplies.

Prior to the Revolution she was always foremost. She first resisted the oppression of the crown; she first made stand against the power of Parliament; she led in resistance to the Stamp Act; her merchants signed the first non-importation agreement; her citizens organized the first committee of correspondence; she first suggested Colonial Independence; upon her soil the first blood was shed in the Revolutionary struggle, and within her border was fought the turning battle of the war. And yet historians have called her lukewarm. She first founded the freedom of the press; she first established full religious toleration; by her magnanimity she formed the first confederation of the States; she gave to the Supreme Court its first Chief Justice; she gave to America its first and greatest financier; and yet her history has been substantially ignored.

But I believe that all this is coming to an end. With the records now accessible, every student knows the truth. Such gatherings as we have witnessed in the State during the last two years, show that the people are interested in the subject, and where there is knowledge and a desire for information co-existing, the two must come together. One thing I think New York in justice to herself should do. She now has a population much larger than that of the whole thirteen colonies at the time of the Revolution. She has a history of unsurpassed importance. It should be made a study in every school-house in the State. The political system of this country is peculiar. In certain departments the general government is supreme; it has exclusive control of commerce; it alone can make war or peace, coin money and the like; and as supreme in these relations, every one studies the history of the United States, and is acquainted with the Federal Constitution. But in the larger circle of internal affairs, upon which the daily welfare of the citizen depends, the State is equally supreme. It is somewhat like the family circle, in which husband and wife are one, and yet each is a responsible, independent being. A good American citizen should understand the history and Constitution of the United States; but as the citizen of a State he should understand its history and Constitution. When this is done, New York will take her right position, not alone in history, but in the councils of the nation.

And now a few words more, and I have done. When the Revolution had closed, the scattered and broken inhabitants of Cherry Valley returned to their deserted homes. Exiles they called themselves, and well they might. They brought back from their wanderings nothing but stout hearts and the air of freedom which they breathed. But, nothing daunted, they began life over, and soon prosperity smiled upon the little valley. They were a God-fearing people, those early patriots. When in 1775 they received a summons to a Sunday meeting of the Committee of Safety, they replied that as the business was not urgent in its character they could not forego attendance on the public worship of their God. Now that

they had returned from exile, they met in the old graveyard, and there upon the soil which contained their sacred dead they re-organized their church. The first pastor was the great man of whom I have already spoken, the famous Dr. Nott, of Union College. As the settlement was in its infancy devoted to the cause of liberal education, so it continued in its riper years. Here was located the celebrated Academy, in its day the best known institution of its kind in the center of the State. Until the canal and railroads had diverted travel and population, its lawyers were the leaders of the bar, and its physicians have always been pre-eminent.

The last half century has worked great changes in its fortunes; but I am proud to say that its people have not proved unworthy of their ancestors. A century has not thinned the strong red blood that coursed through the veins of the early patriots. We have to-day erected a monument to the memory of those who a century ago died to give us liberty. Our other monument in the public square commemorates the sacrifice of those who died that it might not perish from the land. During the Revolution, the little town sent out more than one-tenth of its population to the Continental Army. I believe that no other place in the United States has such a record. How many went forth in the late war no one seems to know; but the facts within our knowledge tell a tale which it is hard to equal. At the breaking out of the Rebellion, the town numbered about two thousand people; it furnished to the Union army six lieutenants, eleven captains, and ten officers of higher grade; nearly if not quite enough for a regiment of a thousand men. In the old graveyard lie the bodies of thirteen soldiers who died in service, while the bones of thirty-two others are known to lie on Southern battle-fields. Doubtless this does not complete the tale, for some died in prison, and others sleep in unknown graves; but if forty-five were all, it would yet make a glorious record. One death in five enlistments is a large percentage. Measured by this standard, the little town must still have furnished to the army more than a tenth of its total population.

To such a people, I need hardly speak of the lesson taught by the event which we to-day commemorate; it has already come to them from the free hills by which they are surrounded, and the sacred soil beneath their feet. These, with the air they breathe, have been more eloquent than tongue of man. Her sons have shown how dearly they prized their father's Union by the joy with which they went to battle for it.

But a century ago the sacrifice was not ended when the war had closed. Our fathers returned to find ashes where they had left their homes; weeds and underbrush in place of cultivated farms. Others might have been discouraged; they, with valiant hearts, began their life anew. Not only did they suffer in the war itself, but while they lived the sacrifice continued. After a century, history repeats itself. Our brave soldiers saved the Union, but their sacrifice is not yet ended. At home the fathers and mothers nobly did their part, but their work is not yet done.

The Revolution left these valleys a waste of desolation; our war has left us an enormous debt; has prostrated our trade, and crippled industry. Our work will not be done until true prosperity is re-established, and our debt is honorably paid. Men who during the Rebellion were secret traitors to their country talk of repudiation, though they gloze the term with specious words. Communists from France, and Internationalists from Germany, preach the destruction of society. To some men these are attractive sounds. The signs about us seem to presage a conflict as momentous as any by which we have been tested. But as New York

has always in the past proved a bulwark in time of war, I trust that she may now stand as a bulwark against national dishonor. People who have no history can perhaps afford to repudiate their debts, as men who have no character can afford to be dishonest; but New York can be placed in no such category. Certainly we here could not thus prove unworthy of our ancestry. Our fathers, our sons and brothers would rise from their graves as witnesses against us, if we refused to bear our part of the sacrifices in the cause of liberty. We complain of our taxation and the bitter pressure of the times; but think how this valley looked at the close of the Revolution. Let us be, like our ancestors, patient, brave and honest; let us trust in the God who has guided our nation from its cradle, and we shall see the return of a durable prosperity based on honesty, justice and respect for law.

At the close of Major CAMPBELL'S Address the following Ode was sung:

COLUMBIA'S GLORY.

Say, have you heard the story
Of young Columbia's glory,
When on the red field striving,
For life and liberty?
Then with the foe before us,
Kind heaven still watching o'er us,
Safe thro' the carnage bore us.
We fought! we bled! we won!
Then rose the grateful anthem,
To Him who made us free.

Where, by our eastern waters,
Prayed blest Columbia's daughters,
For heavenly aid to lead us,
To life and liberty,
There, first in strife victorious,
The foe borne down before us,
Proud was the day and glorious,
The day of victory!
Then rose the grateful anthem,
To Him who made us free.

Sad were our hearts, and weary,
The years were long and dreary,
Ere dawned the day of promise,
Of freedom's battle won.
Long shall be known the story,
Of young Columbia's glory,
Long shall our hearts be grateful,
To Him who made us free!
E'en in the gift rejoicing,
Of fame and liberty.

Addresses were also delivered by Hon. S. C. WILLSON, of Indiana, Col. W. W. SNOW, of Oneonta, and President POTTER.

Immediately after the close of the exercises, Captain WOOD's company was reviewed by ex-Governor SEYMOUR, in Monument Square, and addressed by him as follows:

GENTLEMEN AND SOLDIERS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:

I am proud of the honor your captain and you have conferred upon me by the review I have just witnessed and the opportunity thus afforded me to address a few words of congratulation to you, not alone for your splendid appearance and your gentlemanly and soldierly deportment, but for your patriotic participation as citizen soldiers of New York with us and the citizens of Cherry Valley, in doing honor to the memory of those to whom we have dedicated yonder monument to-day.

After many years' experience in public life and in the affairs of this State, I am able to state to-day that in no department of the government of our great State, are the people so faithfully and patriotically served as by the National Guard. The unselfish and devoted patriotism with which you men perform your duty is an example, which, if followed by all the other departments of our government, would be a blessing to our people and a sure remedy for the evils from which we are suffering to-day.

One of the proudest recollections of my public life is the fact that while Governor of this State during the war of the rebellion, I enrolled over 400,000 soldiers to fight in the army of the Union, and signed over 16,600 commissions of the officers to command them, and that by all of them I was most kindly treated, and can say that the State never received more faithful, patriotic service than she did from those men.

I am happy indeed to become acquainted with you and your officers, and to thank your captain for this opportunity to address you and wish you, as you deserve, every success and honor in your patriotic service.

The Old Capitol.

OLD CAPITOL

The Old Capitol.

For nearly ten years, the Capitol of New York was a small building situated on what is now the corner of Hudson avenue and Broadway in the city of Albany. The building was called the Stadt Haus, or City Hall. From an old cut of it to be found in Munsell's Annals of Albany it seems to have been an ordinary four story stone building with dormer windows and the Albanian gable ends, yet it contained for these ten years within its walls the municipal bureaus of the city, the courts of justice of the county, and the county jail as well as the Legislature. In its yard stood the whipping post and pillory. It is natural to suppose that the officials were very much crowded. In 1803, the common council of Albany passed the following resolution, four members voting against it:

"*Resolved*, That a petition be presented to the Honorable the Legislature, from this Board, for an act authorizing the erection of a State and Court-house in the public square of this city, and that the present Court-house be sold toward defraying the expense thereof. That ——— ——— ——— be a committee to prepare a petition and cause a map to be made of ground in the square sufficiently spacious and suitable for such purpose, and that they report an estimate of the sum necessary for such State and Court-house."

John Cuyler, Charles D. Cooper and Jno. V. N. Yates were appointed the committee under the resolution. On March 7th following they made their report. In it they stated that "in forming the estimate of expense, your commissioners have taken a sum for which they conceive the contemplated State and Court-house might be finished in a plain and commodious manner with little or no decoration or ornament. Unwilling to lay any burdens on the county which might be deemed unnecessary, they have restrained from indulging themselves

in a calculation upon too large or expensive a scale. They have therefore estimated the expense at $30,000 only, to be raised as follows.

From the sale of the present court-house and ground belonging to it which they estimate at 17,500 Dolls.

The probable amount to be granted by the Legislature for furnishing apartments, etc., for them, the council, etc., 3,000 Dolls.

There remains to be raised by tax on the city and county, 9,500 Dolls.

The report proceeds to say that little more than one dollar would be the average rate on each taxable inhabitant of Albany, and recounts the merits of the project as likely to enhance the value of property. It says: "The number of lots belonging to this Board which are near and about the public square are twenty-seven. It is not supposed that at present they would produce more than $15,000, at the rate of $500 each for twenty lots on the square and $750 for the seven in State street. Yet it cannot be doubted that a State and Court-house erected in the square would increase this value, at least, 50 per cent more, consequently the city would gain in regard to its public property at least $8,000 on this part of the subject." The report was adopted.*

The public square was then also called "Pinkster's Hill." It was especially noted for numerous fresh water springs, which bubbled forth at various places on its surface, and for the general prevalence of cool breezes.

In the February number of Harper's Magazine, in 1859, is contained an account of Pinkster's Hill, by one who announces himself as an old Knickerbocker. It says:

"The road, since my recollection, passed up the hill on the south side of St. Peter's and the fort, and in the rear of the latter it passed over Pinkster Hill, on which the State capitol now stands. Pinkster Hill! What pleasant memory of my boyhood does that name bring up. That hill was famous as the gathering place of all the colored people of the city and for the country for miles around, during the Pinkster festival in May. Then they received their freedom for a week. They erected booths, where ginger-bread, cider, and apple-toddy were freely dispensed. On the hill they spent the days and evenings in sports, in dancing and drinking and love-making to their heart's content. I remember those gatherings with delight, when old King Charley, a darkey of charcoal blackness, dressed in his gold-laced scarlet coat and yellow breeches, used to amuse all the people with

* For efficient aid and direction in eliminating these interesting items from the ancient records of the common council of Albany, the editor is indebted to MARTIN DELEHANTY, Esq., clerk of the common council of Albany for the last twenty years.

his antics. I was a light boy, and on one occasion Charley took me on his shoulders and leaped a bar more than five feet in height. He was so generously "treated" because of his feat, that he became gloriously drunk an hour afterward, and I led him home just at sunset. When I look into the State capitol now when the Legislature is in session, and think of Congress hall filled with lobbying politicians, I sigh for the innocence of Pinkster Hill in the good old days of the Wooly Heads.

On April 3d, 1804, the bill authorizing the erection of the public building (now the old capitol) finally passed the Legislature, and was approved by the council of revision, April 6th, 1804. It appears as chapter LXVII of the Laws of 1804, and is entitled "An Act making provision for improving Hudson's river below Albany, and for other purposes." After some preliminary declarations, it says:

"And whereas the situation of the present court-house in the city of Albany is found by experience to be highly inconvenient for the transaction of public business, and the corporation of the said city, having represented to the Legislature that they are willing to appropriate a lot of ground on the public square of the said city, for the scite of a public building for the accommodation of the Legislature, and for a new City Hall, and have prayed that the present court-house, and the lot used with the same, might be sold, and the proceeds thereof applied toward erecting and finishing such new State house; therefore

Be it further enacted, That John Taylor, Daniel Hale, Philip S. Van Rensselaer, Simeon De Witt and Nicholas N. Quackenbush be and they are hereby appointed commissioners for the erecting and completing a public building in the city of Albany, on a lot to be designated for such purpose, as is hereinafter mentioned, with sufficient and commodious apartments for the Legislature, the council of revision, the courts of justice, and for the common council of the said city upon such construction, and plan as by them shall be judged proper.

And be it further enacted, That it shall and may be lawful for the said corporation, and they are hereby required, as soon as conveniently may be after the passing of this act, to proceed to the sale of the present court-house in the city of Albany, and the ground thereto appertaining for the best price, and on the best terms they can procure for the same, and on such sale to convey the said house and ground to the purchaser or purchasers in fee simple; and that the monies arising from such sale shall be paid to the said commissioners, in such manner and at such time or times as they shall require, the same to be applied by them toward effecting the object intended by this act. *Provided, however*, That nothing herein contained shall be held or construed to authorize the said corporation so to sell and dispose of the premises, as to admit the purchaser thereof to go into actual possession before the new State house shall be completed, until which time the present court-house shall be occupied and appropriated as the same hath heretofore been done.

And be it further enacted, That the supervisors of the city and county of Albany shall cause to be raised, levied and collected by a tax on the free-holders and inhabitants of the county of Albany, exclusive of the said city, three thousand dollars, and by a tax on the freeholders and inhabitants of the said city,

a further sum of three thousand dollars; which sums shall be raised, levied and collected in the same manner as the contingent charges of the said county are by law directed to be raised, levied and collected, which sums, when raised, shall be paid to the order of the said commissioners for the purposes aforesaid.

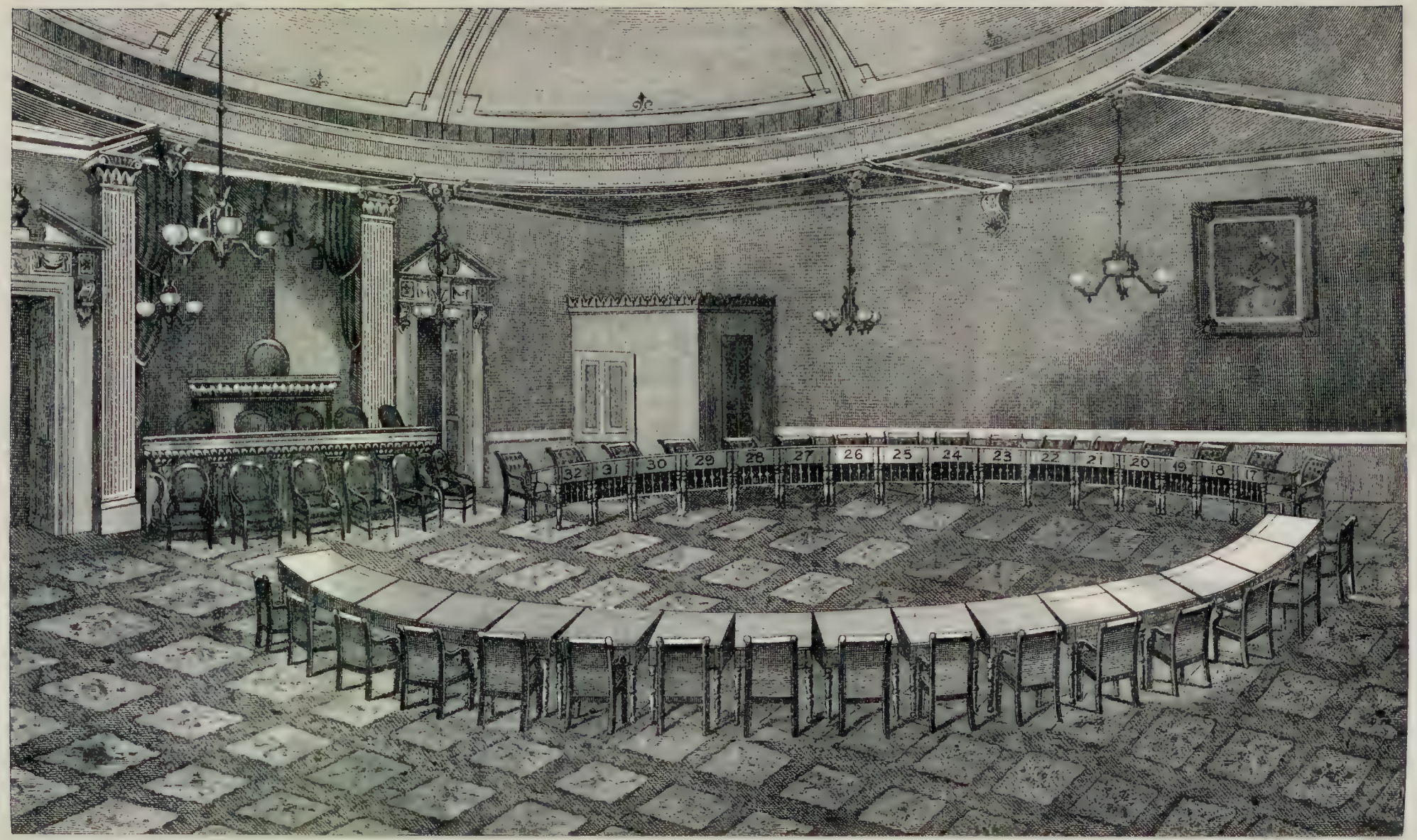
And be it further enacted, That the managers of the lotteries hereinbefore mentioned shall cause to be raised by lottery the further sum of twelve thousand dollars, in such manner as they or a majority of them shall deem proper, which sum when raised the said managers shall pay unto the said commissioners for the purposes aforesaid."

The law concludes with provisions for bonds to be executed by the commissioners, in $30,000 each, and for the filling of vacancies in their number should any occur, by "the person administering the government of this State."

The title of this law it will be seen has no reference to the erection of a capitol, except in the extremely indefinite terms "for other purposes." Under the Constitution of 1777, such cases were very frequent, and it is a matter of record that Aaron Burr obtained the passage of an act ostensibly for the purpose, as its title indicated, "to supply New York city with pure and wholesome water," under the provisions of which the Manhattan Bank at No. 40 Wall street, New York city, was incorporated. It is not immediately within the domain of the present subject, yet it may be interesting to state that the Manhattan Bank at present maintains a reservoir in one of the most thickly populated parts of New York city, merely to carry out the provisions of that act.*

Under the lottery system at that time, all the public improvements of the State were conducted. The system was established originally by virtue of "An act for the encouragement of literature," for the purpose of founding the common school fund, which is now the most sacred public trust of the State, and under its provisions, Union, Hamilton, and Columbia colleges were largely endowed. The system also extended to the laying out of roads and highways, the improvement of rivers, the building of bridges, the encouragement of the arts and sciences, and every thing which might be termed a State project. The Constitution of 1821 finally abolished the system and prohibited any lottery within the State borders.

*The editor of the present volume recently received a note from Mr. JAMES R. MORRISON, president of the Manhattan Bank, describing in detail the water-works which the corporation continues to maintain in Center street, between Reade and Duane, in order to meet the provisions of its original charter. The reservoir, an iron tank 41 feet high, is supplied with water by steam power from seven connected wells in the adjoining streets, at the present day, under a contract.



Lith by Weed Parsons & Co, Albany, N.Y

SENATE CHAMBER, OLD CAPITOL.

It will be seen by the act above that the original appropriation for the old capitol was $24,000, to which must be added the proceeds of the sale of the Stadt Haus, which amounted to $17,200 more. With this sum the commissioners proceeded promptly to work, and on April 23, 1806, the corner stone of the building was laid. Philip S. Van Rensselaer, then mayor of the city, performed the exercises in the presence of quite an imposing assemblage, including the chancellor (John Lansing, Jr.), the judges of the Supreme Court, the members of the city corporation, the commissioners of the capitol, and other officials. The papers of the day do not state whether any memorials of the time were deposited in the corner stone, and it is a very curious thing that it is uncertain to the present day whether any memorials at all were so deposited. The custom of depositing memorials in corner stones was then in vogue, because the newspapers of that day mention the fact of such deposits in the corner stones of other buildings undergoing erection in Albany at that time. The event of laying the corner stone of what was admitted to be one of the most imposing and important edifices in the country, is thus modestly chronicled by the *Albany Daily Advertiser:*

"On Wednesday, the 23d of April, the corner-stone of the State House was laid by Hon. Philip S. Van Rensselaer, in presence of the Chancellor, Judges of the Supreme Court, members of the corporation, State House Commissioners and other citizens. The site on which this edifice is to be erected is at the head of State street, on the west side of the public square. It is to be built of stone, one hundred feet by eighty, on an improved plan, embracing much elegance with great convenience and durability."

In March, 1807, the first report of the commissioners was made to the Legislature. It appears in the Assembly Journal of that year, under date of March 5th. It says: "The commissioners, for erecting a building for public purposes in the city of Albany, report: 'That, in prosecuting the duties of their appointment, they have expended $33,200, and have on hand, of the materials purchased with money out of that sum, to the amount of $8,750. The architect estimates that to inclose the building will still require about $16,000; to complete the interior $20,000. The portico with steps of freestone, columns of marble and pediment of wood, $6,800. Total, $42,800. This estimate contemplates a wooden cornice around the building and a

shingle roof. If the cornice be made of stone and the roof of slate, $10,000 more will be required.'"

In accordance with the suggestion of the commissioners, the Legislature soon afterward appropriated $20,000 further toward the erection of the building, the sum, as usual, to be raised by a lottery. In March, 1808, the commissioners made another report, showing that the total amount received from all sources was $69,600, of which they had expended for the work in hand $67,688. They announced also that they were of opinion that $25,000 was needed to finish the building.

The Legislature promptly passed a bill appropriating the needed $25,000. In 1809 $5,000 was appropriated for furnishing the new building, and in another bill $500 was appropriated "for the completion of the public building in the city of Albany, which building shall hereafter be known as the CAPITOL." Previous to this, every building for the accommodation of the State government had been known as the State House. In April, 1810, $4,000 was appropriated again toward finishing the building, and in 1811 the same amount was also appropriated. In 1814 the commissioners considered their work finished and rendered their final accounts. From this it is shown that the expense of erecting the old building amounted to $110,685.42, and was defrayed as follows:

Paid by the State	$73,485 42
Paid by Albany city	34,200 00
Paid by Albany county	3,000 00
Total	$110,685 42

In section 48 of the supply bill for 1814, it is provided that the comptroller shall allow to the commissioners of the "publick building" one per cent out of the moneys expended, as a compensation for their services. Albany city and county, of course, held an interest in the grounds and buildings under the law, and they continued to do so until 1829, when (May 5, 1829) an act was passed authorizing the payment of $17,500 to the city and county, on condition that all rights and interests in the capitol and the park should be released. The terms were accepted, and since that time Albany (city or county) has had no right or interest in the Capitol or Capitol Park, except that of police surveillance, which is voluntarily contributed.

The building was considered, when completed, an edifice of great pretensions. Travelers and tourists described it in language of excessive admiration. Professor Silliman, in 1813, spoke of it as "a large, handsome building, the furniture exhibiting a good degree of splendor." Mr. Horatio Gates Spafford described the building in detail in 1823, and said of the senate and assembly chambers, which were then on the same floor: "In the furniture of these rooms there is a liberal display of public munificence, and the American eagle assumes almost imperial splendor." Mr. Spafford's description, except for the rear additions which have been made, will stand almost good at the present day. He said:

"It stands at the head of State street, adjoining the Public park, and on an elevation of 130 feet above the level of the Hudson. It is a substantial stone building, faced with freestone taken from the brown sandstone quarries on the Hudson below the Highlands. The walls are 50 feet high, consisting of two stories, and a basement story of 10 feet. The east, or main front, is adorned with a portico of the Ionic order, tetrastile, the entablature supporting an angular pediment, in the tympanum of which is to be placed the arms of the State.* The ceiling of the hall is supported by a double row of reeded columns; the floors are vaulted and laid with squares of Italian marble, diagonally checked with white and grey. The building is roofed with a double hip of pyramidal form, upon the center of which is erected a circular cupola, 20 feet in diameter, which contains a small bell for the use of the courts. On its dome is a statue of Themis, facing eastward: a carved figure of wood, 11 feet in height, holding a sword in her right hand, and a balance in her left."

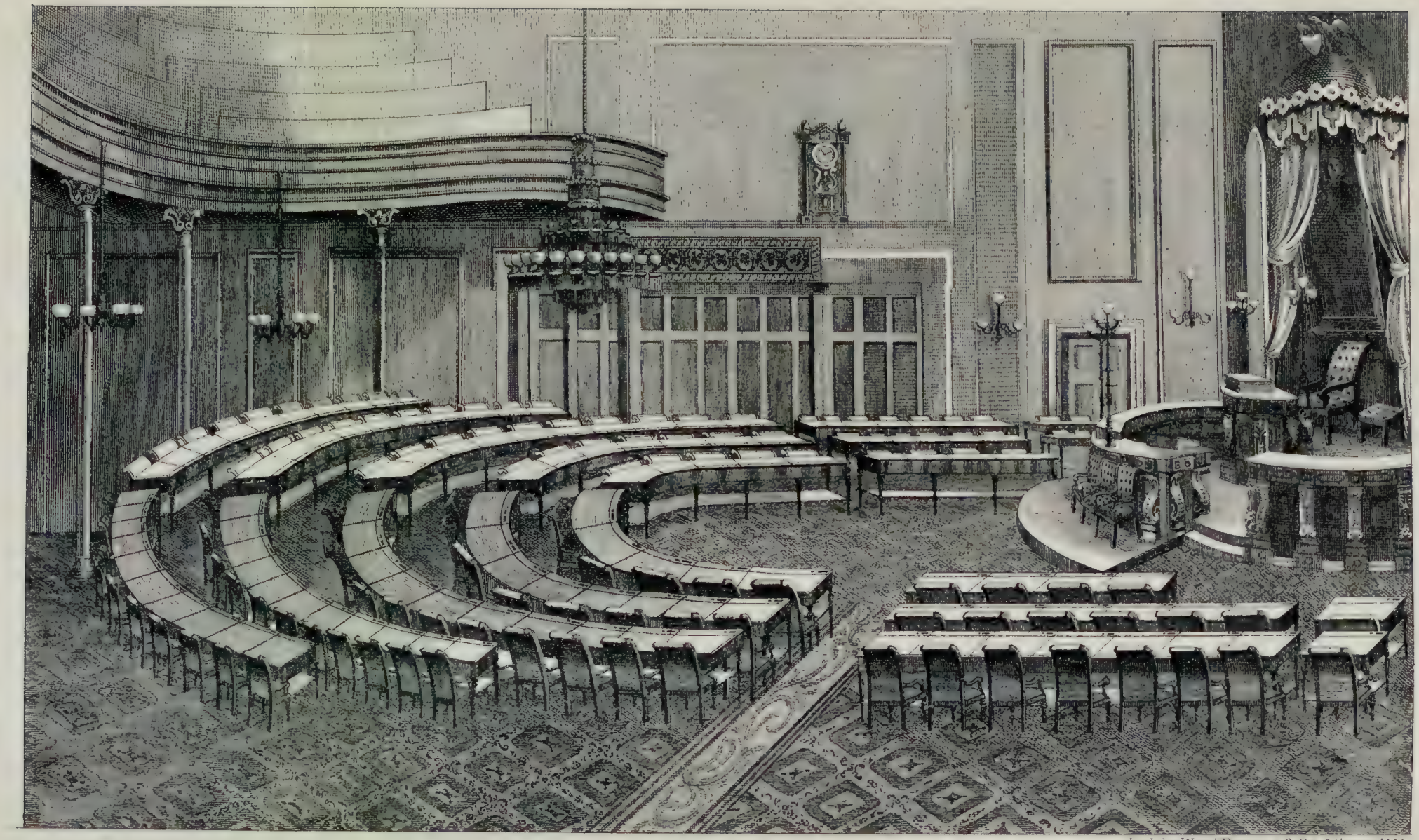
It is even a matter of record that English travellers spoke of it in approving terms. With such pretensions advanced for the old building, how little could its originators have imagined that it would not outlive the allotted term of man, and how little could they have foreseen the progress of a State which in seventy years could grow beyond the uses of so magnificent an edifice!

Some question evidently arose toward the completion of the building as to the rights of Albany city and county and the rights of the State in its occupancy. On April 1, 1807, the common council of the city of Albany passed a resolution declaring that the sense of the Board is that when "compleated" the same public building shall "be used for the accommodation of the Legislature, the Court of Chancery, the Supreme Court, the Court of Common Pleas for this county, the

* See appendix — Note 1.

Mayor's court and common council of this city, and such other purposes as may not be incompatible with the uses above expressly designated." And in order to "confirm the said appropriation" it was ordered that a copy of the resolution should be filed with the secretary of State, and certified by the mayor.

The rooms of the Public Building, when it was first opened to public use, were occupied as follows: The governor's room was then on the south-east corner of the first floor, as it is now, except that an additional room projecting upon the main hall was added during the rebellion, because of the increased duty devolving upon the governor and his military staff. The council of revision met, it appears, in the governor's rooms. The apartments occupied by the adjutant-general now (in 1879) to which a similar additional room was added during the war, were devoted to the Albany Common Council. The assembly chamber was the same as in 1878, except that various additions have been made in the rear, while the senate chamber was to the left of the assembly chamber, as you enter from the main hall, and is at this date occupied by the department of public instruction. Until last summer, (1878), it was used as the post-office and cloak-room of the assembly. Where the present library of the court of appeals is, until lately the room of the court itself, was the gallery of the senate. When the senate chamber was removed to the large room on the second floor, a floor was constructed on the level of this gallery, and additional rooms thus secured to the building. In one of them the supervisors of Albany county held their meetings. On the upper floors originally, the supreme court, then the highest court of the State, occupied the main room, now occupied by the court of appeals, and occupied in 1878 by the senate. The other rooms were occupied by the court of chancery, the court of common pleas, the court of general sessions and the mayor's court. In the attic were placed the mayor's office, the rooms of the society of arts, the State library and the State board of agriculture, while in the "abasement" were the offices of the county clerk, the marshal of the city, and the rooms of the keeper of the capitol. There was not a committee room in the entire building. It can hardly be conceived that the building could ever have rendered adequate accommodation for such a number of public offices, but this arrangement continued until the completion of the city hall, in 1831, when the city and county



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ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, OLD CAPITOL.

offices were removed to that building. Various changes have taken place since. The new State library was built under the law of 1851; the society of arts was abolished and large additions were made to the rear of the building, for the better accommodation of the clerks and members of assembly. But none of the various additions kept the capitol up to the increase of the needs of the State. The sessions of the Legislature so overburdened it that part of old Congress Hall, a whole private residence and numerous apartments in the Delavan House and elsewhere were required for committee rooms. Indeed, with so many of the departments located in other buildings, the capitol itself was but a centre from which the various branches of the State government radiated, rather than a habitation in which they held their principal court. Nor did the various additions to the old building, deemed seventy years ago so magnificent, give it pace with more modern structures about it. The city of Albany, then the seventh in size in the Union, although with only 7,500 inhabitants, has since grown to a population of nearly 90,000 (although hardly now to be named among the large cities), and with this growth the ancient grandeur of the old capitol has been overtopped by several buildings within sight of it. The Cathedral, St. Peter's, St. Paul's and St. Agnes' churches, the city hall and the new State hall, all within a few blocks of it, far exceed it in magnificence, though none of them have an atom of its gray old picturesqueness, as it sits in the summer foliage and the winter snows a thing of equal honor and beauty, like a little old beldame among her grander sons.

In the quaint old chamber with sculptured cornices over the doors, deep wood-fire places and wide chimneys, here and there an odd looking modern improvement breaking forth upon its ancient surface, DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, DE WITT CLINTON, MARTIN VAN BUREN, WILLIAM L. MARCY, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SILAS WRIGHT, HAMILTON FISH, WASHINGTON HUNT, HORATIO SEYMOUR, and others of as great renown have had their official habitations. That one room itself is a wonderful centre of historical associations. What consultations have been had there, and what strange plots and complications have been engineered there, is, of course, not within the historian's sphere, but that great state policies and great personal schemes have been bruited in the old chamber is beyond any question. The chief magistracy of the chief

State in the Union has been well considered a long step toward the chief Magistracy of the Union of the States, yet strangely enough only one occupant of the governorship ever reached it.

In the governor's room, the Council of Revision, which had the veto power at present exercised by the governor alone, held its meeting in the early years of the building's history.

A history of the senate and assembly chambers would be, in effect, a history of the legislation of the State. Most of the great measures which have served to make the State great, found their utterances in these two chambers. The Erie canal project, the abolition of slavery in the State, and the important constitutional changes which were made in 1821 and 1846, received substance and cohesion in these rooms. There were, of course, many incidents hardly so important as these changes which also occurred within the walls of the senate and assembly chambers. The great constitutional conventions were held in the assembly chamber. La Fayette was feasted there in 1825; receptions to most of the State's distinguished visitors have been given there; the meetings of State agricultural, medical, military and other societies were annually held in it, and frequent political campaign gatherings have had their few hours of rant and rallying from its speaker's rostrum. An impressive scene of annual occurrence was the delivery of the governor's speech. Up to 1821 it had been customary for the governor upon being formally made acquainted with the fact that the two houses were organized and ready to proceed to business, to reply that at such an hour he would meet them in the assembly chamber. At that hour the senate would wait upon him, and he at their head with the lieutenant-governor would enter the assembly chamber, all the assembly standing as he entered, be received by the sergeant-at-arms and be formally announced by him to the speaker, who would then surrender his place to the governor, and the latter would read what is now known as his message. At the conclusion he would withdraw, accompanied by the senate, in the same impressive manner. In 1821, however, an extra-patriotic committee, appointed as was the custom to draw up an answer to the governor's speech, reported that the whole custom of gubernatorial speech-making was a "remnant of royalty and ought to be abolished." Although this was voted down, the next governor, Joseph C. Yates, contented himself with the message as

delivered at the present day, and the most unusual presence in either house during a session now is that of the governor. The assembly chamber was also the meeting place of the legislative party caucuses which nominated candidates for governor, and announced the voice of the parties in the State in favor of candidates for the presidency.

In 1812, Governor Tompkins performed an act which was, and may have been justly, termed a "remnant of royalty." He dissolved the Legislature by a decree of prorogation. Perhaps this event was the most exciting in the history of the old capitol. A prorogation under the State organization had never been known before and has never been known since. The cause of the prorogation was the danger of the passage of a bill to charter the bank of America, which had been secured, as evidence seemed to show, by wholesale bribery and corruption. The passage of the bill by the two houses would have carried it to the Council of Revision where Governor Tompkins could have had no control over it, beyond his own vote. In order to prevent its passage, he therefore sent a message to the two houses, on the morning when the final vote upon its passage was to be taken, recapitulating the charges relative to bribery and corruption, and suggesting that time should be afforded for reflection and for consultation with the constituencies of members, and declaring the two houses prorogued for two months, until the 21st of May next, then to meet in the capitol at the city of Albany. The presiding officers of both houses at once declared those bodies adjourned. The scene of excitement that ensued extended itself to the city, and the town was in commotion. Blows and oaths were exchanged within the two chambers, and repeated in the public places. When the two houses reconvened after the prorogation, they resumed business where it had been cut off by the order of prorogation, and, notwithstanding the odor of uncleanness that the bill must have emitted, and notwithstanding the two months of reflection which had been permitted the members and their consultations with their constituents, the bill was passed finally, within three weeks from the re-opening of the session. A committee drew up a resolution declaring the prorogation unconstitutional and dangerous to the liberties of the people, but its consideration was set down for a day when neither house was likely to be in session, a method at that time in vogue of delicately dissenting.

During the visit of La Fayette to this country in 1825, a platform was erected over the main portico of the old capitol, on which he stood and received the people. The spikes inserted in the pillars to sustain the platform remain there at present, a somewhat incongruous object to those unaware of their history. Another incongruous object which probably excites more curiosity than any thing else in the casual observer, is a stone projection on the south-east corner of the building, oval in form, and having twelve notches in its outer rim. Probably hardly more than a dozen men are aware that this is a sun dial, and not half a dozen can explain its history. It was, however, the production of a gentleman named Ferguson, who had a taste for such matters, and who made it from an engraving of the famous Scotch Ferguson's sun-dial, as given in his "Lectures on Select Subjects in Mechanics, Hydrostatics, etc." The stone-cutter Ferguson intended to make an exact working copy of the sun-dial, as there represented, but the hour marks were painted on and for many years have been effaced by the action of the weather. Simeon DeWitt, at that time surveyor-general and a commissioner of the capitol, was so impressed with the worth of the dial that he consented to have it placed where it now is, and where it has stood since 1823.*

In 1843, the remains of Col. John Mills, who commanded the Albany volunteer regiment in the war of 1812, was permitted by a special act to be buried in the capitol park, and the Albany Republican artillery company, which represented the regiment, was allowed the privilege, which they asked, of erecting a monument over his remains. In their report accompanying the bill for this purpose the committee of the assembly to whom the matter was referred detailed the services of Col. Mills, ending with his death in a gallant charge of his regiment at Sackett's Harbor in 1813, and in relation to the proposed monument, said: "The posthumous honors which a nation bestows on distinguished public services are the rewards which alone stimulate a lofty and generous ambition. It is thus that great and distinguished acts of devotion to the country, when cherished and commemorated by a grateful people, reproduce thnmselves in after generations. New York may proudly point to other sons who equally deserve the most distinguished

* See appendix — Note 2.

GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CAPITOL.

marks of honor, yet all concede that it would be worthily bestowed upon the devoted patriot and gallant soldier who fell in defense of his country, Col. John Mills."

The remains of the gallant soldier were interred with military rites and the great civic ceremonies in the park, and the monument — was forgotten. To-day the place of his burial is not designated by even a head-stone.

Many efforts have been made to remove the capitol from Albany. In 1846, petitions poured into the Legislature bearing nearly 10,000 names, asking that some other location be designated and the capitol removed thereto, and declaring that "the capitol has long been detained at Albany by the same bad local feastings and other influences which formerly prevented the incorporation of any bank in whose stock certain inhabitants of Albany were not to have the lion's share." A committee reported in favor of taking the sense of the people upon the subject, and designating for their choice either Syracuse or Utica, but the bill for that purpose failed of passage. Attached to a minority report upon the question which discussed very fully the merits of Albany as a capitol are the names of Thomas Smith, C. D. Barton, and S. J. Tilden. In 1877, a strong feeling for a change in its location was aroused because of the large appropriation demanded for the building now in process of erection, and a bill to remove the capitol to New York failed of passage in the assembly by only a half dozen votes.

The old building which this article commemorates deserves a better fate than the demolition which is to be its portion within the next two or three years. Its historic value is hardly exceeded by the national edifices in Washington, and, as an eminent speaker says, perhaps the only infelicitous incident connected with the erection of the new capitol is the fact that the old one must pass away.

APPENDIX TO "THE OLD CAPITOL."

NOTE 1. THE ARMS OF THE STATE.

The arms of the State have never been placed there, possibly because there remains to the present day uncertainty as to what is the actual design of the State arms. Dr. HENRY A. HOMES, State Librarian, writes as follows on the subject:

"The first enacted general law of the State of New York, March 16, 1778, declared what were to be the arms and seal of the State.* Several times since, in 1798, 1801, 1809, and 1813, new seals or modifications of the old seals have been authorized by law, but there is no evidence that the arms of the State were ever changed by law.

"The following is a general description of the arms, avoiding technical terms: *Shield* — Upper portion a blue sky, with the sun rising behind three mountains, and at the base of the last the sea in calm. *Crest* — An eagle rising from a globe, with geographical delineations. *Supporters* — The figure of Liberty, in dress of gold and mantle of red hanging behind from her shoulders to her feet, the right hand clasping a staff, crowned with a liberty cap, and her left pressing upon a jewelled crown. This is on the right. On the left, the figure of Justice, with dress and mantle like those of Liberty, her left hand holding a balance, and a sword pointed upward in her right hand. Both of these figures are standing, and the left hand of Liberty supports the shield.

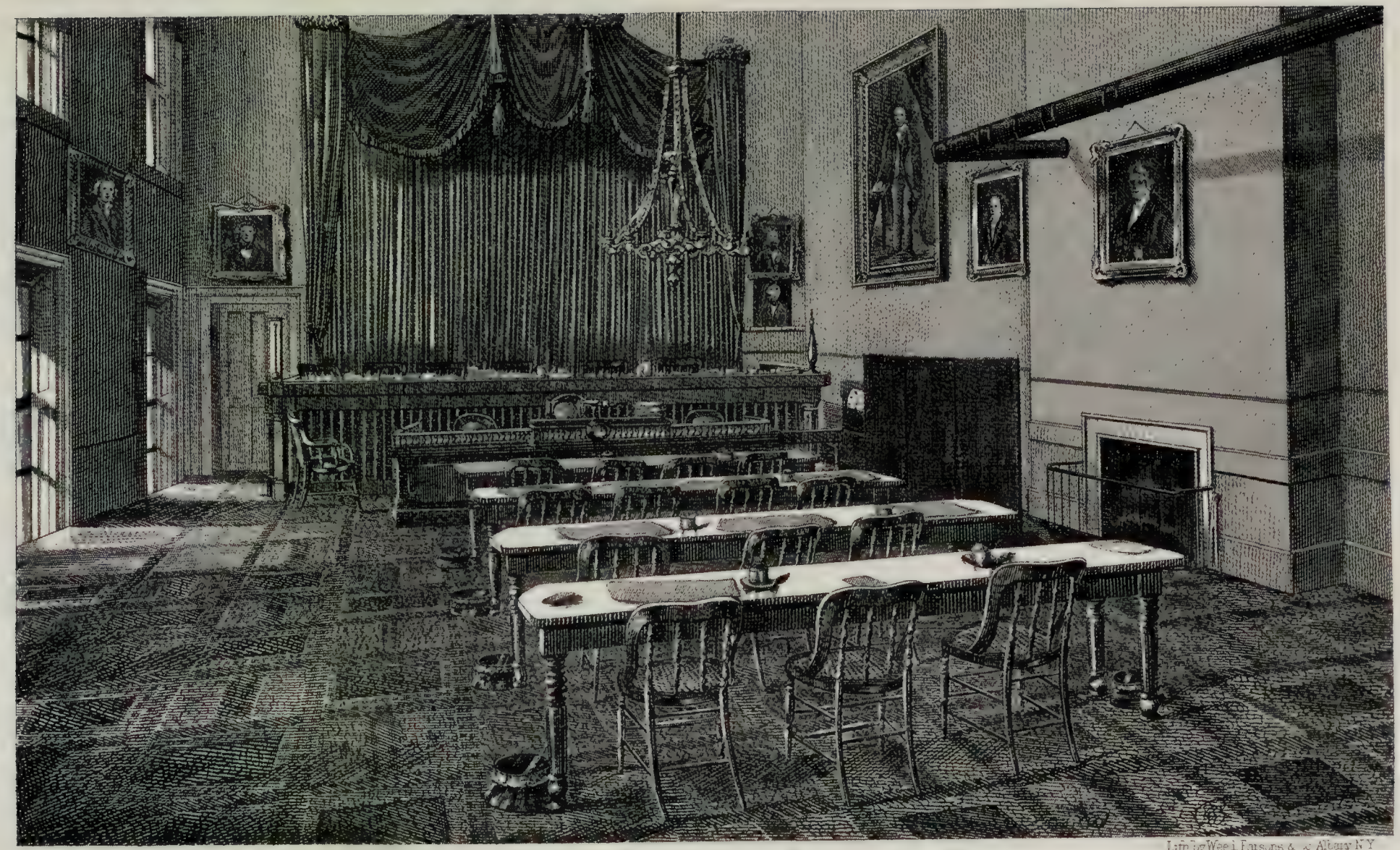
"Efforts are being made in the Secretary of State's office to secure correct pictures of the arms in their earliest form. There has been obtained an engraving of the arms as found on a military commission issued by Governor George Clinton within three months after the passage of the law of 1778. There is now painting in colors a copy of the arms from a flag displayed by a New York regiment, commanded by Gen. Gansevoort at the surrender of Gen. Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781, to be placed in the State Library, and in the Secretary's office. By chap. 634 of the Laws of 1875, a third early copy of the arms has been obtained from a window in St. Paul's church, New York. With the aid of all these a standard representation of the State arms will be retained in the Secretary's office.

"The title pages of the annual editions of the Session Laws, down to 1815, bore a vignette of the State arms, of the same general design as the three early copies mentioned above; but in that year, for the first time, the vignette bore the figure of Justice seated, and in 1819 the figure of Liberty was also, for the first time, seated. Evidently it was supposed that as the seals had been modified, the laws of heraldry, as regards the arms, might be disregarded and the supporters be seated."

No. 2.

The following extracts from the minutes of the Common Council of Albany, relative to the sun-dial, have been brought to the attention of the editor by Mr. ELISHA MACK, of Albany, and will be found of interest:

* Greenleaf's ed., vol. i, ch. 12.



COURT OF APPEALS ROOM, OLD CAPITOL

At a meeting of the Common Council, held at the capitol in the city of Albany on the 27th day of May, 1822:

Present, His Honor the Mayor, and Recorder,

Aldermen.

Gibbons,	Hamilton,	Phelps,
Bleecker,	Cassidy,	L'Amoureux.
Van Loon,		

Assistants.

Maher,	Lansing,	Davis,
Costigan,	Pemberton,	Humphrey.

Resolved, That the Recorder with Messrs. Hamilton, Humphrey and Maher be a committee to ascertain the expense of setting up the *Dial* belonging to this Board, upon the Public Square.

At a meeting of the Common Council, held at the Capitol, in the city of Albany, on the 22d July, 1822: The committee to whom was referred a resolution to ascertain the expense of setting up a Dial belonging to this Board, upon the Public Square, report, that the same may be attached to a corner of the Capitol building, and the expense will be about $15.

ESTES HOWE, *Ch'n.*

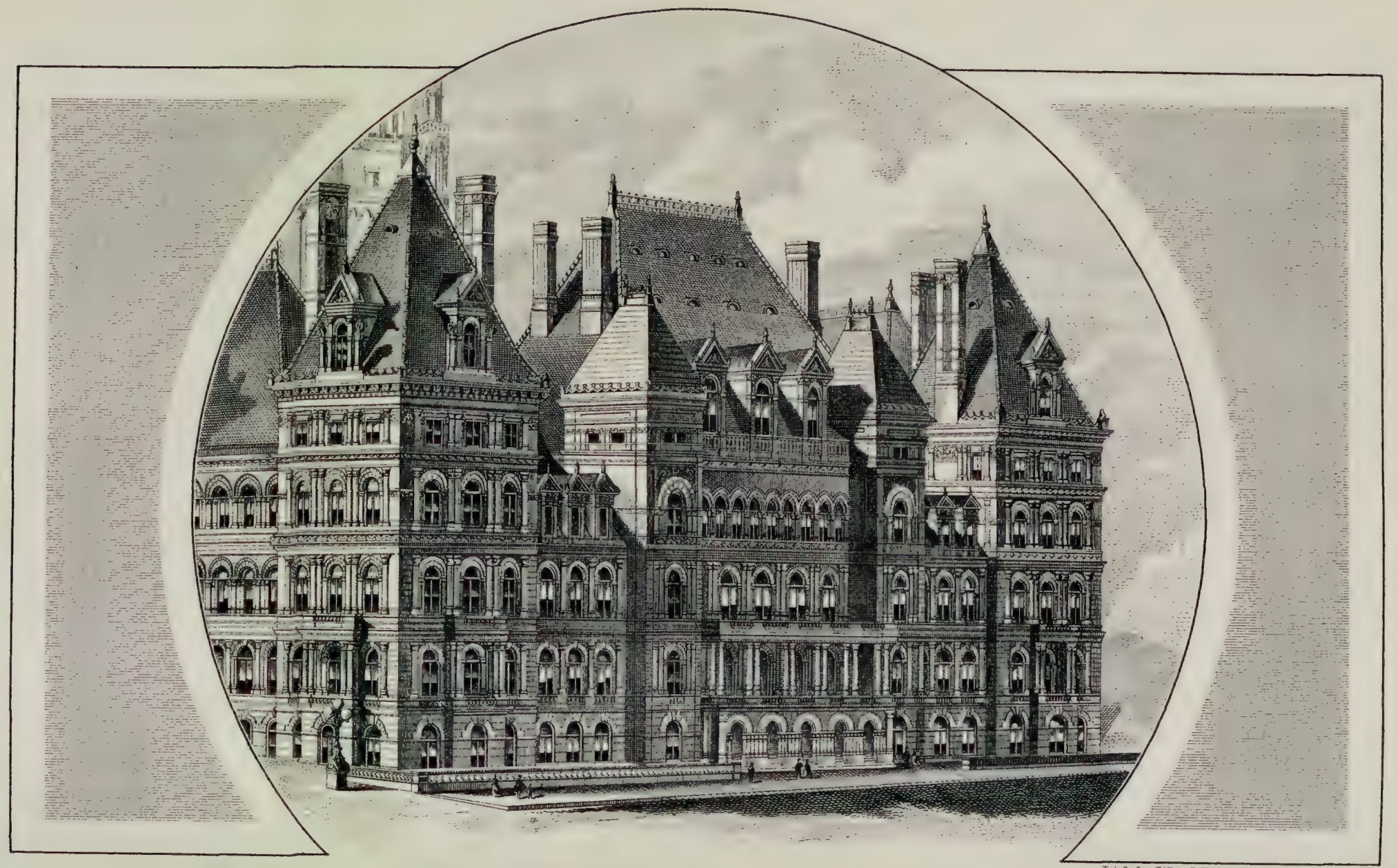
Therefore —

Resolved, That the Board agree in said report.

Resolved, That the City Superintendent be directed to put the Dial at the south-east corner of the Capitol building, the expense not to exceed $15.

It appears in the book of minutes, from which the foregoing extracts were copied, that in the year 1822 Hon. Charles E. Dudley was Mayor, Estes Howe, Recorder, and Philip Hooker, City Superintendent and Surveyor.

The New Capitol.



Lith. by Weed, Parsons & Co. Albany N.Y.

NEW CAPITOL.

The New Capitol.

The inadequacy of the old Capitol to the requirements of the State resulted, after a great amount of discussion, in the project of a new Capitol. The first legislative action of any kind in relation to the subject was had on April 24, 1863, when James A. Bell, senator from the 18th district, offered by unanimous consent the following resolution in the Senate, on behalf of the committee on public buildings.

Resolved, That it be referred to the trustees of the Capitol and the chairman of the committee on public buildings (to act in conjunction with a committee of the Assembly, if appointed), to procure suitable plans for a new capitol, with adequate accommodations for the several purposes for which the same is needed, and to report to the next legislature."

The resolution was adopted. The trustees of the new Capitol at that time were Horatio Seymour, Governor; David R. Floyd-Jones, Lieutenant-Governor; Theophilus C. Callicot, Speaker; Horatio Ballard, Secretary of State; Lucius Robinson, Comptroller, and John Cochrane, Attorney-General. John V. L. Pruyn was chairman of the committee on public buildings. These gentlemen, except the speaker and secretary of state, made a report at the succeeding session, under date of March 1, to the effect that they had procured the plans designated, and that of Messrs. Fuller and Jones "was much more elaborate, and reflects credit on their ability and taste; not only are the interior arrangements very complete, but the proposed front is one of great merit." They presented also copies of their directions to architects for making the plans, wherein they state that the building should contain suitable rooms for the governor and staff, senate, assembly, court of appeals, State library, superintendent of public instruction and the

keeper of the Capitol. It was suggested in the propositions that plans should be made with reference to the square about the old building, as the site for the new one.

Early in the session of 1865 a resolution was adopted in the senate, appointing a committee of three (Senators WILLIAM LAIMBEER, JR., O. M. ALLABEN and CHARLES J. FOLGER), to ascertain by correspondence with various municipalities of the State, on what terms the grounds and buildings necessary for a new Capitol and public offices could be obtained. The committee met soon afterward and sent a circular to various cities and villages of the State, embodying the matter of the resolution. Among the responses to the circular were all sorts of propositions, from all sorts of places. New York city offered to give a site in the Battery, City Hall Park, Tompkins Square, Central Park or in any public place, and erect all the buildings necessary free of expense to the State, and, in addition, to furnish one hundred feet square on Fifth avenue, opposite Central Park, and erect thereon a suitable house for an executive mansion. Yonkers, Saratoga Springs, Athens on the Hudson, Whitestown, Argyle, Sing Sing, Fulton and Margaretville also made handsome offers, while Buffalo, Oswego and Utica sent polite notes declining to make any propositions. The village of Sandy Hill, Washington county, rejected the circular with strong indignation, its president announcing in his reply that "if the time has come when our Capitol is to go to the highest bidder, like most every thing that has any connection with our present legislation, then I would plainly and frankly say that our people are not the ones to offer large bribes or inducements for the purpose of building up their place or people to the detriment and inconvenience of all the rest of the people of the State." Mayor ELI PERRY, for the corporation of Albany, agreed to convey to the State the block known as Congress Hall block or any other lands in the city required for that purpose.

Upon the report of the committee an act was passed May 1, 1865 (chapter 648) entitled "An Act authorizing the erection of a New Capitol." This act required that whenever, within three years, the city of Albany shall convey to the State, in fee-simple and unincumbered, the parcel of land generally known as Congress Hall block, the governor shall nominate, and with the consent of the senate appoint a board of three commissioners to be known as the "The New Capitol

Commissioners" for the purpose of erecting a new capitol for the use of the executive, legislative and judicial departments, and such other purposes as may be connected therewith. The act further states that the new capitol shall be located upon the site of the present capitol, and certain grounds adjacent thereto, and "built of such material and in such manner in all respects as will best promote the public interest and secure the completion of a substantial and commodious edifice." The same act appropriates $10,000 for the commencement and prosecution of the work. In February, 1866, Governor FENTON sent a communication to the legislature announcing that Albany had complied with the conditions of the act just quoted, and he recommended that the prosecution of the work should be undertaken without unnecessary delay. Thereupon, April 14, 1866, an act was passed (chap. 583) ratifying and confirming the location of the capitol and site of the capitol building at Albany, and on May 3, 1866, HAMILTON HARRIS and JOHN V. L. PRUYN of Albany, and O. B. LATHAM of Seneca Falls, were appointed and confirmed as "The New Capitol Commissioners." The commissioners at once proceeded to their work.

On April 22d, 1867, "An act appropriating moneys for the building of a new capitol" was passed appropriating $250,000 for the purpose, but providing that "no part of the amount hereby appropriated shall be expended, nor shall the capitol commissioners incur any expense on account of said capitol until a plan of the capitol shall be adopted and approved by them, and approved by the governor, not to cost more than four millions of dollars when completed." A large number of plans were submitted, from which that of THOMAS FULLER was accepted, and the building was begun under that plan, Mr. FULLER being appointed architect. Mr. LATHAM, one of the commissioners, dissented from the views of the commissioners regarding the plan adopted and the general method of conducting the work, and on Feb. 13, 1868, he forwarded a memorial to the senate (Senate Document No. 27), making complaint against his associate commissioners, that the designs and plans adopted were not the best that were offered, and after detailing the points wherein the plans were deficient, stating that "under the act the whole matter was left to the controlling judgment of two commissioners, neither of whom is a builder or an architect." In a communication to the governor, Mr. LATHAM declared

that the design which had been accepted showed "a want of harmony," and proceeded likewise in detail to show the "errors" of the design. April 10, 1869, Mr. LATHAM presented another memorial, declaring himself opposed to the designs adopted, and charging that competitors had not been permitted to come before the board of commissioners to explain and elucidate the plans submitted by them. These complaints were investigated by committees of both houses, but no report was rendered by either committee, while the desired appropriations continued to be made without qualification. In the meantime, an act passed May 19, 1868, appropriating an additional $250,000 for the new capitol, had made a change in the board of commissioners, adding to the three gentlemen then acting, the names of JAMES S. THAYER, ALONZO B. CORNELL, WILLIAM A. RICE, JAMES TERWILLIGER and JOHN T. HUDSON. The same act authorized the commissioners to take as additional land for the site of the new capitol one-half of the block of land adjoining the Congress Hall block on the west, and to change the plans in their discretion, but not to proceed to construction if the cost involved more than four millions. On the 9th of December, 1867, the work was commenced by clearing the grounds of buildings, but was delayed for one year in order to procure the additional land authorized by the last act. On July 7, 1869, the first stone of the foundation was laid. The excavations for the foundation were made to an average depth of $15\frac{43}{100}$ feet below the surface, through sand and clay. On May 6, 1869, the $250,000 previously appropriated was applied to payment for the lands taken for the purposes of the new capitol, and on May 10, 1869, $125,000 was further appropriated, and an unexpended balance of the same amount was re-appropriated.

THE PLANS.

After a number of attempts to secure unanimous agreement between the Capitol Commissioners, the Land Commissioners and the Governor, in the choice of a plan for the new building, the plans of Messrs. FULLER and GILMAN were approved on the 7th of December, 1867, and on August 14th, 1868, the new Board approved said plans with certain modifications made by Mr. THOMAS FULLER. In March, 1868, Mr. FULLER submitted a detailed estimate of the cost of the building, placing the amount at $3,924,665. On October 13, of 1868, Hon. VAN R.

RICHMOND, State Engineer, and WILLIAM J. MCALPINE, ex-State Engineer, reported that they had reviewed the plans and estimates of Mr. Fuller, and that they were of opinion that the new capitol could be completed on the plans adopted by the Board for $4,125,000, and for less than $4,000,000 if the work should be done entirely by contract.

The following is a description of the grounds and building, according to the plans then adopted. (Senate Doc. 13, 1870.)

The Capitol square embraces all of the land between Eagle street on the east, and a new street which has been opened on the west; and between Washington avenue on the north and State street on the south, being 1,034 feet long by 330 feet wide, containing seven and eighty-four one-hundredths acres. The elevation of the new street on the west is 155 feet above the level of the Hudson, and the ground falls off to the eastward fifty-one feet. The grades of the streets on the north and south sides are nearly on the same elevations. The building will occupy 290 feet of the width of the grounds between Washington avenue and State street, and the center of the north and south façades will be placed in the line of the center of Hawk street, leaving an open space of 136 by 330 feet on the west. When the building is completed, the old Capitol, Library, and Congress Hall will be removed, leaving a park on the east of 472 feet long and 330 feet wide, or a little more than two and one-half acres. The basement floor will be placed at an elevation of two steps above the grade of Washington avenue, at the north central entrance.

THE BUILDING.

In the exterior composition of the design there is a general adherence to the style of the pavilions of the New Louvre, of the Hotel de Ville of Paris, and the elegant Hall or Maison de Commerce recently erected in the city of Lyons. Without servile imitation of any particular example, the architects have produced a composition in the bold and effective spirit which marks the most admired specimens of modern civil architecture. The terrace which forms the grand approach to the east or principal front, will form an item of striking architectural detail, nowhere else attempted on such an extensive scale, at least in America. The exterior is 290 feet north and south, and 390 feet east and west. The floor immediately above the level of the plateau of the terrace will be entered through the porticos on Washington avenue and State street, and through a carriage entrance under the portico of the east front. The first, or main entrance floor will be reached by a bold flight of steps on the east front and also on the west leading through the porticos to the halls of entrance, each having an area of sixty by seventy-four feet, and twenty-five feet in height. Communicating directly with these halls are two grand staircases which form the principal means of communication with the second and most important floor. On the left of the east entrance hall are a suite of rooms for the use of the Governor and his secretaries and military staff. On the right are rooms for the Secretary of State and Attorney-General, with a corridor leading to the rooms appropriated for the Court of Appeals, which is seventy by seventy-seven feet. On the second or principal floor are the chambers for the Senate and Assembly, and for the State Library, all of which (in elevation) will occupy two stories, making forty-eight feet of height. Rooms for

the committees and other purposes will occupy the remainder of these floors. The Senate chamber will be seventy-five by fifty-five feet on the floor, with a gallery on three sides of eighteen feet width. The Assembly chamber will be ninety-two by seventy-five feet on the floor, and surrounded by a gallery similar to that of the Senate chamber, and which, in both, largely increases the areas of the upper portion of these chambers. The library will occupy the whole of the east front of these two stories, and will be 283 feet long and fifty-four feet wide. These chambers will all be lighted from the roof, and also by windows in side walls. The main tower will be sixty-eight feet square and about 300 feet in height. In the center of the building will be an open court of 137 by ninety-two feet, the inclosing walls of which will be treated in the same manner as the exterior fronts, and this court should ultimately have its fountains and statuary.

On January 14, 1871, AMASA J. PARKER, JR., the assistant treasurer of the new capitol commission, made a report showing that the entire expenditure by the commissioners since the commencement of the work to Dec. 31, 1870, had been $1,612,734.98.

THE CORNER-STONE.

The corner-stone of the new capitol was laid with great ceremony on June 24, 1871. The exercises included an introductory address by Hon. HAMILTON HARRIS, a reading by Hon. WILLIAM A. RICE of a list of the Historical Documents and memorials to be placed in the corner stone, an address by his excellency JOHN T. HOFFMAN, governor of the State, and the usual masonic ceremonies of laying the corner-stone by the Grand Lodge of free and accepted masons of New York, Most Worshipful JOHN H. ANTHON, grand master, conducting the services. The event was chronicled with great display by the newspapers of the day. Although the weather was stormy and a heavy shower was falling, the civic and military display covered all the ground about Washington avenue, Eagle street and State street, while civilians with upraised umbrellas dotted every available stoop and sidewalk.

CHANGES OF COMMISSIONERS.

Another change was made in April, 1871, of the new capitol commissioners and the board now stood as follows: HAMILTON HARRIS, of Albany, WILLIAM C. KINGSLEY, of Brooklyn, WILLIAM A. RICE, of Albany, CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, of New York, DELOS DE WOLF, of Oswego, and EDWIN A. MERRITT, of Potsdam.

The work on the building proceeded as usual, with occasional delays

because of small appropriations and obstructions thrown in the way by the comptroller.

For six months in 1874, the work was entirely suspended for want of an appropriation, and the commission were compelled to borrow $800,000 from the National Commercial Bank of Albany to continue the work deemed absolutely necessary.

In a report made January 4, 1875, the commissioners state that the total amount of receipts by the commission from the commencement of the work to the 1st day of January, 1875, was $5,158,198.26.

INVESTIGATION OF THE WORK OF THE COMMISSION.

On May 20, 1875, the finance committee of the Senate having been directed by resolution of the Senate to investigate the expenditures of the new capitol commissioners, made a report of exceeding length including all the testimony taken (Senate Doc. No. 95, 1875). In this report various statements were made derogatory to the methods of the new capitol commissioners, and the committee reported as their conclusions, in the following terms:

The committee are of the opinion that the system under which the work of the new capitol has been carried on up to June, 1874, is not a wise one. Other public buildings, not, however, incurring the expenditure of so large sums of money, have been undertaken and carried on by the State under the same system of commissions. Some of the best men in the State have held positions in such commissions, and yet your committee has found, in the investigation of their affairs, that the work has been carried on under them with great disadvantage to the State; and in this investigation, as in the investigation of the affairs of those commissions, we find nothing involving the personal integrity of the commissioners.

In this new capitol work, the system of management under the different commissions has been substantially the same. The commissioners have been gentlemen of various pursuits in life, serving without compensation, attending the stated meetings of the board, and having a general oversight of the business, but giving it no constant or special attention; but it was a business of which they had no practical knowledge, and in which they had no experience. The detail of the business and its immediate management has been left to others, with responsibility so divided and sub-divided, that there was no one who considered himself responsible for any negligence or mismanagement which resulted. Hence, it is claimed on the part of the commissioners that the faults complained of have come, to a great extent, from the system, and that under it the responsibility for all that has gone wrong should not be ascribed to them, or those of them residing remote from the place where the work is going on, and where it could not have their personal oversight.

We think the direct management of the business of carrying on such a work should be in the hands of one responsible man, who should be a practical builder,

of large experience, who understands the business, and who should devote his entire time to it; such a man, with the aid of his experience, can manage the business with far more advantage to the State than any commission possibly could.

Under such a system, honestly and economically administered, the work of the New Capitol would have been much further advanced, and that portion which has thus far been erected might have been accomplished with a saving of at least a million of dollars. The results of the past year, under the partial change that has been made, confirm the committee in this opinion.

This report was signed by D. P. WOOD, S. S. LOWERY, J. H. SELKREG and JOHN C. JACOBS.

In February, 1875, Hon. HAMILTON HARRIS, the chairman of the new capitol commissioners, resigned that position after nearly ten years of service. His interest in the work, however, did not cease, and it was his fortune, after his resignation as a commissioner, to be called to take part in the conduct of the work upon the building by his appointment in January, 1876, (being then a senator) to the chairmanship of the Finance Committee, which position he still holds. It was also his fortune after taking an important part in the inception of the building to offer a resolution sixteen years afterward, providing for commemorative exercises on its occupation. In a law of the same year passed June 21 (chap. 634), the entire old Board of Commissioners was abolished, and a new Board composed of the Lieutenant-Governor, Auditor of the Canal Department and Attorney-General was constituted instead. These were WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, DANIEL PRATT, and FRANCIS S. THAYER. The act further stated as follows:

Before any portion exceeding fifty thousand dollars of the sum by this act appropriated for the construction of said New Capitol shall be expended, full detailed plans and specifications of the story of said building containing the legislative halls thereof shall be made and approved, in writing by said Lieutenant-Governor, the Auditor of the Canal Department and Attorney-General, and not more than one-half of the said appropriation shall be expended before full detailed plans and specifications of the whole of the remainder of said building shall be made and approved in writing, by the said Lieutenant-Governor, the Auditor of the Canal Department and Attorney-General, and when so approved they shall not be altered or departed from except by the concurrent written consent and approval of said Lieutenant-Governor, the Auditor of the Canal Department and Attorney-General, which said consent and approval shall be indorsed upon a plan accompanied by specifications, which shall fully and distinctly state the extent of such alteration, and the manner and extent the expense of said building will be affected by such alteration.

* * * * * * * * * *

The amount appropriated was one million dollars. On December 31, 1875, the new Commissioners, except Mr. THAYER, made a report as follows (Senate Doc. No. 13, 1876):

This provision of the law imposed upon the commission a task, for the proper performance of which great care and special knowledge was required. The new capitol had been the subject of much criticism by committees of the legislature, by professional critics, and by the general public. It was alleged to be improperly and carelessly built; that much of the material used was poor and untrustworthy; that the arrangements of the building were not convenient for the uses intended; that some of the rooms, like the legislative halls and the governor's reception room, were inconveniently large; that the approaches were not suitable for a public building in the climate of Albany; that the design, as a work of art, was faulty, and the edifice, when finished, would be a subject of regret, by reason of its inartistic and extravagant architecture. Upon all of these particulars, the commission felt it necessary to seek the advice of men of skill, and competent to pronounce upon such matters. It is obvious that the plans and specifications for so great a structure will present many questions as to heating, ventilation and construction, which a board of public officers, who were not chosen with reference to such labor, would be illy qualified to decide. The cost of the capitol had already greatly exceeded the original estimates. The architect's estimates, submitted to the legislature before the new capitol was begun, placed the cost of it at a little less than four millions of dollars. When the present commission entered upon their duties, the building had already cost the sum of $5,665,963.60 and the walls were then raised to the floor of the principal story. At that time it was said that the architect estimated the cost of completion at between seven millions and eight millions of dollars. It seemed to the commission to be an important duty to ascertain what the building would in truth cost, and to report the same to the legislature, in order that the work might go forward with a proper reference to expenditure, and that the legislature might determine upon the time within which the structure should be completed, and devise some consistent system of carrying on and administering the work. Besides, estimates were necessary to enable the commissioners to determine upon the plans and specifications, as they were not willing to lay out of view all consideration of expense, and to go forward without reference to the ultimate cost of the building. For manifest reasons it was desirable that the estimates of cost should be obtained from persons who should occupy an impartial attitude with reference to the structure, and who, by their skill and public reputation, should give assurance to the legislature and the people of the State, that the estimates had been thoroughly and honestly made.

Upon all of these considerations, the commission determined to call to their aid a suitable number of skilled advisers. The gentlemen selected for this important service were FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, LEOPOLD EIDLITZ, and HENRY H. RICHARDSON, all of the city of New York. The two gentlemen last named are architects of excellent professional standing, and Mr. OLMSTED is well known for long and honorable service in connection with the Central park in New York, and with similar works in Brooklyn, Buffalo, and other cities.

On January 1, 1876, the personnel of the commission was changed by the appointment of GEORGE W. SCHUYLER, auditor of the Canal

Department, in place of Mr. THAYER, and the inauguration of CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD as Attorney-General, having been elected in the previous November to succeed Mr. PRATT. The second act, passed in 1876 (chap. 2) repealed that part of the act of 1875 requiring that "not more than one-half the said appropriation shall be expended before full detailed plans and specifications of the whole of the remainder of the said building shall be made and approved in writing" by the New Capitol Commissioners, and the same law states that:

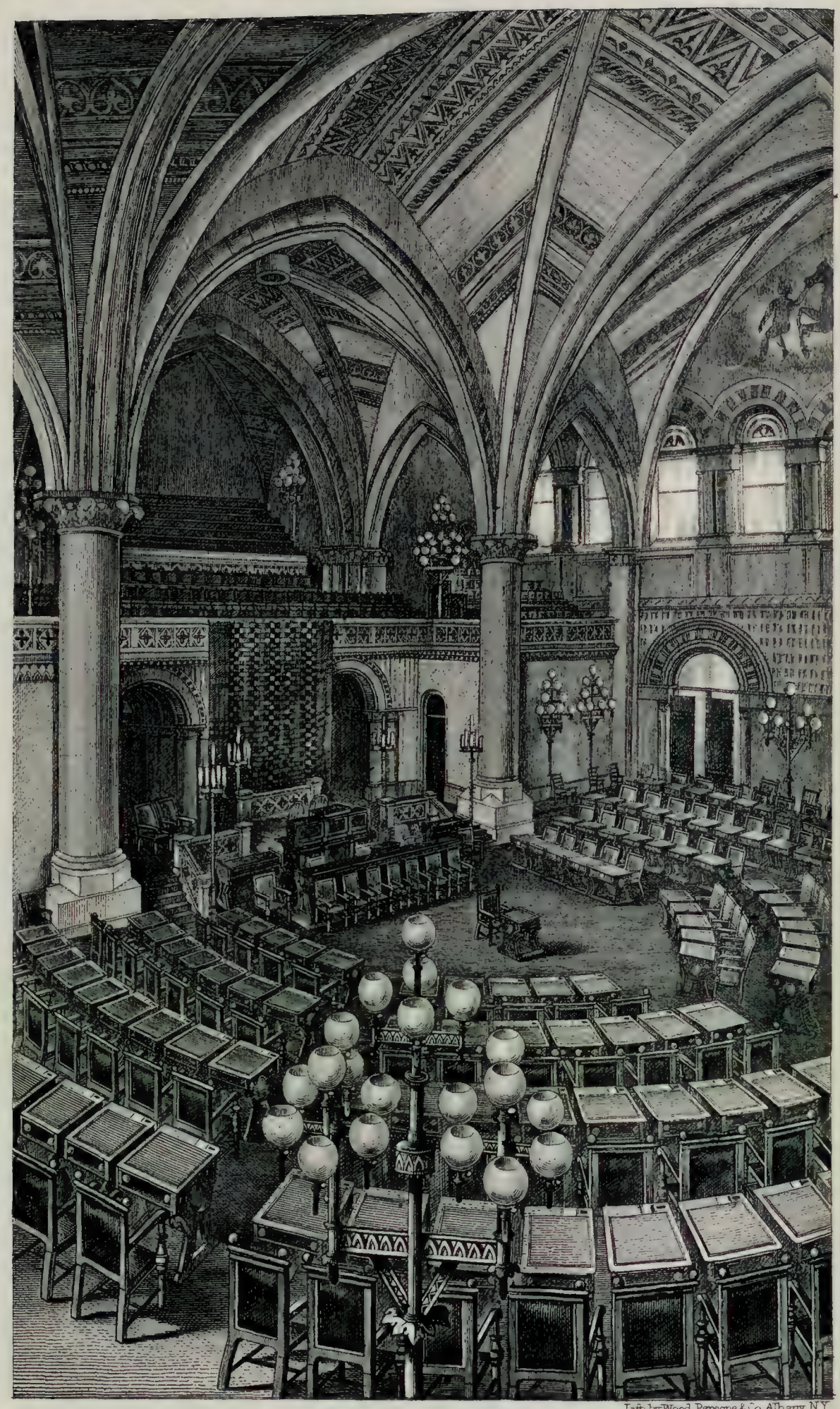
§ 2. The commissioners of the New Capitol are hereby required to determine upon and adopt full detailed plans and specifications of the whole of the remainder of the New Capitol building yet to be built beyond the Legislative story, and to report their determination to the Legislature within sixty days from the passage of this act. (Chap. 2, 1876.)

A later law (chap. 193, the Supply Bill), passed May 1, contains the following provisions, after imposing a tax on the State of $800,000:

The Commissioners are hereby directed to report to the Legislature at the opening of its next session full detailed plans and specifications for the completion of the whole work by contract or contracts. * * * * * The New Capitol Commissioners shall cause the work on the New Capitol building to be progressed with such diligence as shall insure its readiness for full occupany by the first day of January, eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, and if practicable, to complete and render tenantable some portion thereof at an earlier date. The general plan for the exterior of the New Capitol according to which the building has thus far been constructed having been adopted with the approval of the Commissioners of the Land Office and the Governor, in pursuance of law, the same shall not be changed or modified, except upon like approval of the Governor and a majority of the Commissioners of the Land Office.

On March 3, 1876, Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER submitted a report of the advisory board of architects, recommending various changes in the general design, and making new plans and estimates for the building. In this report they make an estimate of what the work will cost according to the plans of the previous architect, and find it to be $4,826,039. They also add a summary of estimates as to the cost under their proposed modification, amounting to $4.501,039. To this they add detailed estimates for the complete fitting and furnishing of the building, amounting to $2,182,070. In conclusion they say:

The building may be made available for use by an additional expenditure of $4,400,000, over and above the amount already expended, and if the appropriations for the ensuing two years are sufficient to cover the above-mentioned amount, the building may be occupied at the opening of the session of the year 1878



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ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, NEW CAPITOL.

On March 22, the new capitol commissioners announced to the legislature that they had adopted and determined upon the plans submitted by the advisory board, and that the new building would be ready for occupation on January 1, 1879. The governor and commissioners of the land office had agreed to these plans on March 21st, the day preceding. On March 23, 1877, the joint finance committee of the two houses of the legislature of which Hon. HAMILTON HARRIS, who had been chairman of the new capitol commission for so long a time, was the chairman, made a report (Senate Document No. 44, 1877) strongly remonstrating against the proposed changes, and urging a return to the original design. A minority of the joint committee made the following report:

In the judgment of the undersigned, the commission has not exceeded its authority, but has rendered the State service of great value in overcoming glaring defects of portions of the old plan, and in laying before the Legislature in 1876 an estimate of the total cost of completing the building, which is now verified by actual bids, from competent contractors secured by proper bonds, so that whether this work is hereafter done in part or entirely by contract the State has, for the first time in its history, the assurance of knowing what it will cost.

* * * * * * * * * *

S. H. HAMMOND.

To this was added the following:

I concur generally in the above, but do not wish to be regarded as expressing confidence in the estimate of the cost of completing the building made by either of the disagreeing architects. On the contrary, I am satisfied that the building, complete in every way, will cost at least $10,000,000 more than has been already expended.

* * * * * * * * * *

JOHN C. JACOBS.

In response to the remonstrance of the joint finance committee, the two houses passed in the supply bill of that year the following clause:

The new capitol commissioners are hereby directed to build and complete the exterior of the new capitol building in the Italian renaissance style of architecture adopted in the original design, and according to the style in which the building was being erected prior to the adoption of the so-called modified design.

The personnel of the commission was again changed on January 1, 1878, by the inauguration of AUGUSTUS SCHOONMAKER, JR., as Attorney-General in place of Mr. FAIRCHILD.

The building was rendered ready for occupancy by the legislature on Jan 1, 1879, under these directions. On May 14, 1878, the following concurrent resolution offered by Mr. ALVORD of Onondaga was passed in the two houses:

Resolved, That from and after the first day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, the new capitol building in the city of Albany shall be and the same is hereby declared to be The Capitol of the State of New York.

Some question arose as to the sufficiency of a concurrent resolution, rather than a law, to designate what shall be the capitol of the State, but the attorney-general rendered an opinion upholding the adequacy of the resolution and at the next session of the legislature, Jan. 7, 1879, the new capitol was formally occupied as the capitol of the State. The assembly chamber, the committee rooms of the two houses, and the governor's rooms were all ready for occupation, and the room intended for the court of appeals was fitted up for the senate. These were all occupied as designed, except the governor's room, which was unoccupied, the governor preferring to remain in the executive room in the old capitol.

The proceedings on the formal occupation of the new capitol were simple. Both bodies gathered in the Assembly chamber of the old capitol, when the Senate, headed by Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER and Attorney-General SCHOONMAKER, escorted the members of the Assembly to their new quarters. On reaching the Assembly chamber, Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER took the chair, and after calling both bodies to order, said:

The Senate has escorted the Assembly from the old capitol to the new one; and now in this presence I declare these chambers formally transferred to the Legislature. The Senate will now retire to its own room.

The Senate then met in its chamber, and after prayer by the chaplain, Rev. E. HALLEY, D. D., the President, Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER, spoke as follows:

Senators — I have during the last four years been so closely associated with the construction of the building, the partial completion of which we this day celebrate, that I do not find any language in which it would be appropriate for me to address you. I will, therefore, simply trespass upon your patience long enough to express the hope that you will find the arrangements that have been made for you comfortable and satisfactory, and also that the most agreeable and friendly rela-

tions which I have heretofore enjoyed with each and all of you, may continue to the end of my term of office. Gentlemen, I welcome you to the temporary Senate chamber.

Regular legislative business was then proceeded with.

The Assembly was called to order by EDWARD M. JOHNSON, clerk of the previous Assembly, and a prayer appropriate to the occasion was offered by the Rev. IRVING MAGEE, D. D., of Albany. The members present then took the oath of office, and adjourned until next day.

Owing to the detentions occasioned by a severe snow storm, the House did not organize until Thursday, the 9th, when Hon. THOS. G. ALVORD, of Onondaga, was elected speaker, and EDWARD M. JOHNSON, of Otsego, clerk.

THE RECEPTION IN HONOR OF THE EVENT.

A reception given by citizens of Albany took place in the new capitol on the evening of the 7th of January. Several thousand invitations were issued, and a large and brilliant company, which included many distinguished citizens of this and other States, was assembled. The total number in attendance was estimated at upward of 8,000, a large proportion of whom were ladies. Music was furnished by AUSTIN'S orchestra of Albany, in the main hall, and GILMORE'S band of New York, in the Assembly chamber. Refreshments were served under a canopy in the open central court by CHARLES E. and WARREN LELAND.

His honor, MICHAEL N. NOLAN, mayor of Albany, assisted by the committee of citizens, received the guests in the room assigned to the use of the governor. Among those present during the evening were Hon. DAVID M. KEY, Postmaster-General; Governor LUCIUS ROBINSON, and his Staff, the latter in uniform; Ex-governor HORATIO SEYMOUR; ex-Governor JOHN T. HOFFMAN; all the present State officers, and numerous ex-State officers; Judges of the Court of Appeals, and Justices of the Supreme Court; Members and ex-Members of Congress; Members and ex-Members of the Senate; Members and ex-Members of the Assembly; together with eminent jurists, divines, journalists, publicists, and men of prominence in various walks of life. Letters of regret were received from President HAYES; Vice-President WHEELER; WM. M. EVARTS, Secretary of State; JOHN SHERMAN, Sec-

retary of the Treasury; the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada; Cardinal McCLOSKEY; ex-Secretary of State HAMILTON FISH; General W. T. SHERMAN; ex-Governor SAMUEL J. TILDEN; ex-Governor MYRON H. CLARK; WM. H. VANDERBILT, and many others who were unable to attend.

The details of the reception were in charge of the following

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

MAYOR M N. NOLAN, *Chairman.* CHARLES E. SMITH, *Secretary.*
DUDLEY OLCOTT, *Treasurer.*

HENRY R. PIERSON,	HENRY SMITH,	HENRY RUSSELL,
HAMILTON HARRIS,	DUDLEY OLCOTT,	JACOB S. MOSHER,
ERASTUS CORNING,	RUFUS W. PECKHAM,	CHARLES E. JONES,
DANIEL MANNING,	J. HOWARD KING,	CHAS. P. EASTON,
CHARLES E. SMITH,	AMASA J. PARKER, JR.,	ROBERT LENNOX BANKS,
ROBERT H. PRUYN,	JOHN F. SMYTH,	FREDERICK TOWNSEND,
WM. S. PADDOCK,	WM. APPLETON, JR.,	J. C. CUYLER,
SIMON W. ROSENDALE,	N. D. WENDELL,	J. B. THATCHER,
MATTHEW HALE,	CHAS. R. KNOWLES,	E. PRENTICE TREADWELL.
ROBERT S. OLIVER,	THOS. H. GREER,	

The event of the opening was further commemorated by a ball given by the Albany Burgesses corps and Old Guard, at Martin Opera House, which was largely attended and very successful.

THE COST.

From the books of the comptroller of the State, the following statement is taken of the actual amounts paid toward the building of the new capitol to the 1st of August, 1879.

1863	$51,593 66	1873	$1,175,600 00
1864	9,453 55	1874	610,275 16
1865	10,860 08	1875	1,392,712 08
1866	65,250 00	1876	908,487 92
1867	10,000 00	1877	728,220 20
1868	50,000 00	1878	1,075,700 00
1869	451,215 63	1879, to Aug. 1, 1879	794,527 85
1870	1,223,597 73		
1871	482,942 37		$9,896,543 21
1872	856,106 98		

Occupation of the New Capitol.

OCCUPATION OF THE NEW CAPITOL.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK IN COMMEMORATION OF ITS REMOVAL FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW CAPITOL.

The New Capitol was occupied first by the legislature on Tuesday, January 7, 1879, the occasion being celebrated on the previous evening by a grand reception by the citizens of Albany within its walls. Some weeks later a formal commemoration was had, of which the following is a record taken from the proceedings of the two houses, as published by direction of the Legislature:

STATE OF NEW YORK:

IN SENATE,

January 23, 1879.

On motion of Mr. HARRIS:

Resolved, (If the Assembly concur), That a joint committee of three be appointed from each House to act in conjunction with the New Capitol Commissioners, and arrange for a formal ceremony to commemorate the departure of the Legislature from the Old to the New Capitol.

The PRESIDENT appointed as such committee on the part of the Senate, Senators HARRIS, ROBERTSON and GOODWIN.

IN ASSEMBLY,

January 23, 1879.

Resolved, That the Assembly do concur in the resolution adopted by the Senate, relative to a formal ceremony to commemorate the departure of the Legislature from the Old to the New Capitol.

The SPEAKER appointed as the committee on the part of the Assembly, Messrs. SLOAN, HUSTED and BROOKS.

On the 28th day of January the joint committee, to which the subject was referred, presented to the Legislature the following report, which was unanimously agreed to:

To the Legislature:

Your committee appointed by joint resolution of the two Houses, on the 23rd day of January, 1879, to consider the question of commemorating the removal of the Legislature from the Old to the New Capitol, beg leave respectfully to report as follows:

We recommend that such removal be commemorated by the following observances:

The Senate and Assembly will meet in joint convention in the Assembly chamber, on the 12th day of February next, at seven and one-half o'clock, P. M.

The Governor and his military staff, the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals and the associate judges thereof, and the State officers, will be invited to be present.

The order of procedure for the joint convention will be as follows:

Prayer.
Introductory address by the Lieutenant-Governor.
Address by the Speaker.
Historical address by ERASTUS BROOKS, member of Assembly.
Benediction.

We further recommend that a joint committee be appointed to carry out the foregoing arrangement of procedure.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

HAMILTON HARRIS,
W. H. ROBERTSON,
ALEXANDER T. GOODWIN,
Senate Committee.

GEORGE B. SLOAN,
J. W. HUSTED,
ERASTUS BROOKS,
Assembly Committee.

January 28, 1879.

The committee appointed by the joint resolution of the two Houses to consider the question of commemorating the departure of the Legislature from the Old to the New Capitol, was continued to carry out the observances recommended in the above report.

IN SENATE,
February 12, 1879.

Seven o'clock and fifteen minutes, P. M.

On motion of Mr. HUGHES:

Resolved, That a committee of two be appointed to wait upon the Honorable the Assembly, and inform that body that the Senate is prepared to meet in joint

assembly to commemorate the departure of the Legislature from the Old to the New Capitol, pursuant to concurrent resolution providing for the same.

The PRESIDENT announced as such committee Messrs. HUGHES and EDICK.

Messrs. HUSTED and HOLAHAN, a committee on the part of the Assembly, appeared in the Senate, and announced that the Assembly was prepared to meet the Senate in joint assembly, pursuant to concurrent resolution of both Houses.

Messrs. HUGHES and EDICK, the committee appointed to wait upon the Assembly, reported that they had discharged that duty.

IN ASSEMBLY,
February 12, 1879.

Seven o'clock and fifteen minutes, P. M.

On motion of Mr. HUSTED:

Resolved, That a committee of two be appointed to wait upon the Honorable the Senate, and inform that body that the Assembly is ready to meet them in joint assembly, pursuant to concurrent resolution previously adopted by the two Houses.

The SPEAKER appointed as such committee Messrs. HUSTED and HOLAHAN.

Messrs. HUGHES and EDICK, a committee appointed on the part of the Senate, appeared in the Assembly chamber and stated that they had been appointed on the part of the Senate to inform the Assembly that the Senate was ready to meet the Assembly in joint convention.

Messrs. HUSTED and HOLAHAN, the committee appointed to wait upon the Senate, reported that they had discharged that duty.

The Senate then proceeded to the Assembly chamber, preceded by the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR as President of the Senate.

The LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR then took the chair, by the side of the SPEAKER of the Assembly, and called the joint assembly to order.

Right Rev. WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, who hast revealed Thyself unto us in Thy Holy Word as "our Judge, our Lawyer and our King," by whom alone "kings reign and princes decree justice;" who "teachest Senators wisdom"; we pray Thee to look with Thy favor upon this house, which has been builded for framing, interpreting and administering law, whose "seat is the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the world."

Except the Lord build the house, their labor is but lost that build it. Protect Thou this house from unrighteousness, and these chambers from wrong.

Thou art set in the throne that judgest aright; give to Thy servants that sit on the seat of justice wisdom to minister true judgment unto Thy people.

Thou only magnifiest the law and makest it honorable; grant that Thy servants who assemble here may receive the law from Thy mouth, and lay up Thy words in their hearts.

To Thee only it appertaineth to punish and to pardon; make the magistrates to bear not the sword in vain, and yet in wrath to remember mercy.

Direct and prosper all the consultations of the two Houses of the Legislature for the enactment of just and equal laws, the preservation of liberty, the punishment of evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well.

Bless Thy servants the Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor of this Commonwealth; the officers of State and the judges. Enrich them with Thy heavenly grace; dispose and turn their hearts as it seemeth best to Thy godly wisdom, that, knowing whose ministers they are, they may above all things seek Thy honor and glory; and that we, duly considering whose authority they have, may faithfully serve, honor and humbly obey them.

Make us mindful of Thy mercies in the past, and faithful to the memories and traditions of truth and justice, of religion and patriotism, in those who have gone before us.

The Lord our God be with us as He was with our fathers. Let Him not leave us nor forsake us, that He may incline our hearts unto Him, to walk in all His ways and to keep His commandments and His statutes and His judgments which he commanded our fathers.

Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings with Thy most gracious favor, and further us with Thy continual help that in all our works begun, continued and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy name, and finally by Thy mercy obtain everlasting life through Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath taught us to pray unto Thee, O Almighty Father, in His prevailing name and words:

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

The PRESIDENT presented the following communication, which was read by the Clerk of the Senate:

STATE OF NEW YORK:
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
ALBANY, *February* 12, 1879.

Hon. WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, *Lieutenant-Governor:*

DEAR SIR — I find, with extreme regret, that I shall be deprived of the privilege of listening to the addresses of yourself, Speaker ALVORD and Mr. BROOKS, this evening, as I hoped to do. Every moment of my time is occupied with official duties of unusual urgency. I see, moreover, by the morning papers, that the ceremonies are expected to occupy three or four hours, and I am advised by my oculist that there would be a great danger of entirely arresting the improvement going on with my eyes if I should expose them to the gas-lights in the

Assembly chamber even for one-fourth of that time, and he protests against it most earnestly. I am, with great respect, yours, very truly,

L. ROBINSON.

Senator ROBERTSON moved that a committee of two, one from each House, be appointed to wait upon the Judges of the Court of Appeals and the State officers, and inform them that the two Houses of the Legislature were met in joint convention, and prepared to receive them.

The PRESIDENT put the question whether the joint assembly would agree to said motion, and it was determined in the affirmative.

The PRESIDENT announced as such committee on the part of the Senate, Mr. ROBERTSON.

The SPEAKER announced as such committee on the part of the Assembly, Mr. PENFIELD.

The committee then proceeded to the Executive chamber, and escorted the Judges of the Court of Appeals and State officers to the Assembly chamber, where they were received by the joint assembly, standing.

Mr. Speaker ALVORD then introduced Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER, who addressed the Assembly as follows:

SENATORS AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ASSEMBLY:

You have met in joint convention to commemorate the departure of the Legislature from the Old Capitol to the New one. As I understand your purpose, it is to recall the past, rather than to dwell upon the present, or to anticipate the future.

I have sometimes thought that reverence for places which are associated with the lives and achievements of the great is peculiar to modern times. But, without insisting upon so sweeping a statement, it may safely be said that the general education of the people, which is the chief glory of our century, was needed to awaken this feeling through great masses of men, and so make it powerful. In our day it has become a mighty force. A new bond between men and a cheap defense to nations. A treaty of peace which is negotiated by the memories and affections of mankind. It obliterates differences of race and language. It attaches to the cottage as well as to the palace; to the low roof which sheltered Shakespeare's cradle, and to the ruins of the stately villa where Cicero sought retirement from strifes too rude for his temper; to the grotto in which Bruce cherished his great design, and to the elm tree in whose shade Washington first drew a rebellious sword; to the window out of which King Charles stepped to meet the headsman, and to the wall on which Cromwell's head was shown; to the hall where the last Irish parliament resisted the persuasion of Grattan's oratory, and to the quaint building in Philadelphia where the declaration was signed; to the lofty Florentine fane which covers the tombs of Galileo and Michael Angelo, and to the

hallowed pavement beneath which Spencer and Ben Johnson, Dryden and Chatham, Dickens and Macaulay, Pitt and Fox are buried. But how little is left to gratify a feeling so general and so tender? It is not long since Rome held the Mediterranean in her embrace, and to-day archæologists dispute as to where the building was in which the Roman Senate sat and Cæsar died. With ostentatious fountains and triumphant monuments, Paris has hidden the site of the guillotine. The tide of business has swept Temple Bar out of London. Hancock's house has disappeared from Boston, and historic names from the streets of Albany. A few pictures, a few statues, a few writings, here and there a building, and most of them in ruin, are all that the mighty past has left us, all that man has done to justify his proud hope that he is immortal.

It is a great misfortune that the building, which for seventy years has been the Capitol, must be taken away. That is the chief infelicity connected with the enterprise of building a New Capitol. Seventy years ago our country was resisting foreign encroachments by the Chinese device of an embargo. What a contrast that to the multitudinous powers upon land and sea with which to-day the Republic would confront a foe! Seventy years ago a few villages languished in the valley of the Hudson, and occasional settlements were scattered through the valleys of the Mohawk and Delaware. The rest of our territory was still the home of savage life and the abode of savage men. What a contrast that with the populous and busy commonwealth of to-day!

During these seventy years New York has risen from the fourth to the first place among American States. This was not by accident, nor caused by a fortunate geographical position alone. It was, I think, worked out by wise statesmanship. New York owes her greatness to three lines of public policy sagaciously planned and persistently pursued; one material, one intellectual and one moral. I shall speak of these not in the order of historic succession, but in the order in which I have named them.

The policy which established the material prosperity of this State, was that by which channels of transportation between the east and the west were constructed, and have since been maintained and administered, not as sources of public revenue, but as instruments for the control of commerce. This gave us both the domestic and foreign trade, and to it we owe our wealth. It was to be expected that a people who were the descendants of the merchants of England and Holland, would succeed in the strife for commercial supremacy in this country.

The second great policy was that by which the State provided for the education of the people. This we owe to Holland. John of Nassau wrote to his brother William the Silent, these memorable words:

> You must urge upon the States-General, that they should establish free schools, where children of quality, as well as of poor families, for a very small sum, could be well and Christianly educated and brought up. This would be the greatest and most useful work you could ever accomplish for God and Christianity, and for the Netherlands themselves. Soldiers and patriots, thus educated, with a true knowledge of God and a Christian conscience; also churches and schoolhouses and printing presses, are better than all armies, armories, alliances and treaties that can be had or imagined in the world.

These are noble sentences to have written amidst the tumult of Spanish war. A precious legacy to us from one of the fathers of our State.

All the patents issued by the States-General conveying lands in this colony, required that a school should be maintained upon every grant, and so at the first schools were established.

On the 21st of January, 1784, soon after the conclusion of peace with England, Governor George Clinton addressed the Legislature as follows:

> Neglect of the education of youth is among the evils consequent on war. Perhaps there is scarce any thing more worthy your attention than the revival and encouragement of seminaries of learning; and nothing by which we can more satisfactorily express our gratitude to the Supreme Being for His past favors; since piety and virtue are generally the offspring of an enlightened understanding.

Accordingly at that session a bill was passed, dated May 1, 1784, which established the University.

In 1787 the first step toward the creation of a system of free schools was taken by the Regents of the University. A committee, of which John Jay and Alexander Hamilton were members, and of which James Duane, Mayor of New York, was the chairman, in their report used the following language:

> But before your committee conclude, they feel themselves bound, in faithfulness to add, that the erecting of public schools for teaching reading, writing and arithmetic, is an object of very great importance, which ought not to be left to the discretion of private men, but be promoted by public authority.

In 1795 the first "act for the encouragement of schools" was passed. By it twenty thousand pounds were annually appropriated for the term of five years, for the purpose of "encouraging and maintaining schools in the several cities and towns in this State, in which the children of the inhabitants, residing in the State, shall be instructed in the English language or be taught English grammar, arithmetic, mathematics and such other branches of knowledge as are most useful and necessary to complete a good English education."

Following this, after many unsuccessful attempts, in 1805 an act was passed to raise a fund for the encouragement of common schools.

The whole system was thus established: First, common schools to be supported by taxation. Second, academies to be encouraged by liberal annual grants. Third, the University to supervise and control the colleges, and seminaries of higher education. The head was made first, and it is to be observed that the University was so framed, that under its guardianship all the denominations, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, and Roman Catholic, might establish schools and colleges for the teaching of their tenets, but the University was of no sect, and knew no religious differences or distinctions.

This system of education has made ours an intelligent and liberal community. It has enabled us to easily take to ourselves and assimilate those who came to us from foreign lands. It gave us skill to use the advantages of our position and work out our marvellous prosperity. It gave to our legislation such excellence that our Constitutions have been the models upon which many States have been formed, and that our laws have been copied by the legislatures of every American, and of many foreign countries. The geological survey of New York has given a nomenclature to the science of geology, and our codification of the law has instructed the jurisprudence of every people to whom the common law is administered. Not only has New York influenced other States and nations; it has become the very type and representative of American civilization. A poet describes Kent as the "very England of England," and so we may say that here is the America of America.

The third muniment of our greatness has been the toleration of all races, creeds, opinions and churches. Religious hatred never governed here. There was never here any religious test to office or citizenship; nor was any man ever punished by

this government on the score of his faith. We are so used to this blessing that we do not know its worth. But, when one recalls the fierce strifes of sect which filled Europe at a time when this colony welcomed every sect — when one recalls the gloomy superstitions amid which New England passed her childhood — when one recalls the great effort it cost England in our own day to relieve Ireland from a church to which the people were aliens, we may appreciate at its real value this the consummate flower of Christian charity and statesmanship.

These three policies working in harmony have made New York great. Commerce has made her people rich; teaching has made them wise; and charity has taught them that to preserve their own freedom, they must secure liberty to others.

It does not need the vision of a prophet to see that these policies will be continued. You are the heirs of the past. It is your part to keep and add to your great heritage. There can be no cause for fear. Whatever may be necessary to retain our commercial supremacy will be done. Our intellectual advancement will not be stayed. Schools of art have already been established, and the collection of libraries and museums has been begun. Special aptitudes can now be developed, and the artisan, however poor, may now learn the most subtle secrets of his craft. If Providence should ever give us one of those His most precious gifts — should ever raise up among us one of those men who only come rarely and after long intervals — one who might be to us what Aristotle was to Greece, Cicero to Rome, Michael Angelo to Italy, Cervantes to Spain, Goethe, to Germany, and Victor Hugo to France — a man strong enough, even though all other record were lost, to save and transmit the name and fame of a nation — should such an one be sent, we may believe that, as hitherto, the wonderful child will be found not on the couch of the rich, but upon the pallet of the poor. Shall it then happen that that immortal light shall be put out by the cold winds of penury, and that the fair flower of genius shall fade and wither amidst darkness and neglect? No, he will be sure to find that a generous country has prepared for him, even though he be the humblest of her children, an easy road to learning, and "a broad approach to fame."

I need not say, that there is no danger that we will ever introduce here that spirit of intolerance, which has stained every page of European history.

Senators and gentlemen, the people of New York have been too busy with the present and future to think of the past, too much employed in making and carrying out enterprises of government and business, to find leisure for the contemplation of what they or their ancestors have done. It needs an event like the present one to persuade us to turn and read the glowing record. He must be cold, indeed, who can cast his eyes upon the past without honorable pride, and without sorrow that it is necessary to take away the building in which these triumphs were won. We find one complete justification for the construction of a capitol of such durability, that we may expect it to last as long as there shall be any one to take an interest in it; and that is that those who shall come after us may never need to make the sacrifice of priceless associations which we are compelled to make. The traditions which shall gather here — the lives which here shall be given to generous and patriotic purposes — the eloquence which here shall teach noble lessons — the strifes through which each forward step shall here be taken — the measures which shall be framed here to soften the hard conditions and level the cruel inequalities of fortune — all these will presently cover this aspiring vault

with an Arabesque of sweet memories more delicate than any the hand has ever chiseled, and will spread upon its colors more beautiful than any pencil can describe.

When our future shall be the past, it must be, that those who shall live then will rejoice that the capitol has been built so strong, that its associations and its traditions will endure to the latest generation.

At the conclusion of his address, Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER resumed the chair, and introduced Mr. Speaker THOMAS G. ALVORD, who addressed the Assembly as follows:

SENATORS AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ASSEMBLY:

Owing to my official position, conferred upon me by the kindness of my fellow-members, I have been selected by the committee of arrangements as one of the speakers on this memorable occasion, and they have sandwiched me between the gentleman who has just addressed you, and the gentleman who will make the closing speech. This is the cause of somewhat of embarrassment; for I follow the eminent lawyer, the wise statesman, the good executive officer — a gentleman from whose lips always drops the honey of eloquence; and I am to be followed by a gentleman who stands pre-eminent among his fellows as one of the most accomplished journalists of the day — a gentleman, in profound scholarship not inferior to any in our country. But inasmuch as a simple duty has been imposed upon me this evening[1] I shall endeavor to discharge it with the least possible attempt at a speech beyond the bare statistical recital.

The committee have assigned to me the duty of reviewing the *personnel* of those who, in various capacities, have occupied the Old Capitol; and in the performance of this task, I have found my way made easy by the able and eloquent discourse which you have just listened to. The eloquent speaker has given the results of the action of the people through its legislative and executive bodies. I propose briefly to review the men who, in their various official capacities, have successfully and well performed their work.

The Old Capitol — whose requiem we sing to-night, mingled with the joy that this New Capitol, rising phœnix-like from its down-fall, is to be, in the eloquent language of the gentleman who preceded me, "perpetuated until legislatures and legislators will no longer be necessary"—that Old Capitol has had centered in it, and from its hall has come, all the wise legislation that has made our State a great and prosperous commonwealth.

Permit me somewhat to trespass on the province of the gentleman who is to succeed me, and to claim the privilege to relate a matter of history. The Old Capitol was erected and first occupied at a period in our history when almost the whole of its occupants were men who had passed through the throes of the Revolution — men who have stood pre-eminent in camp and in field; in the forum on all occasions defending and supporting the rights of our fathers in the great struggle for American Independence. Those were the men who first met in the Old Capitol, the end of which we are to night commemorating. And, fellow-legislators, it may be profitable to pass in review their acts, and the men who have been in the positions we occupy to-day.

We have, as the first Governor inaugurated in the Old Capitol, Daniel D. Tompkins, a name historical—grandly historical—not alone for his conceded executive

ability, but also that in the war for our second independence, at a time when the North—not then the South—threatened secession; in those days standing up boldly and manfully for the people's rights, he girded on with the sword of State the sword of battle, and led his column of our State troops, who, under his command, successfully and triumphantly fought in support of our great Union in its glorious struggle for sailor's rights and commercial freedom.

Next comes De Witt Clinton, whose name and fame were known of all men long before he occupied the chair of state in the Old Capitol. Among many great acts performed, one stands out prominent in his history. It has been well and truthfully said, to-night, that the opening up of our highways of commerce was one of the great acts of the past that has won for us the title we hold, proudly and rightfully—the Empire State of the Union. Clinton has the reputation, and he has the right to claim it, of opening up that great water highway of commerce connecting the river of our State—the North, or Hudson's river—with the great lakes of the west. But just here, while I willingly accord to Clinton all that history and his surviving friends claim for him, I take personal—no, not personal, but local pride, in claiming for my county and people that Joshua Forman, one of its members of the Assembly in 1808—the year before the occupation of the Old Capitol—introduced, advocated and procured the passage of a measure appropriating the sum of $600—a large sum in the days of our fathers—for the purpose of a survey and examination as to the feasibility of constructing and operating a canal from the western lakes to the tide-waters of the ocean, within the limits of our State; and following up that action, another of Onondaga's sons—the Hon. James Geddes—as one of the first engineers and surveyors, employed, determined the practicability of the measure, which was afterward tested by the people under the guidance of Clinton in the completion of that great and world renowned water-highway—the Erie canal.

Next comes Martin Van Buren. Is it necessary for me to recite any thing in regard to this man? No matter what might have been party feeling and party animosity in his day, all must acknowledge that he was one of the great, one of the powerful, one of the strong men of our State and nation.

Marcy's name is a household word with all of us.

Seward—is it necessary at this time, when so shortly in the past he has gone to his final rest, for me to say aught to his memory—interwoven, as his life was, from its beginning to the end, with all that was beneficial and advantageous to the people—standing square on the ground that education should be given broad and widecast to the whole people—believing in and practicing the doctrine of equal rights in all matters of religious belief — and in the dark days of the republic, nobly supporting the bulwarks of the Constitution — claiming that the sinew, blood and treasure of the country, in putting down the great rebellion, should be freely expended for our salvation as a nation — his is a name ever to be remembered with pride, gratitude, and reverence, by the people of his native State.

Bouck—associated as he was, from an early day, with our great works of internal improvement—a man who was not hampered by Canal Boards and Canal Auditors, but, trusted by his people, and putting into his saddle-bags the money necessary to pay for work performed, mounting his old white horse, riding from one end to the other of the canals, not only to pay the workmen, but also to see that their work was well and honestly done; and as a good and faithful servant, rendering

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GRAND CORRIDOR, NEW CAPITOL.

a just and true account for every cent expended—that man should be long and well remembered by the people of his State.

Silas Wright, John Young — I would consume more than the time allotted me, if I should dilate upon the history of these two gentlemen; they are a part and parcel of the State's history, and in the hurried manner that want of time demands, I must leave the memory of their acts and virtues to your own recollection.

As Lieutenant-Governors, prior to 1846, again we have De Witt Clinton, and, among many worthies, a Root, a Bradish, a Dickinson, and a Gardner.

Of Governors, since 1846, we have Hamilton Fish, a name synonymous with honor and integrity, justly honored in the near path with still higher distinction in the annals of his country. A Hunt, a Seymour, who from the small beginning of member of Assembly, as you and I are now, my fellow-members, has risen, step by step, to the proud position he occupies to-day, and whose even feeling pulsates, and whose whole soul is filled with anxiety for the further enlargement of the great proportions of the Empire State, in all that makes it glorious and powerful.

Then follow, acting each his part worthily and well, a King, a Morgan, the war Governor, a Hoffman, a Dix.

Under the new *regime*, we record as Lieutenant-Governors, Hamilton Fish, Sanford E. Church, George W. Patterson, Henry J. Raymond, Henry R. Selden, David R. Floyd-Jones.

We have many others who have aided to do the great work, of which our presiding officer has fitly spoken, but time will not permit any but a mere selection of prominent and historical names.

Flagg, Dix, John C. Spencer, Samuel Young, prior to 1846, were Secretaries of State. Marcy, Silas Wright, Flagg and Collier, were of the number of Comptrollers. Van Vechten, Martin Van Buren, Talcott, Bronson, Beardsley, Hall, Barker, John Van Buren, Attorney-Generals. Simeon De Witt was for half a century Surveyor-General.

Let us for a moment return to the old names, many contemporaneous with the earlier days, and who helped to build up the great commercial interests of our State, and we find as Canal Commissioners, De Witt Clinton, Samuel Young, Henry Seymour, William C. Bouck, Jonas Earl and Michael Hoffman.

The Constitutions of 1821 and 1846, the first partially, and the last radically, changed the manner of the appointment and choice of many State and local officers; both of the conventions framing these constitutions held their sittings in the Old Capitol. Prior to the Constitution of 1821, the Governor presided over and had a casting vote in the Council of Appointment, and this council made almost all of the officials, both military and civil, as well for the counties as the State, and this, finally, reached over 15,000 in number. Up to that period, voters were required to possess a certain amount of property, and the same rule was applicable to certain officers. In 1821 the Constitution abolished the property qualification and the Council of Appointment, and gave to the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, nominations and appointments to office; among others, all judicial officers were thus made, except justices of the peace, whom the people were permitted to elect. The Constitution of 1846 broadened the elective rights of the people, and largely restricted the gubernatorial power of appointment; all these changes, these mile-stones in the progress toward pure republican government, were made in the Old Capitol.

Among Secretaries of State since 1846, we find the names of Morgan of Cayuga, Leavenworth of Onondaga, Headly, Jones, Depew and Nelson. As Comptrollers, Fillmore, Hunt, Church — his name we find frequently, and deservedly so, as an officer in the State government — Denniston, Robinson, Allen, J. M. Cook. As Attorney-Generals, Jordan, Ogden Hoffman, Tremain, Dickinson, Martindale, Pratt. As Canal Commissioners, Cook, Ruggles, Bruce, Hayt.

We come now to the legislative branch of our government, where, as said to-night by the Lieutenant-Governor, all the laws which laid the foundation for the greatness of our commonwealth were introduced, perfected and passed.

In the Senate prior to 1846, among other distinguished names, we notice De Witt Clinton, Livingston and Taylor; since that time, Lott, Jones, Sanford, Denniston, Clark, Young, Joshua A. Spencer, Hand, Porter, Hard, and a host of others, their worthy compeers.

I trust that I give offense to none by the failure to mention other names, for time and your patience forbid a further recital.

In the olden times of the Old Capitol we find as members of Assembly, among many others equally worthy, a Van Rensselaer, a Van Vechten, a Cady, a Michael Hoffman, and a Loomis; and since 1846, our branch of the Legislature has held largely of the best and ablest men of the State.

In reference to the judiciary, permit me to say that among the many who have shown themselves nobly superior in the administration of justice, I find the names of Kent, Sanford, Jones, Walworth, both as chancellors and judges; and as judges of the Supreme Court and Court of Appeals, Thompson, Spencer, Savage, Nelson, Bronson, Beardsley, Platt, Marcy, Jewett, Johnson, Denio, Comstock, both the Seldens, Porter, Hunt, Foster, Mason, and many others.

Gentlemen, I have thus briefly recited to you the names of a few of the many distinguished men to whom this State owes a debt of gratitude it can never pay; men who really worked for and established solidly, I trust permanently, not only the present, but the future prosperity and greatness of the Empire State.

We are here to-night for the purpose of celebrating the inauguration of this great building, and we are here, Senators and gentlemen of the Assembly, judges and officers of State, to see to it that, under the circumstances which surround us, by the names and deeds of the great men of whom we have heard this evening, we shall use our utmost endeavor to take no backward step, but to the fullest of our ability, what these men did for our State we will affirm and preserve; we will so inaugurate this New Capitol that no shame shall attach to our names; we will make this arena a platform upon which shall be built still further prosperity and increasing honor to our beloved State.

We are placed in a different position from those who preceded us. In the days of the past Senators and Assemblymen, selected from large districts and a sparse population, were chosen with great care; their popularity and reputation were not localized, but were State-wide; they came here with no anxiety for special legislation, but for the enactment of broad and general laws, taking in the interests of the whole people; they had no petty jealousies, no private interests, no desire each to build up his own locality at the expense of the rights of any other; but they aimed to pass wise and good laws for the benefit of all.

The adoption of the Constitution of 1846 led to almost a democratic government, in the broadest sense of the word — I speak in no offensive sense; I mean an absolute democracy — making a town meeting of the Legislature. The Legislature was overburdened and overwhelmed with the consideration of local and pri-

vate interests. Such bills were always to be passed in preference to legislation of great and general importance.

The Constitution adopted by the Convention of 1867-8 laid down the principle that we should return to the ways of our fathers; that, as far as possible, all private and local legislation should cease, and that, in the main, general laws, applicable to the whole State, should be enacted. The people repudiated that Constitution; but it is with pride and pleasure that I claim the right to-night to say — as I see here many who were with me in that Convention — piece by piece the people, realizing the justice and great value of our propositions, have, in the main, since adopted nearly all of them. We are now to have general laws; we are, as far as possible, inhibited from the passage of local or private bills; now we may fondly hope that in the future our State will progress to a still higher position of Empire among her kindred States of our Union.

The PRESIDENT then introduced Hon. ERASTUS BROOKS, who addressed the Assembly as follows:

ADDRESS OF HON. ERASTUS BROOKS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE, OF THE ASSEMBLY, AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

The opening of the State Capitol in the 102d year of the legislative history of the Commonwealth, so soon following the session, which a year ago commenced the second century of our connected legislative record, demands some special notice at our hands. The age of the Old Capitol was just three-score and ten years, and some there are now living who remember the laying of the corner-stone, and who may survive its final removal. The probable age of the New need not enter into calculation; but our prayer is that the future may prove in all that is patriotic, wise and prosperous, at least equal to the past. The New Capitol, like the Old, though not founded upon a rock, is set upon a hill, and built of granite; it is for all time. The Old has a history of events with hardly a parallel in the history of the Republic, and the city of Albany, at one time called the Colonial Capitol, eclipses all localities as the place where the union of the colonies was first inspired, if not consummated. Albany was the seat of the real union in the Congress of 1754, as New York city was the colonial center in the Congress of 1765. It was just here that Franklin and his compeers, and Franklin especially, sowed the seeds of liberty which gradually ripened, in 1775, in the Declaration of Independence; but away back of this, in 1691, under William and Mary, the New York Colonial Assembly asserted, *in manly* spirit and noble words, the rights and privileges which belonged to the subjects of the Crown in the Province of New York, and from that year on there was an annual Assembly. These early meetings were held in New York city, and from 1777-8, some of them in Kingston and Poughkeepsie. In the years of the past, the States have grown from thirteen Colonies to thirty-eight Commonwealths. Our fathers found here, whatever their beginning, the best blood of the Indian race, of whose real origin we know so little, and the fathers came before the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth, or of the Virginia colonists at Jamestown.

These Indians are known as the "Five Nations," and to name them is to prove their courage in battle, their eloquence in council, their wisdom in government,

and this not less when they acted together in cases of emergency, than when they acted as independent tribes. These tribes — the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas — were the Five Nations of the English and the Iroquois of the French. They formed a confederacy which was recognized from Nova Scotia to the Mississippi, and here, where we meet to-night, then called by the Iroquois "the ancient place of treaties," and then, as now, the oldest chartered town and city in the United States,* they were oftener the friends of the feeble white and red men than their enemies; and, with all their faults, I venture to say, that but for their friendship with the Dutch, New York, in their day, would have been almost an unknown land, and the independence of the people a long postponed event.

If the love of religious liberty was the secret of the change desired by the Pilgrims of old England, we must remember that Holland was both the place of their debarkation and the land where they first found a welcome. The intended destination of the Mayflower, as she lifted her anchor first at Delft-haven, then at South Hampton and later at old Plymouth, was the bay of New York, but an overruling Providence directed the ship to the coast of Massachusetts. First Cape Cod was sighted and then Plymouth. So, also, the Virginia Colony — destined for North Carolina — was by a tempest driven into Chesapeake bay.

Always, in great events—

> "There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will."

Our present interest, however, is in New York, whose colonization, like that of New England and Virginia, forms an epoch in the history of the world. We justly praise the Pilgrims, who left their homes and crossed the sea for freedom to worship God. The Dutch came, if need be, to repeat the story of the Netherlands, and that story means all of independence that belongs to the republic of that name. It begins, indeed, in the terrible reign of Philip II, aiming to crush out every trace of civil and religious liberty in old Holland. It recalls the honored names of Egmont and Horn, of Barneveldt and Grotius, of Erasmus and Maurice, and in art the marvelous skill and taste of Rembrandt and Rubens. Eleven years and two months before the embarkation of the Pilgrims, the Half-Moon, Henry Hudson, commander, entered Sandy Hook, just where the Mayflower was directed to sail. Hudson's employers, once London merchants, but now the East India Company, sent him in search of some nearer route to Asia than by the Cape of Good Hope, and his purpose was to reach China via some-to-be-discovered northwest passage. He believed he could pass through the waters dividing Spitzbergen from Nova Zembla. Icebergs, then as since, presented eternal barriers through which no ship could pass. From Newfoundland via Cape Cod on to the mouth of the James river, thence to Delaware bay, thence again to the high hills of the Navesink, stopping as he came by the coast of Maine to cut a fore-mast from the forest, was the work of but a few days, and the Half-Moon, a yacht of eighty tons, which started for China, picked up at James river on the 18th of August, and passed the Highlands of New Jersey on the 3d of September. The river which bears Hudson's name he took to be an arm of the sea, leading, it might be, to the Pacific and on to the eastern shores of Asia; but the nearer discovery of

* In 1686 Albany was incorporated as a city. Peter Schuyler and Robert Livingston were sent to New York to receive its charter, which, on their return, was proclaimed "with all ye joy and acclamation imaginable."

land, whose uplands divided waters flowing both into the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, the great water shed of the cold north and the warm south; the great passage way also in time from the lakes to the Hudson, and from the Hudson to the sea, was a discovery of vastly more importance to our own commerce, and to the trade and prosperity of the world, than all the wealth and honors which could have come from the fulfillment of his earliest and best expectations.

This is not the time nor place to compare what followed from the New York, the Jamestown and the Plymouth landings, nor the relative advantages and adventures of Captain John Smith, Sir Walter Raleigh and Henry Hudson. The bay of New York, and "the great river," as the Hudson was then called, charmed the eyes of the few beholders as they looked out for the first time from their little vessel, as they have delighted the vision of many millions since. The great navigator, who had already traversed nearly all the known seas, and approached nearer the pole than any one born before him, as his vessel lay at anchor off the shore where is now the present town of Yonkers, wrote home, that "it was as fair a land as can be trodden by the foot of man." But the greater beauty of the Hudson, then as now, was beyond the Highlands. Just what its charms are we all know. The Danube has more of history, and the Rhine castles an older record, and our own great American rivers more commerce, and vaster proportions of length, breadth and of great connecting waters inland to the wonderful west, but where in all our land or in any land, as a whole, is there a river of more real grandeur, or of such varied beauty as the Hudson?*

Contrast, too, the warm Indian welcome to the Half-Moon and Hudson by the River Indians, as they were called, 269 years ago, with the almost daily Indian strife, and bloodshed of the past fifty years. The little vessel seemed to come from the Great Spirit, and with its sails spread to the breeze to wing its way as from some celestial sphere.

Say what we may of those we call North American savages (and the subject is important in the light of present discussion), there remains the fact, not to be blotted out, that Hudson, a stranger to their shores, and in pursuit of gain and fame for a foreign power, was welcomed by the natives, with rare exceptions, all along the river which bears his name, from the Island of Manhattan to the Katskills, and beyond to the capital of the State. He found here a simple and happy race of beings, living upon maize, beans and fish, smoking their copper pipes with earthen bowls — a fact proving that there lived upon this continent a race of semi-civilized people, which makes the year 1609 comparatively a period of modern time. Indeed, Verrazani, nearly a hundred years before, had rounded the headlands of the Navesink and anchored in the same bay of New York, remaining there until the storm drove him seaward, to visit, as he did, 900 leagues of coast, or from Cape Fear to Newfoundland. The River Indians were found eager for traffic, and, at least, were as fair at a bargain as those who came from the old world to the new in pursuit of rewards and honors and wealth.

Near the now great city of the new world, but nearer the Jersey shore than our own — though belonging to the waters of New York by its earliest charter — the Indians presented themselves in the autumn time, clad in gay feathers and heavy furs won from the games and sports of their own forests. The autumn foliage in its grandeur of crimson and gold, green and purple, in itself a mass of beauty,

* Hudson called the river which bears his name "The Great River of the Mountains," the Dutch, "The Great North River of the New Netherlands," and the natives the *Mohegan*, the *Manhattes*, while the Mohicans knew the river by the name of the *Cohohatatea*.

made a picture which needed but the blue above and the blue below to be pronounced perfect, and with the active life of the Indians bartering on the water in their light canoes, the scene was almost one of enchantment. Wherever the Half-Moon moved on the Hudson she received a hospitable welcome. Reaching the shores of the Katskills, where is now Hudson city, this welcome became an ovation. The chief, whose years and honors gave him precedence, invited the master of the seas to his wigwam, and there all the hospitalities of the now despised race — most despised where most wronged — was bestowed upon Hudson and his companions. In return, just then, they received none of that fire-water which, at the hands of heartless Indian traders and other men of greed, have since killed so many natives of the forest, and so many pale-faces of both town and country, but rather hospitality seen in the abundance of the last year's harvest, piled up in high stacks and pyramids within a vast circular building constructed of oak bark. The beans and maize found here were enough to fill three ships, and while the elders received their visitors with the ease and grace which belonged to their chief and race, the young men were in the forest with their bows and arrows providing game for their guests. The feast, when prepared, made a repast which even kings might desire and their subjects crave. The corn, or succotash, was served to their guests seated on mats, and nature's fingers, no doubt, were in part a substitute for our present steel carvers and silver knives and forks. But the tokens of good-will did not end here, and as the captain re-embarked for his ship, these (so-called) savages broke their arrows into pieces as a pledge of perpetual peace.

"Of all the lands I have seen," the navigator wrote home, "this is the best for tillage;" and he would have added, if need be: "Of all the strange people I have met, these natives of the forest are, at least, as capable as the best of mankind for reciprocal hospitality and friendship." So, at least, the apostle Eliot found them in Massachuetts, Roger Williams in Rhode Island, John Smith in Virginia, and William Penn in Pennsylvania.

It is worthy of remembrance, also, that twelve years after Hudson's visit to the Hudson river, a treaty of peace was made with the Indians which continued for more than fifty years, and which would have endured for a century or more, but for the interference of those vicious intermeddlers and numerous busy-bodies who are usually more successful in marring friendships than in maintaining peace and good-will among men. This was true of the Five nations of New York; and the Hollanders commenced an alliance which bid fair to continue for generations, but for the tyrannny of the one bad man Kieft; who first disturbed the common harmony, and then destroyed all hopes of peace. No Indian treaty or agreement was ever broken (it is due to the truth of history to state) while the Dutch held power in the territory.

Alas! for the sad ending of the life of poor Hudson. His own people, only a year after his sail up and down the Hudson, were his murderers. On the coast of Greenland four of his own crew, all dying men, with his son, his companion also to the new world, were set adrift upon the merciless waters. While the distant north sea became his place of burial, his best monument is the beautiful river flowing by the capitol of our State. All we know of him in the end is that, with his eyes streaming with tears, he gave his last crust of bread to men so maddened by hunger that they banished their commander and best friend from their presence, and from all probable hopes of safety.

With Hudson it was as with the more renowned John and Sebastian Cabot, over

one hundred years earlier, and with the brilliant Florentine, Verrezani. No man knows the sepulchre of either of these great navigators and new-world discoverers. The voyages of the Northmen, who visited New England far back in the pre-Columbian age; that of Biarne, in 986, sailing from Iceland to Greenland, and driven southward upon the American coast; of Laif, the son of Eric the Red, in the year 1000; of Karlsefne, who spent three years at Mount Hope, R. I., in 1007, and on, while matters of much speculation, are also facts of history, if we are to credit the past; but it is almost sad, after long research, to see how little we really know of the earliest men and earliest times in the discovery of America, and even of our own State. But, happily, there is much that is known and proved beyond all cavil.

The Dutch, five years after the first great navigator had left our shores, were established at Castle Island, on the Hudson, just south of Albany, where for years they were engaged in the profitable trade of furs and peltries with the Indians, and in 1628, two hundred and fifty years ago, the Dutch Reformed Church and school were planted in the city of New York.

In the meantime the Unrest, Adrian Block in command, a little yacht of sixteen tons, passed up the East river, and found her way by Long Island Sound to Montauk Point and so on to Rhode Island and Nahant.

Some of the most interesting revelations in the early civil history of New York may be traced to the thirty years' war in Germany; to the Reformation inspired by Luther; to the fierce strifes between conservative and radical Protestants; to the burning of Servetus, and to the harsh doctrines and dogmas of John Calvin. The whole Dutch system was, indeed, then Calvinistic throughout; but in the Colony of New York it was much more. Here from the beginning the maxim was, as it was later in the United Colonies: "In union there is strength." Even before the Revolution of 1688 by five years, and eight years before Massachusetts asserted the right of her citizens as free subjects of England, the New York bill of rights proclaimed that supreme legislative power should forever be and reside in the Governor, Council, and people in the General Assembly. Among these recited rights were trial by jury; freedom from taxation, except by their own consent; exemption from martial law, the quartering of soldiers upon citizens, and perfect toleration to all persons professing faith in Christ. Twenty years later, or in 1708, the New York General Assembly resolved first, that every freeman in the Colony had perfect and entire property in his goods and estate; and second, that the imposing and levying of any moneys upon Her Majesty's subjects of this Colony, under any pretense or color whatsoever, without consent in General Assembly, is a grievance and a violation of the people's property.

If, in 1629, the States-General of Holland had been as wise as their English successors, they never would have granted, as in their Assembly XIX, and by State Commissioners appointed by the States-General, that exclusive charter of "privileges and exemptions" under which the feudalism of the old world was transplanted to the new, and out of which grew the angry contests between the patroons or lords of the soil and their landed tenants, or between the owners and occupants of the ground, which for so many years created local discords and legal disputes in different parts of the State. A landed aristocracy, let me say, can never be in true harmony with a democratic government and a republican people.

These great historic events were the very stepping stones to our earliest colonial life. There were Grotius and Barneveldt on the one side — one the great writer

on International Law, the wisest, boldest and bravest thinker of his time, and an authority with statesmen and freemen everywhere and ever since. Grotius was one whom Ménage called "a monster of erudition;" and so he was, but his erudition was alike read and heard in song and story, and in the profoundest learning of the schools, while Barneveldt's moral force and political influence, in a large sense, made him almost the founder of the Dutch Republic. In all history, we find no man whose character commands more respect. He knew Charles V and Philip II, as it were, by heart, and he knew them as the creators and promoters — sometimes, perhaps, for conscience sake — of colossal crimes, and as the enemies of all true liberty. They believed, and Philip especially, not alone in the supreme empire of the Church over the State, but that Charles and Philip, by Divine right, were the real masters of the world. Spain, under them, was the realm of immense power, and it required the combined forces of France, England and the Dutch to hold her ambition in check. Fortunately, the thirteen American Colonies, though largely Protestant, did not copy from the Dutch Republic the angry divisions among their Protestant people, for these quarrels were fiercer within the State than the wars without. The organized European league existed on the one side, and the great Protestant union on the other; but the latter possessed more enmities, if not more enemies, within its own ranks than existed among all opposing forces. It is almost incredible that the points of separation related to those sharp dogmas, which from time to time seem to turn the world upside down. One of these was the doctrine of predestination, and whether, by election, one child was born to salvation and another to damnation. In almost ludicrous contrast, some, and even a large party of the English Separatists, which met at Amsterdam, became involved in a quarrel about the starched bands for men, and the right kind of apparel for women. Happily for the Pilgrims at Holland, all their residence there was during the twelve years of truce with Spain, after forty years of continuous war.

In some portions of this grand edifice I am reminded of the Spain of a thousand years ago; of Roman and Moorish splendor as at Cordova; of decorations in the style of the Alhambra; of the blended Roman and Gothic, Moorish and Christian beauties of old Seville. We honor, however, only the glowing art of Andalusia, and not the follies of the old Andalusian age and people. The vaulted roof above us, sixty feet higher than the cornice, the massive corridors, decorated in blue and gold, walls tinted in olive, amber and maroon, and belted with gold and saffron; the allegories above us painted on stone, the one illustrating the Flight of Night, followed, by the coming day, and the other The Discovery, with Fortune at the helm and Hope at the prow pointing to the West, with Faith and Science surrounding all, are but the contributions of old-time genius to the demands of modern art. While we copy from the past for the enjoyment of our present senses, we also stop with the eye, remembering the fate of cities and nations whose luxury and pride proved their ruin.

> **Nor granite walls, nor marble halls,**
> **Can make the State;**
> **Nor wide spread space, nor art, nor grace**
> **Avert its fate.**

But to return. The fault of Barneveldt — and this perhaps was a necessity of the times — was in asserting the supremacy of the political state over the minds and souls of men. Thankful to Almighty God should the people of the United

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GRAND STAIRCASE, NEW CAPITOL.

States be for the inspiration of His word, the teachings of history and especially of that old-world history, which secured for us the separation of Church and State, with perfect freedom of conscience. Never in the United States of America, as so long in Holland, shall religious dissensions sever the bonds of the Republic, and never again can the dark spot of slavery, inherited in part from our Dutch ancestors, and largely from our English parents, and wholly from the old world, but only too eagerly adopted in the new, prove the cause or effect of dissension by State separation.

I dwell upon such facts because it was amidst the throes of these European revolutions in the struggles for a freer thought that our American Colonies, and New York especially, were planted. There, amidst contending factions, Catholics, Lutherans, Baptists, Armenians, Calvinists, and the innumerable throng of schismatics, the reformed religion, as was said by the author of the Dutch Republic, found the chasm of its own grave.

Out of the old-world's strifes grew the new world's peace, embodied ninety years ago in the Federal Constitution, declaring that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Our State Constitution is even more explicit. The preamble reads, "We the people of the State of New York, grateful to Almighty God for our freedom, and in order to secure its blessings, do establish this Constitution." Then follows the declaration that: "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be allowed in this State to all mankind." If our first Constitutions were the latest (both Colonial and State), finally adopted, they were the best because they gathered wisdom from all the rest. John Adams, in a letter to John Jay, did not hesitate to pronounce for us the last excellent over all others.

We have but to recall John of Barneveldt, executed at the Hague in 1619 for his faith and independence, and Grotius imprisoned for life for his fidelity to truth, but happily escaping from his prison-house by the skill of his loving wife, to see what fanaticism may do even in a Republic. Those who may think that the Hague was singularly despotic and fanatical, will remember the fate and death of Algernon Sydney and Lord William Russell half a century later, and of Sir Walter Raleigh only the year before. How true it is, and often how sad it is, that in matters of State and religion, history is always repeating itself.

The Dutch Republic won her independence in spite of the most despotic power of the old world, but only to lose it after nearly forty years of war by her own internal, and these, chiefly, religious dissensions; and as if these forty years of war were not sufficient, her later destiny was again foreshadowed in the thirty years' conflict soon to follow the twelve years' truce. Grotius, for his own country, for our country, and for all lands, most truly said: "If the trees we plant do not shade us, they will yet serve for our descendants."

It was in the midst of this internal religious war in the United Provinces that the Puritans fled from England to Holland, with Robinson and Brewster for their leaders — men who have been christened as the Paul and Timothy of religious brotherhood, as "the Æneas and Ascanius of the Pilgrim epic," and who only just before the embarkation on the Mayflower had planted the tree of that free religious government at Amsterdam and Leyden, which was soon transplanted, with entire religious freedom, into democratic government at New Plymouth and New York.

The words written at Leyden, first to Old and then to New England, accom-

panied the Pilgrims, and, recalling the date of their utterance, seem almost inspired. "Whereas you are to become a body politic, using among yourselves civil government, and are not furnished with any persons of special eminence above the rest to be chosen by you into officers of government, let your wisdom and godliness appear not only in choosing such persons as do entirely love and will promote the common good, but also in yielding to them all honor and obedience in their lawful administration; not beholding in them the ordinariness of their persons, but God's ordinance for your good."

Our forefathers, almost without exception, held that political bonds between Church and State made an incestuous union, and so they departed as far as possible from that dangerous, anti-democratic, anti-republican maxim, *cujus regio, ejus religio*, or, whoever governs you, binds you to his religion. This was not a question so much of sects as of dogmas, and in time dogmas have burned thousands at the stake or tortured great multitudes in dungeons, or hung them upon the gibbet. Almost just when Hudson and the Pilgrims set out for New York bay by order of Philip III, a million of people, the most industrious of the realm, were banished from Spain because they were Moors, and from that day to the present Spain has ceased to be a prosperous nation. This cruel exile was the work first of the Archbishop of Valencia, backed by the primate of the kingdom, the Archbishop of Toledo, but the wiser Cardinal Richelieu, half-priest, half-soldier, and all statesman, pronounced the act the most rash and barbarous of which the world makes mention.

It may be asked, what has prompted this interest of one not a native of this State, and in the first meeting of the Legislature in the New Capitol? I answer, and with more of State pride I hope than personal vanity, that it was impossible for a son of New England to have been forty-four years a citizen of this Commonwealth without feeling the deepest regard in its past history and future welfare. For nearly all these years, and chiefly as a New York journalist, but with a divided official and unofficial residence at Albany, Washington, and the great metropolis, I have watched the growth of the State.

Nor could I forget the fact — which, considering subsequent events, as citizens of New York, will almost create a smile on your part — that not long after Governor Stuyvesant had surrendered all New York to the English, in that memorable year, 1688, this entire Colony, now the Empire State of the Union, was surrendered to New England, retaining only the privilege of possessing a Lieutenant-Governor.* King Charles II and his successors were, however, the real Governors of this Province up to the period of the American Revolution. No local representative government was permitted until 1683, and after three years the General Assembly was extinguished until 1691. From that time until the Revolution the Legislature made laws for the Colony, and the members increased in numbers, from seventeen to thirty-one, in the space of eighty-eight years, and the pay of members from 75 cents to $1.25 a day! The counties or districts, and not the

*James II constituted Sir Edmund Andros Governor of New England and *New York* just before 1688. Andros came to New York under this authority and against it Leister rebelled. See N. Y. Colonial History for a record of this rebellion. See, also, Broadhead's History of N. Y., vol. 2, 1871, pp. 421 and 525. Also, New York Historical Society collections of 1868–'74, and the Andros tracts with a proclamation as Governor of New England, dated January 10th, 1688. Also, Palfrey's History of N. E., where Whitmore says, "returning to Boston he (Andros) found a great promotion awaiting him in a new commission creating him Governor of all the English possessions on the main land. * * * * His command embraced New England, *New York* and New Jersey, with its capitol at Boston." * * * * In July, August and September, 1688, Andros made a tour through the Colonies, going through the Jerseys and visiting New York city, Albany and Hartford.

Colony, paid the bills, and the same per diem for travel, which was also limited by law. The term of legislative service from 1691 was from two to ten years, and in 1743 the limitation was for seven years, unless sooner dissolved by the King or by the Governor upon the King's authority. From 1683 to 1776, it is due to the past to say that New York won the first victory both for civil and religious liberty, as it did in the Congress of the Colonies for our present American Union.

Besides, the county of Richmond, from which I come, was the scene of almost greater interest through the Revolutionary period than almost any other part of the State. There, was nearly the beginning of the real War of the Revolution. There, for six years the Islands, Manhattan and Staten (the latter christened "the Island of the States" of Holland), was under British rule. Over both, for long periods of time, the Dutch and English alternately predominated. There, were the early homes of the Walloons, the Waldenses, and Huguenots, all exiles from old-world bigotry and oppression. King James, Queene Anne, and William and Mary, all figure in the local history of that county. Hessians and Highlanders, there boasted, even after battle was over, that "they gave no quarter to rebels." There, almost contemporaneously with the meeting of the first Assembly of New York, came and anchored 267 sail of British vessels of war, with troops commanded by Lord Howe on the land, and the navy by his brother, the Admiral, on the sea. There 33,000 British and Hessians * crossed the bay to Long Island to attack our feeble and scattered militia. There, 101 years ago, on the 14th of last September, by an invitation from Lord Howe sent through his prisoner, General Sullivan, and addressed to the Continental Congress, came Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, John Adams, of Massachusetts, and Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, to receive, but not to accept, offers of full pardon to "repentant rebels" who would lay down their arms and prove their allegiance.

In all the eventful incidents of the Revolution, I know of not one more impressive than that at Staten Island in 1777, where, surrounded by British grenadiers, in the room of a house still standing, then a barrack for British soldiers, Lord Howe offered a royal pardon to that triumvirate of patriots, Franklin, Adams and Rutledge, and through them to the then nearly three millions of American people, half a million of whom were slaves. Lord Howe was in manners every way a gentleman, as he was a soldier in courage; but with only pardon for men who had taken up arms for "independence now and independence forever," there could be no reconciliation short of eternal separation from the mother country. When his lordship told the committee, sent by Congress, that he had a very great regard for Americans, and that their precipitancy was painful to him and perilous to themselves, Franklin answered: "The American people will endeavor to take good care of themselves, and thus relieve, as much as possible, the pain felt by his lordship for any service he might deem it his duty to adopt." And when Lord Howe repeated his regrets that he could not receive this committee as public characters, John Adams replied: "I should be willing to consider myself in any character agreeable to your lordship, except that of a British subject."

Later on in the war—such was the retributive justice of the times—Mr. Adams, who was prominent as one of the earliest and most intense of the rebels, had to

* A part of the 134,000 soldiers and sailors which came from England to America between 1775 and 1781.

be received by the King of England, in person, as the first minister from the United States at the court of St. James.*

In later years, on Staten Island, also lived and died one who seventy-seven years ago was a leading member of the State Legislature, as was his father during the whole of the Revolutionary period. He was a Judge of the Supreme Court, State Chancellor, Governor of the State before the age of thirty-three, the first Governor who sat in the Old Capitol (elected in 1807, re-elected in 1810, 1813 and 1816), where sixteen other Governors have since filled the executive office,† chosen Vice-President of the United States in 1817, and re-elected in 1821, after taking a soldier's and statesman's part in the war of 1812–15. As a financier, Robert Morris was hardly more successful in the war of the Revolution than was Governor Tompkins in the second war with England. From New York city in 1801, from Richmond county in 1821, and from the latter made President of the Convention, Governor Tompkins was elected to revise and amend the State Constitution. Whatever he did, he did well, and this, whether as military commander or financier in war, or when, as in 1812, in his message to the Legislature at the commencement of the session, he asked that "the reproach of slavery be expunged from our statute book;" and in proroguing the same body, the same year — the only like executive act in the history of the State—declared that the banking system of that period had been increased and fostered by bribery and corruption which threatened irreparable evils to the community. His honest courage was met by the hottest of party anathemas; but strong in his integrity and in a righteous public opinion, he secured the admiration of the people in all the States.

Our State abounds in many like honorable examples, which for the honored dead there is not time to mention, and still less for the living, whose fames and names will survive them. Here of the now dead men of the past sat also as Governors, and in more than regal state, the Clintons, Van Buren, Marcy, Wright, Seward, Lewis, Bouck, and Yates; and in the halls of legislation, three candidates for President of the United States, one of whom was elected, and three of whom were chosen Vice-President. Nineteen of the citizens of New York have also filled the best places in the Cabinet at Washington. There were also, in the past, in the halls of legislation, in Senate or Assembly, a long line of honored names, as the Livingstons, the Roots, the Grangers, the Youngs, the Spencers, the Tallmadges, the Verplancks, the Dickensons, the Beardsleys, the Tracys, the Cornings, the Cadys, the Williamses; the Wheatons, the Taylors, the Van Vechtens, the Butlers, the Bronsons, the Van Rensselaers, the Hoffmans, the Wendalls, the Ogdens, the Savages, the Oakleys, and a multitude of stars only less in magnitude whom no man can number, many of whom are examples for the present day and for all time.

The century of our legislative history has witnessed, after the fiercest and costliest civil war on record, the growth and extirpation of slavery. The institution died out in the North by peaceful means, simply because it was unprofitable, and not alone because it was immoral. Slavery continued longest at the South because the negro was most at home in the tropics, and because for half a century or more it was thought—happily a mistaken thought—that cotton, sugar and tobacco

* Samuel Adams and John Hancock were the only two patriots specially excepted in 1775 from the offer of pardon in the proclamation of General Gage issued by order of the King, and this on the express ground that their offenses were of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment.

† Besides Governor Tompkins, elected for four terms, were De Witt Clinton, elected for four terms, William L. Marcy for three terms, William H. Seward, Edwin D. Morgan, Reuben E. Fenton, and John T. Hoffman for two terms each. All these with the rest presided in the Old Capitol.

could only be successfully cultivated by negro labor. Once, indeed, New York had more slaves than Virginia, and the old Holland Company agreed to furnish slaves just so long as they were profitable. On penalty of exile, no colonist could then weave an inch of cotton, woolen or linen cloth, and for any departure from this rule, to exile was added the eternal displeasure of the weavers of Holland, whose monopolies, however, let me say, were no worse than those of old England, also long enriched by the slave trade.

Just one hundred years before the close of the Revolution, Governor Dongan, directed by the Duke of York, later James II, and advised by William Penn, laid the foundation of a freer government in New York, where in 1683 was legally called together the first Assembly of the people's representatives.

Passing over these nearly one hundred years, I see George Washington proposed by John Adams in the Continental Congress — John Hancock being its president — to be Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. As modest as he was brave, and unselfish as he was wise, the office is accepted with the desire and pledge that he may serve his country without personal reward. Ten days later he is received, in his uniform of blue, in New York city by great masses of people with an enthusiasm never surpassed. The Provincial Congress of New York shared in these honors, and bid God-speed to one whom, as with the great chief of Israel, Heaven seemed to inspire with wisdom, patience, and especial courage and endowments for command. All the way to old Cambridge was a scene of ovation and thanksgiving. New England, with Washington in command, is soon free from British rule. Boston harbor and Boston town are no longer tenable for British troops or British ships; and Washington now moves unobstructed toward New York, from henceforth until the war was closed, the stronghold of the enemy. The flag of a new Union now floated for the first time unmolested over New England, as did the British flag over the Island of Manhattan to the end of the war.

Boston and Philadelphia were then the largest cities. In time Philadelphia was destined to share the fate of New York. The purpose of Sir Henry Clinton and of Guy Carleton was to cut off all communication between New England and New York; but Washington kept his eyes fixed upon the Hudson, and especially upon West Point, as the key to the north and the gate-way to the south. Soon and sadly Long Island, New York, Fort Lee and Fort Washington were all surrendered. For forty-eight hours Washington was in the saddle superintending the retreat of his few but brave troops from Long Island, and moving them all in safety even when within gun-shot of the enemy; but later losing his artillery and baggage in the uplands of the city of New York.

Thoughtful men have often paused to contemplate the possible fate of North America had Washington fallen during the retreat of his army from Long Island. The young nation wept at this disaster, but rejoiced that an overruling Providence preserved his life. Trenton and the Delaware alone turned the tide of battle, and Washington at Morristown with two thousand men kept twenty-five thousand at bay, and soon lifted the gloom which for a time seemed denser than Cimmerian darkness. Later on, Burgoyne at the north, Howe at the south, an advance from New York by the Hudson, and an alliance with savage men, was the year's plan of campaign. All along our frontier the Ottawas, Wyandottes, Senecas, Delawares and Pottawatamies were in league with the hardly less savage Hessians and Britons, led by Lord George Germain and Sir Guy Carleton. For six months more the tide rolled like the billows of the sea against the Americans. La Corne St. Luk, the remorseless partisan, enraged by age and inspired by hate, pledged

himself to Carleton that within sixty days he would bring his Indian followers to the very spot where the Legislature is now assembled.

Indians, Tories, Hessians and Canadians, moved for a time toward the Hudson like so many torrents from the mountains, but long before they reached Albany they were met by one to whose ears the roar of cannon was as natural as the music of the spheres. General Stark and his New Hampshire and Green Mountain boys stood like a wall of fire between the assault and advance of the enemy, and soon drove back the latter both defeated and dismayed. Ere long, King, Ministry and Parliament, tire of Indian allies and Indian massacres along the Mohawk and Hudson, at Forts Stanwix and Edward, and elsewhere. Burgoyne's surrender soon followed, with the loss of 10,000 men, thus relieving the now capital of the State instead of placing it in the promised sixty days in the hands of the enemy.

As the clouds rolled over and along the Hudson, the spirits of a long-despondent people also rose in the Colonies; but all through 1777, '78, '79, there was alternate sunshine and storm, disaster and victory, until at last, with France for our ally, the mother country became weary of hostility to her own offspring, in a war that often seemed as unnatural as the mother feeding upon its young. The story of the Wallabout and of the prison ships, of Dartmouth prison filled with American sailors, worse than the stories of the Bastile crowded with prisoners, was a part of the cruel and bloody history of one hundred years ago. The massacre at Wyoming was only more sudden and ferocious; but thanks again to an overruling Providence, the end came, but only after Monmouth, Stony Point, Cowpens, Gilford Court-House, Yorktown and many victories upon the seas. It came in spite of Arnold's treason, the mutiny of unpaid troops, and a condition of finance so deplorable that it took thirty-three dollars of Continental money to secure one in specie. It was a maxim, even then, that bad money in the end made bad times, and always failed to pay satisfactorily one's debts, and it has never been otherwise from the days of Chinese paper money to the paper notes of John Law, the Mississippi bubble, the French assignats, and the currency of the rebellion.*

It was just eight years from the battle of Lexington to the proclamation of peace, and nearly nine to the evacuation of New York city, ninety-five years ago, when, upon a bright and frosty November afternoon, the last of the Britons took their leave of America, then and forever. They left the British flag nailed and flying at mast-head upon the Battery, but before they were out of sight upon the bay it was torn to tatters, and in place of it a noble sailor, whose descendant still lives to raise the stars and stripes every 25th of November, raised the Union flag, which soon floated in the breeze, and with God's blessing it will float there, "not one star polluted, not one stripe erased," to the end of time. Governor George Clinton for the colony of New York, seven times elected its Governor in Colony and State, with General Knox, in command of all the Colonial forces, at once occupied the town. Nine days later the ever-beloved commander-in-chief took leave of the army, in the presence of his officers, at Frazer's tavern, Whitehall, near the present New York ferry, and a few days later tendered his resignation in person to the Continental Congress, at Annapolis, and returned to his home at Mt. Vernon, which he had been permitted to visit but once in seven years.

Then came the old Confederacy, which, as you know, was a failure — like the

* The old-time money here, when not beavers which for a long time were used as a medium of exchange, was wampum, where six white or three cylindrical pieces made of shells were equivalent to one farthing, and so passed between the planters and natives.

new one of 1860–61, though for a far different cause — and then the Constitution, which was, and is, the grandest work in the history of nations. Under its benign influence the first Congress assembled in our great metropolis, and there, April 30, 1789, the great charter was received and inaugurated, John Adams, the first Vice-President, presenting to take the oath of office, George Washington, the first President, to Chancellor Livingston of the State of New York.* That oath was a pledge to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. As it was obeyed by Washington and his successors, so let it be observed for all time, and not less in the spirit than in the letter. What a Cabinet was the first one, the President, the central figure of all, and around him only four members; but of these secretaries were Jefferson, the senior of the four, at the age of forty-seven; Knox at the age of forty; Randolph at thirty-seven, and Hamilton not quite thirty-three; the last the ornament and pride of the State, the great organizer of the Federal Treasury, whose method of collecting, keeping and disbursing the public money has not been improved from that day to the present; the man who so framed the law that he could not draw his own small salary without the signatures of the Comptroller and Auditor, and of the Treasurer and Register — too much red tape, you may say, but better red tape by the mile than dishonest officials by the score, or even one.

The past is secure, and the future must be judged by the past. Men change for the better rather by the grace of God, than by individual instincts or human institutions. But free government is born of God, and nations rise, advance and fall as they establish and maintain, or neglect the right way; and men who love their homes and country watch its life and progress, with an interest akin to their love of family. The truest patriotism rests only upon the solid foundation of private virtue and public purity.

With something of this feeling, I hope we have all watched the growth of New York. The population, only 340,000 in 1790, and only about 750,000 when the Old Capitol was completed, and under the census of 1835, at the close of the year, when I first knew our great city, numbered 2,130,000 white, and 43,000 colored persons. Forty years later, the white population was 4,642,837, and the colored only 56,127. Only in two decades, since 1790, have the latter grown in numbers, and this increase altogether has been less than one per cent, while the white population, in the same period, increased 3.22 per cent.

The cities and city suburbs of the State, always the focus of growth, have advanced as 34–93 to 1–93 for the rural towns. Unfortunately for States and people, gravitation is ever chiefly toward the town. Of our whole population, 3,503,300 were native born; 1,195,658 foreign born, and only 301,240 were born in the other States.

Our State growth in agriculture and mechanical occupations has fairly kept pace with our increased population. If, as in the tillage of the soil, families and dwellings, work-shops and churches, with conjugal life, are the best signs of prosperity, New York deserves to be, as she is, the Empire State of the Union. Unfortunately, in some things our growth shows both our shame and our sorrow. Just as ill weeds grow apace, so public debts often increase, bringing with its burdens more self-denial than is agreeable, and more taxes than are bearable. In our city, town, village and corporate debts, I see the source of nearly all

*New York not having adopted the Federal Constitution in time, as with Rhode Island and South Carolina, did not vote for the first President. Of the 73 votes cast Washington had 69; John Jay, 9; George Clinton, 3; and John Adams, 34, which made him the first Vice-President.

our woes. Debt is the hardest of masters and her servants usually the worst of slaves. The Federal and State debts are happily on the decline, but in 1875 the local debts, if the State Comptroller is correct, make the startling sum of $250,000,000, and the decrease is not large. Ten thousand millions is the estimated debt of the nation, and the estimated debt of the world three times as many billions. It is not an encouraging fact that in the city of New York alone, in 1878, the fifth year of the panic, there were 917 failures, and only $18,695,531 of assets for $63,958,403 of liabilities. With all our present easement and brighter prospects, we must also take in the fact that in 1877, the town, county and State tax summed up over fifty millions of dollars, with as much more imposed, directly and indirectly, upon the people by the Federal government. The people were drawn into this crime of debt, for it was nothing less, not so much by war alone, as by a false financial policy, and by a fiction called prosperity; but it was the prosperity of a man who thinks that delirium is happiness, and that profits from gambling are substantial evidences of wealth. After the dinner, the wine and the debauch, comes repentance, but it comes too late. In this and in other States, too many people, clothed in silks, broadclothes and costly apparel, have been riding as it were upon the horns of the moon, and by its pale light, they beheld their lengthened shadows, they fancied indeed that the moon was really made of green cheese, and the cheese itself was both as yellow as gold, and quite as large as the orb of day. Pay-days have been coming, and coming for more than five years past, and they have not been like angels' visits few and far between. When the debt is all paid, either by wholesale millions, as through the late Federal bankrupt law, or by means provided by State law, or, what is better, by the honest dollar for every honest debt, we shall once more stand upon solid ground.

But, as a contrast to this debt-picture, we have a right to contemplate our growth in political and scientific knowledge. When the first New York Assembly met, and for nearly half a century later, there were no telegraphs, no deep-sea cables putting a girdle around the earth in a wink of time, so that Valentia and Heart's Content are now twice spanned 3,700 miles over two cables in a second with simple contents which might be put in a lady's thimble, and these contents composed only of acids, zinc and copper. A battery of 20 cells has proved more potent than aforetime one of 500. Our good home-spun forefathers and foremothers had no railroads, no illuminating gas, no electric lights, no friction matches, no iron stoves, no heating by steam, or steam motive power, no side-wheel or screw ocean steamers, no sewing-machines, no American pottery, no heliographs nor photographs, nor phonographs nor telephones; no steam-plows, no balloons to survey armies as from the clouds, nor diving bells to collect treasures from the deep, no anæsthetics or chloroforms to produce deliverance from pain while limbs are being amputated, and the decayed tooth of old time removed for the bran-new porcelains of the dentist and chemist of to-day. The Indian trail path, the saddle-horse, and here and there the lumbering coach, the canoe, and by sail or on foot, were the only old times ways and means of conveyance. And now, in 60 days one can circumnavigate the earth. The brick and Dutch ovens were the bread and meat bakers, and pine-knots and tallow dips the chief sources of light, while about the only means of warmth were the stone hearth and the deep fire-place. Carpets and rugs and mats were almost unknown. Sanded floors and the tinder-box, with its flint and iron, were the substitutes for parlor and kitchen matches. The old oaken bucket and the deep-sunken wells took precedence of our Croton pipes and hydraulic rams.

All is changed now. Our State population increased 23 per cent between 1865 and in 1875; * and judging from the past, at the close of 1899, a period not far distant, the Empire State will have 6,136,000 inhabitants.

A fact also of public interest is the rather close relation of the sexes to the number of people, or 2,378,780 females to 2,320,178 males; an excess of females of 58,602. Our foreign population is a trifle in excess of 25 per cent of the grand total of 4,698,958, which does not include children born of foreign parents, but even these give to New York city only 57,337 of native population; to Kings county 65.24; and to Erie county 66.578. New York city has 19.198 per cent of Irish, and 15,465 per cent of Germans. All our sister States together have contributed only 6.411 to our whole people. The Empire State, to-day, has a population larger than any one of the South American States, except Brazil, and more people than Holland or Denmark, Greece or Portugal, Saxony or Switzerland, and close on to the numbers in Bavaria, Belgium, or the whole of British North America, from New Foundland to the Rocky Mountains. Of our 4,698,958 people, 1,141,462 were entitled to the ballot, in 1876, after subtracting 126,060 aliens not entitled to vote, but including 394,182 naturalized citizens and 747,280 native-born citizens. Only in New York, Kings, and Erie is there an excess of naturalized voters: 50,206 in New York, 5,610 in Kings, and 399 in Erie.

The charge of fraudulent voting in our two great cities, let us hope, is no longer true, for if the census be correct, New York city in 1875 had 232,152 legal voters, and polled 171,374 votes for president, or only 73.81 per cent, and Kings county but 84.43. Where 49 counties cast 90 per cent of their legal votes, 26 of the more rural counties cast 95 per cent. Perhaps, however, it is a creditable fact to state, as a whole, that in 1876, 1,015,527 votes were polled of the 1,141,462 State voters, or 88 per cent of the whole voting population.

The military capacity of the State is equally striking, with 956,874 males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five; and so with the schools, with (in 1877) 1,586,234 persons between the ages of five and twenty-one, which is the school period.

It is also creditable to the State that its families number 995,502, and its dwellings 728,688, or 6.45 per cent to each dwelling, but only 4.72 to each family — a fact not so creditable to the people, and wholly in contrast to the examples of our good grandparents. The family is the only safe and sacred abiding place of the State, and without it the moral sun would almost cease to shine, and the earth prove but a living sepulchre, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. The true family means husband, wife, mother, father, children, grandparents and grandchildren — all, indeed, who are under the same roof. These are the household gods of the Commonwealth, the main-stay of its power, and the very essence of its present strength and future life. The family of States is the union of States, and this means noble ancestry and lineage, the descent from a common stock and race, kindred people in life and thought, while the human family means, and by no stretch of imagination, the welfare of our country and of mankind all over the world.

It is agreeable to say that the value of our State dwellings alone is far in excess of our national debt, or $2,465,033,634, and nearly one-half of this value is taxed to the city of New York. Of $50,224,848 of taxes for all purposes levied by the

* In sixty years, from 1800–60, the increase in the United States was 593 per cent; in England and Wales 121 per cent, and in France only 37 per cent.

State in 1877, New York and Kings counties paid $35,653,834 and still more in 1878.

Next to the family, the glory of the Commonwealth is its common schools, open to-day to 1,615,256 of our present children, not counting 7,000 students in our colleges and higher seminaries of learning, and most of all these soon to be the fathers and mothers of the State. Ninety-five years ago there was not one academy nor one common school and but one poor university in the State. If knowledge is power, our schools, public and private, are the sources of our future greatness.

Kindred to the schools, and as the sources of Christian education, are 6,320 church edifices, with an enrolled membership of 1,146,537, and sittings for 2,537,470 people.* The New York churches are valued at $117,597,150, with salaries in gross of $5,308,231, but making an average of less than $840 each. In their order, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist and Presbyterian lead the way in church buildings. In membership, also in their order, the Roman Catholics, Methodists and Presbyterians take the lead. I can find *only* forty-four sects or denominations in the State, but it is to be hoped, and indeed it is true, that many of these divisions, like kindred drops of water from one great fountain, not only mingle into one, but have their source in one great Father, their life in one great brotherhood, and their final faith and destiny in the one great Creator and Saviour of the world.

If figures were not tiresome, and sometimes exhausting, one might remember with instruction, though not with satisfaction, for the numbers are far too few, the fact that less than one-tenth of our entire people are landed proprietors.† Then comes the unwelcome fact also that the largest proprietors are gradually but certainly absorbing the land of the smallest. In 1875 there were 241,839 farms in the State, the whole having 25,659,266 acres, the value of which was $1,221,472,277, besides stock valued at $146,497,154. It is to be regretted that there were 2,018 less farms of ten and twenty acres each, 14,908 less of twenty and fifty, and 2,838 of fifty and one hundred acres each in 1875 than in 1870, while the net increase of farms from 1870 to 1875 were 25,586, and this difference will be more marked in the future than in the past. Capital, machinery and competition, with a constant tendency to centralization, are always powers of absorption, but against them you may place skill, industry, order, temperance and thrift; in one word, capacity, which, in man or woman, as a rule, are elements of sure success. Land and building incumbrances were the plague spots of so-called prosperous times, and year by year, for over five years now, the money-lenders and capitalists have demanded the promised pound of flesh in the form of surrendered acres, workshops, stores and dwellings.

The products of our farms, providing work for 351,628 people, present almost exciting results; the sales of 1876 returned $121,187,467, and the variety embraced every thing belonging to the soil, the dairy, and to the raising of stock.

The population representing the productive industry of the State, in 1870, was 1,537,726, of whom 1,275,372 are males, and 262,354 females. Of these 925,293 were natives, and 612,433 foreign born; and the females were only one-sixth of the whole force. One-half of the female contingent are domestic servants. Of the rest 81,758 were engaged in trade, and 15,140 were teachers. Let me say here, and upon the evidence of long observation, that skilled work in man or

*In the United States the number in 1870 was 21,665,062 sittings, 63,082 edifices, and 72,459 congregations, and the property was valued at $354,483,581.

†It is worse in England, where twenty thousand persons own the land occupied by 30,000,000 of people.

woman, and especially is this true of woman, is sure to find both place and reward. Alexander Hamilton once prayed for diversity in the industries of the new world; and his prayer is now heard.

In the United States roll-call of 1875 are 6,000,000 of persons engaged in agriculture, 2,700,000 in mining and manufacturing, 1,200,000 in trade and transportation, 2,600,000 in professional life, of whom 40,000 were lawyers, 62,000 physicians, and 43,000 clergymen.

The conclusion of all these figures and of the brief record of history I have recited is, in the words of Franklin before the Continental Congress: "That God governs in the affairs of men, and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, neither can a Kingdom rise without His aid." We write Excelsior upon our escutcheon, placing the scales of justice in the right hand of one figure, as symbolical of purity and truth, while the cap of liberty is held in the left of the fair Goddess of Freedom, the eagle ever watching with eager eyes and free wings these emblems of our State. Ships upon the sea, steam upon land, river and ocean, and industry and thrift all around, fill up the picture and become the evidence, under Providence, that God has always blessed our homes and our State.

Fellow-members, brothers in the pledge of dutiful obedience to the State, representatives of nearly 5,000,000 of people, upon you rests the sacred obligation of present duty. See to it that at your hands nothing that is noble and ennobling is lost of the past; and that, through your example, the Legislature of the year of our Lord 1879 shall inspire confidence in all the future. And to the end of time may God save and bless the Commonwealth of New York.

At the close of the address of Mr. BROOKS, the Chaplain of the Senate, Rev. Dr. HALLEY, pronounced the benediction.

Mr. SLOAN moved that the thanks of the joint assembly be tendered to the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, the SPEAKER of the Assembly, and Hon. ERASTUS BROOKS, for the interesting and able addresses delivered by them, and that the CLERKS of the Senate and Assembly be instructed to cause them to be inserted in the journals of the two Houses respectively.

The PRESIDENT put the question whether the joint assembly would agree to said motion, and it was decided in the affirmative.

The PRESIDENT then announced the proceedings closed, and declared the joint assembly dissolved.

The Senate then returned to the Senate chamber.

INDEX.

PAGE.

Ackland, Lady Harriet 327, 328
Ackland, Major ..... 327, n. 328
Act for printing present volume 2
Albany, resolution of common council of 387
  Report of committee of common council of 387
  Proposals to remove capitol from 399
  Why arms of the State have not been placed on capitol at, (appendix) .. 400
  Sun dial on capitol at 400
  Resolution of common council relative to sun dial 401
Alden, Col. Ichabod 375
Alvord, Thomas G., address on occupation of the new capitol 429
  Thanks to 449
André, John, inscription to 197
  Capture of 202, 211
  Letter of 218
  Papers found on his person 219
Andros, Sir Edmund, ... 440
Arms of the State, letter of Dr. Homes regarding 400
Arnold, Benedict, Gen., volunteers to release Stanwix 89
  Proclamation of 89
  As hero of Bemus Heights 159
  Papers of, to André 219
  Acrostic, relative to 338
  Anecdote regarding 339
Arnold, Hannah, letter of 339

B.

Bacon, Judge W. F., speech of 74
Bank of America 397
Beach, Hon. Allen C., Introductory by 1
  Report of, on concurrent resolution 2
Bemus Heights, authority for spelling name of 192
  Celebration of 151
Bemus, John 155, 192
Block, Adrian 437
Brant, Joseph, description of 81
  Account of 370
Brant, Molly 116

PAGE.
Brooks, Erastus, address on occupation of the new capitol 433
Thanks to 449
Bullard, D. A., note 244
Burgoyne, Sir John 78
Extract from his papers 134, 136
Force of, surrendered 190
Proceedings at surrender of 233
Sketch of ..... 267, n. 332
Character of 334
Burr, Aaron 390
Butler, B. C., poem by 350
Butler, John, account of 81
Butler, Walter 378

C.

Campbell, Douglas, speech of, at Oriskany 98
Speech of, at Cherry Valley 363
Campbell, Col. Samuel 376
Capitol, The New, first legislative action regarding 405
First act authorizing erection of 406
Commissioners of 407
Proceedings at laying corner stone of 410
Changes of commissioners of 408, 410
Proceedings on occupation of 416
Reception in honor of occupation of 417
Committee of arrangements at reception 418
Cost of building to Aug. 1, 1879 418
Occupation of 421
Capitol, The Old 386
Bill authorizing erection of 389
Laying corner stone of 391
Payments for 392
Description of 393
Sun dial on 398
Cherry Valley, celebration at 358
Monument at 359
Church, Chief Judge S. E., letter of 53
Church, Reformed Dutch, of Kingston, account of 38, 44, 46
Clark, Rev. R. W 250
Claus, Colonel, letters of 116, 141
Clinton, Dewitt C., message of, relative to Herkimer monument 147
Clinton, George, elected Governor and Lieutenant-Governor 37
Resigning latter office 37
Description of 47
Letter of 131
Letter of, on Oriskany 135
Clyde, J. D 97
Clyde, Col. Samuel 102, 376

PAGE.
Congresses, account of various 123
Constitution, speech regarding adoption of the 8
First, a view of the.. 9
Of 1846..... 11
Cornell, Alonzo B., New Capitol commissioner 408
Corner stone, laying of, of monument to David Williams 195
Of Saratoga monument 247
Of Old Capitol.... 391
Of New Capitol..... 410
Couch, J. J., Grand Master, address of 249
Council, of appointment..... 10
Of revision..... 11, 396
Curtis, Geo. William, address of, at Schuylerville..... 264

D.

Delehanty, Martin 388
Depew, C. M., speech at Kingston..... 29
Commissioner of New Capitol..... 410
De Wolf, Delos, commissioner of New Capitol 410
De Peyster, Frederic..... 7
De Peyster, J. W., poem of..... 126
Ode by 348
Doane, Rev. William Croswell, prayer by 423
Doll, Geo. J. L., *Praeses*, letter of 39
Dorsheimer, William, Lt.-Gov.:
Address at Oriskany 71
At Bemus Heights 161
Commissioner of New Capitol..... 412
Address on occupation of New Capitol..... 425
Thanks to.. 449
Dunlap, Samuel Rev..... 367
Earl, Samuel, speech of 112
Evarts, W. M., letter of..... 53

F.

Fairchild, Chas. S., Commissioner of New Capitol..... 414
Ferguson 398
Fonblanque, extract from writings of 334
Foster, Lafayette S., address of..... 320
Fraser, Gen..... 185, 189, n. 325
French, W. B., Grand Marshal at Bemus Heights, order of..... 151
Grand Marshal at Schuylerville..... 236

G.

Gallatin, quotation from address of..... 14
Gansevort, Col. Peter 69
History of flag of his regiment..... 70

PAGE.
Gates, General 162
Sketch of 171
Appointed to command 182
Estimate of his capacity 335
Gebhard, John, Jr., letter of 214
Germaine, Lord George, official letter of 129
Evidence as to carelessness of 334, 354
Gladding, H. L., address of 340
Graham, Hon. J. G., concurrent resolution of 1
Greene, Gen., order of 205
Governor's Foot Guards 239

H.

Halleck, Fitz Greene, poem of, read 335
Hammond, S. H., report of 415
Hamilton, Alex 10
Hancock, John, letter of 149
Hardin, Col. John, account of 351
Harris, Hamilton, commissioner of New Capitol 407, 410
Resigns position 412
Resolution offered by 421
Haven, Dr. E. O., speech of 108
Hayes, President, letter of 53
Helmer, Dr. C. D., poem of 104
Herchheimer, John Jost, petition of 118
Account of 119
Will of 119
Herkimer, Gen., reference to 73, 83, 84
Monument voted to 92
Biographical account of 117
Death of 122
Will of 122
Commission of 123, 125
Herkimer Monument, letter in relation to 147
Historical Society of New York, proceedings of 7
Hoes, Rev. John C. F., address of 38
Homes, Henry A., State Librarian, letter of 147, 400
House, Maj., sword of 123
Hudson, Henry 436
Hudson, Jno. T., New Capitol commissioner 408
Hudson River, note relative to 435
Hughes, Chas., Senator, resolution offered by 413
Husted, Gen. J. W 27

I.

Introductory 1
Iroquois Nation 354

J.

PAGE.
Jacobs, John C., report from 415
Jay, John 10
Resolutions prepared by 30
Chairman of a committee to report a constitution 32
Johnson, Colonel Guy 369
Johnson, Sir John, account of 81
Leader of Tories at Oriskany 130, 369
Johnson, Sir William 101, 368
Johnstown, engagement at 378

K.

Kent 10
Kingsley, Wm. C., commissioner of New Capitol 410
Kingston, Constitution adopted at 8
Proceedings at celebration of 25
Confines of Village in 1777 42
Academy of 44, 46
Dutch Church at 39, 44, 46
Court House at 44, 46
Kirk, S. D., note 240
Kirkland, Rev. Samuel, letter of 129
Knower, Daniel, history of old fort at Schoharie by 195
Address by 210
Description of monument to Williams by 230

L.

Lafayette, Gen 374, 396
Lansing, Mrs. A 70
Lamb, John, letter of 219
Latham, O. B., New Capitol commissioner 407
Memorials presented by 407, 408
Law of 1879, referring to present volume 2, 3
Leisler, Jacob, rebellion of, note 440
Lester, Chas. S., address of 250
Lincoln, Gen 183
Lindesay 366
Livingston, William, letter of 206
Lotteries 390
Lowell, Robt., poem by 163

M.

Manhattan Bank 390
Mann, Abijah, Jr., chairman, report of, on monuments to Herkimer and Woodhull 148
Marshall, Chief Justice, remarks of, on capture of André 218

PAGE.
Marshall, Mrs. Jane M., note 238
Mason, George 10
McCrea, Jane 271
Song relative to 293
McElroy, W. H., note 236
McKesson, John, Secretary of Congress 31
McLean, Chas., ... 361
Mechanicville, orthography of, name of 192
Merritt, Edwin A., commissioner of New Capitol 410
Mills, Colonel John 398
Mitchell, Mr., incident relative to, at Cherry Valley 376
Morgan, Colonel, his rifle regiment 186
Moore, George H., motion of 22
Moore, John 376
Morris, Governeur, in Provincial Congress 30

N.

Neilson, George W 151
Newbury 376
Nott, Dr 363

O.

O'Conor, Charles, address of 8
Oneida, Historical Society of, proceedings of 57
Committees of, appointed 58
Oriskany, proceedings at 57–150
Orthography of name 128
British account of affair at 137
Roster of 144

P.

Paulding, inscription on monument to 202
Certificate of inhabitants of Westchester county as to character of 225
Affidavit of 226
Pfeiffer, Frederick 103
Porter, John K 22
Potter, Clarkson N., speech of 106
Pratt, Daniel, commissioner of New Capitol 412
Pruyn, John V. L 405
New Capitol commissioner 407
Putnam, Gen., letter of 131

R.

Resolution for preparing present volume 1
Revolutionary relics, exhibited at Oriskany 97
Rice, Wm. A., New Capitol commissioner 408, 410

PAGE.
Riedesel, Baroness, note ... 329, 331
Extract from her writings ... 333
Riedesel, Major Gen ... 179
Robbie of the mill, song of ... 293
Robinson, Lucius, Governor, letter from ... 424
Roberts, Ellis H., historical address of, at Oriskany ... 78
Appendix to ... 128

S.

Sammons, Frederick ... 136
Saratoga Monument Association ... 233, 262, 344
Sawyer, J. L., ode by ... 360
Schoharie, Old Fort at, history of ... 195
County of, extract from history of ... 230
Schoonmaker, Augustus, Jr., commissioner of New Capitol ... 415
Schuyler, Fort, (see Stanwix.)
Schuyler, George W., address of ... 322
Commissioner of New Capitol ... 413
Schuyler, Philip, Gen., proposal of, to relieve Stanwix ... 89
Letter of ... 130
His generalship ... 158
In command of northern department ... 175
Succeeded by Gates ... 182
Apostrophe to ... 261
Baroness Riedesel's reference to ... 333
Schuylerville, proceedings of celebration at ... 233
Descendants of those who fought in battle at ... 352
Scott, George G., President at Bemus Heights, address of ... 155
Appendix to ... 192
Seymour, Hon. Horatio, letters of ... 3, 50
Address of, at Oriskany ... 66
Address of, at Schuylerville ... 252
Appendix to same ... 354
Addresses of, at Cherry Valley ... 361, 383
Seymour, John F., presiding at Oriskany ... 66
Seward, Wm. H ... 363
Sharon, engagement at ... 378
Sharpe, Hon. Geo. H., address at Kingston ... 40
Simms, J. R., letter of ... 214
Extract from history by ... 230
Stanwix, Fort, flag first unfurled there ... 69
History of ... 80
Garrison of ... 80
Description of flag of ... 87
Building of ... 128
Peace councils at ... 128
Officers at ... 146
Stevens, Ebenezer ... 168
Stevens, James ... 106

PAGE
Stevens, John Austin, address by 168
St. Leger, Gen., account of 81
Flight from Stanwix 89
Troops of, designated in London 129
His account of occurrences at Fort Stanwix 131
Letter of, to Gen. Burgoyne 140
Stone, Wm. L., reference to 130
Narrative of celebration by, at Schuylerville 233
Address of 324
Poem read by 350
Street, Alfred B., poems by 207, 278
Sun Dial on Old Capitol 398, 400
Surrender of Burgoyne, celebration of 233

T.

Talmadge, Colonel, letter of 229
Terwilliger, James, New Capitol commissioner 408
Thayer, Francis S., New Capitol commissioner 412
Thayer, James S., New Capitol commissioner 408
Throckmorton, B. W., address of 335
Ticonderoga 269
Tompkins, Governor D. D. 397
Topography of Our Country, influence of 254
Townsend, Martin I., address of 157
Tremain, Grenville, address of 197
Appendix to 218
Tryon county, patriot rising in 83

U.

Utica Herald, account from 65
Utica Observer, account from 64

V.

Van Cortlandt, President of Senate and Lieutenant-Governor 37
Proclamation of 49
Letter of 137
Van Rensselaer, Philip S 391
Van Wart, inscription on monument to 203
Certificate of inhabitants of Westchester county as to character of 225
Affidavit of 225
Varick, Miss A 339

W.

Walworth, Mrs. Ellen Hardin, letter of 351
Warren, Sir Peter 368
Wells, Mr 375
Westbrook, Judge T. R., address by 28

PAGE.
White, Philo, speech of..... 103
Williams, David, proceedings at laying corner stone of monument to..... 195
Biographical account of 210
Presentation to..... 212
Bill for monument to..... 213
Certificate of inhabitants of Westchester county, as to character of... . 225
Autobiography of..... 227
Description of monument to..... 230
Woodhull, President of Congress..... 31
Relative to monument for..... 147

Y.

Yates, A. A., address of..... 344
Yates, Gov. J. C 396

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